Collier's

NOVEMBER 28, 1942 TEN CENTS

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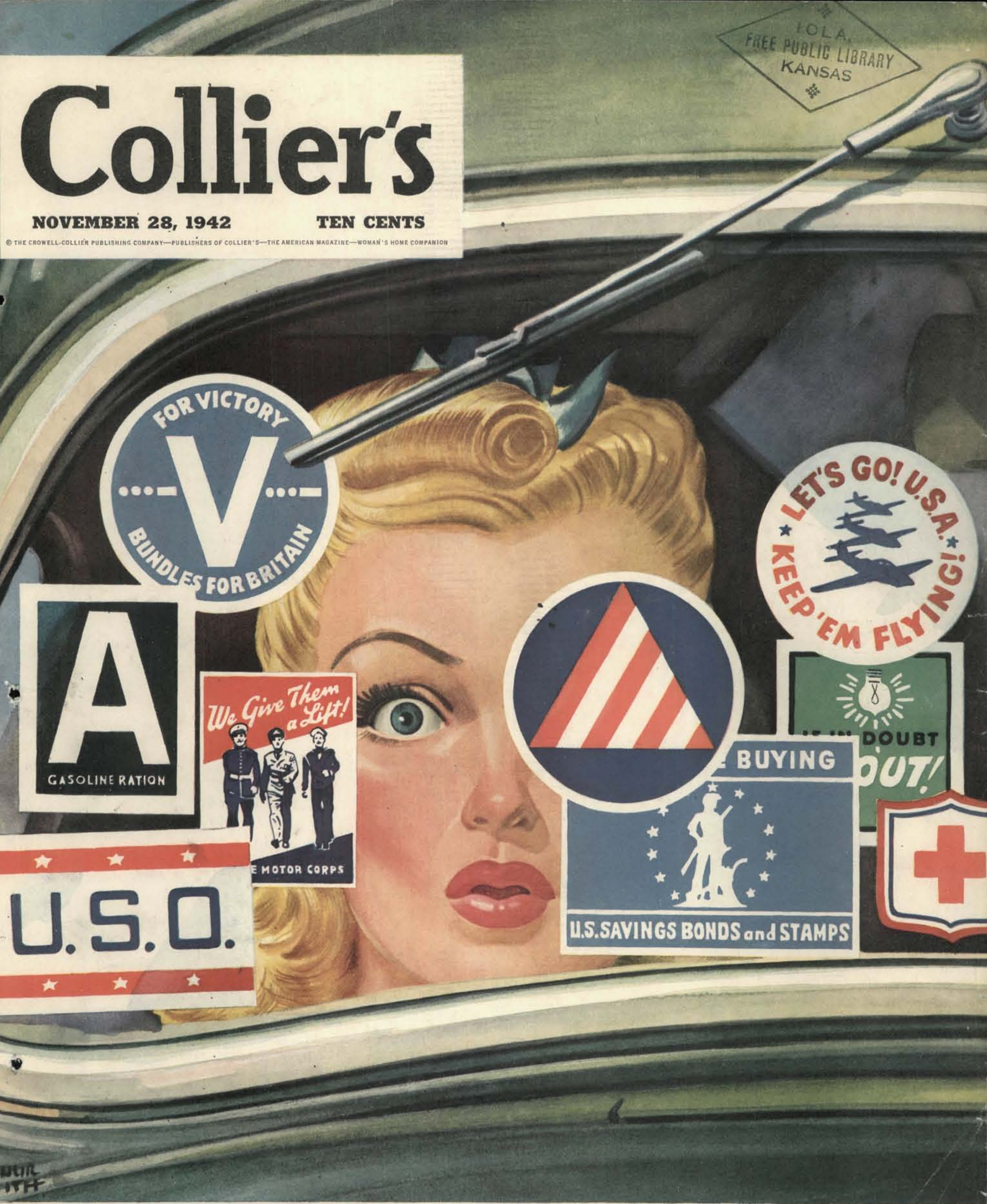
FOR VICTORY
V
BUNDLES FOR BRITAIN
A
GASOLINE RATION
We Give Them a Lift!
E MOTOR CORPS
U.S.O.
LET'S GO! U.S.A.
KEEP 'EM FLYING!
IF IN DOUBT
OUT!
BUYING
U.S. SAVINGS BONDS and STAMPS

WE'LL HAVE TO FEED THE W

BY HERBERT HOOV

BEATTY RAY
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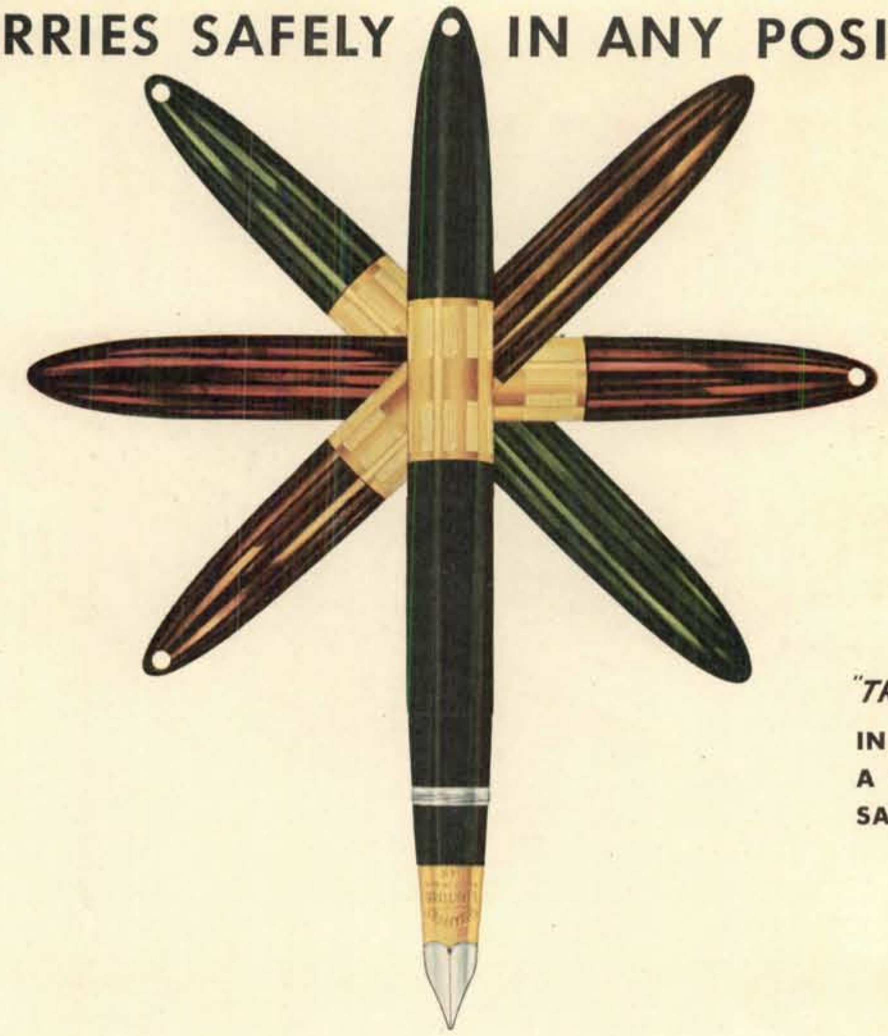
Nov. 28, 42

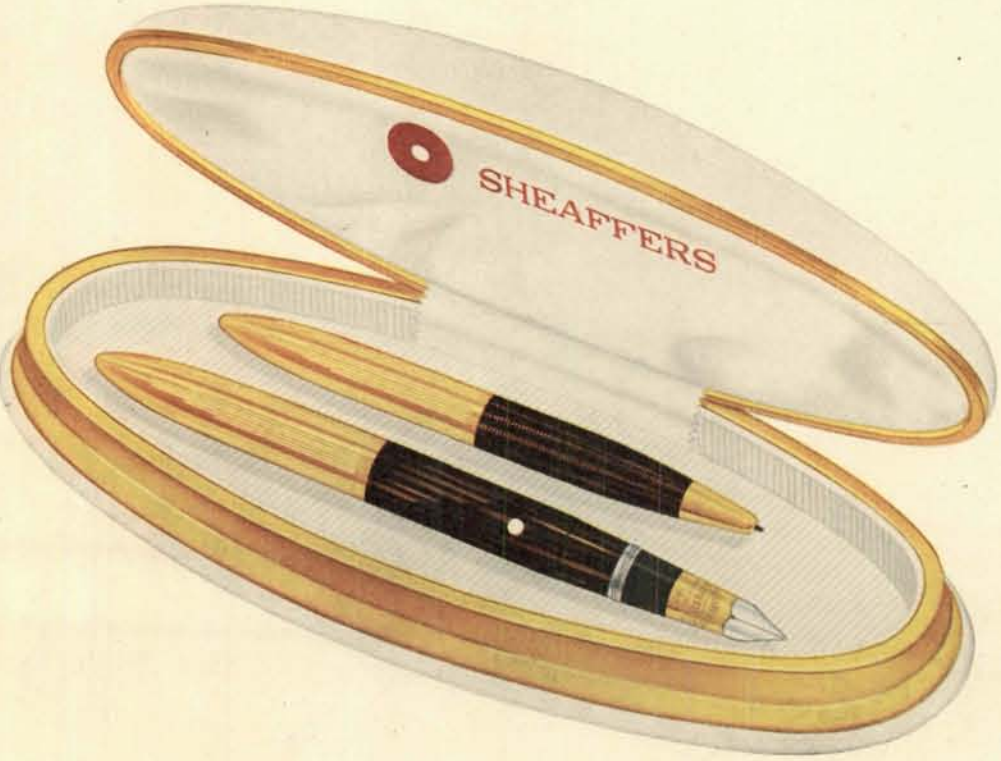
CARRIES SAFELY IN ANY POSITION



"TRIUMPH" TUCKAWAY

IN ALL PEN HISTORY, NEVER A PEN LIKE THIS—CARRIES SAFELY IN ANY POSITION!

Making it easy for him to write you...



A LETTER is like a gift from heaven, when you're far apart and anxious. So, give gifts from heaven and stay in their hearts . . . Write letters to your U. S. Service Men. You'll get letters back when you talk through the mail at long distance. W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa; Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Above: Sheaffer's newest *Lifetime**, "TRIUMPH" TUCKAWAY pen, for men or women, carries safely in all positions in pocket or purse; pen only, $12.50—with matching pencil, $16.50 for the set. At left: CREST "TRIUMPH" TUCKAWAY ensemble, $18.75 for the set. Other Sheaffer pens, all colors, $2.75 and up.

*All *Lifetime* pens are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the first user except against loss and willful damage—when serviced, if complete pen is returned, subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c

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SHEAFFER'S

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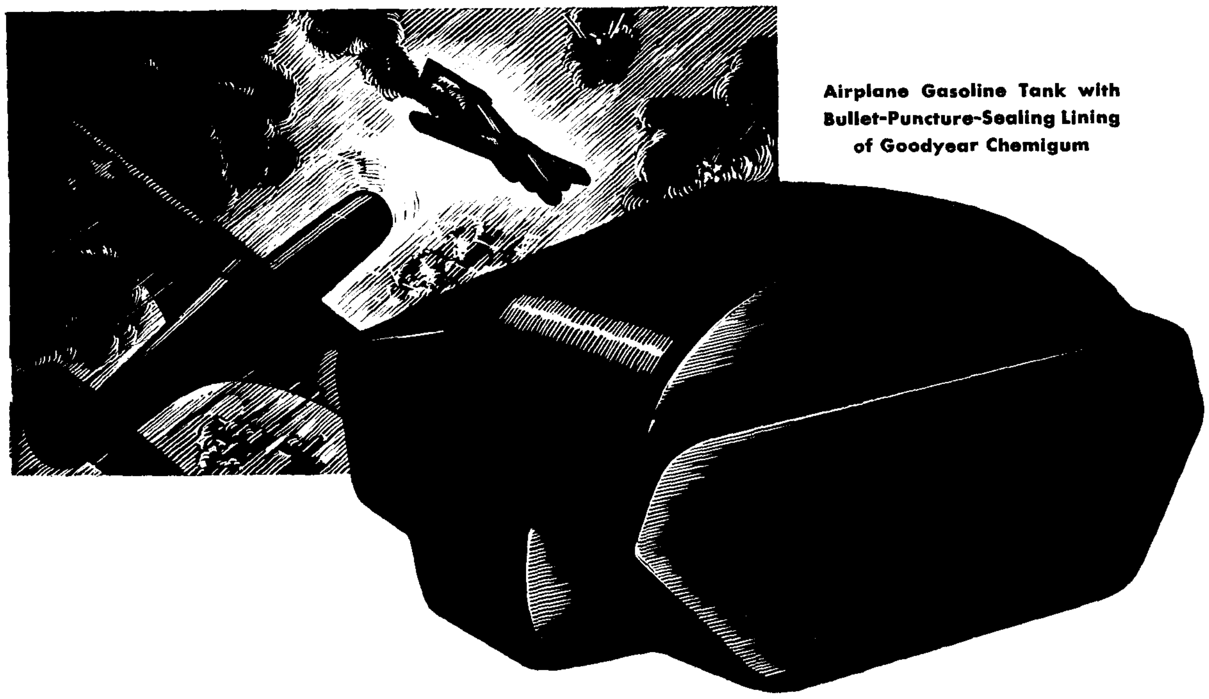
ONE OF A SERIES OF INFORMATIVE TALKS ON A CRITICAL MATERIAL



Airplane Gasoline Tank with Bullet-Puncture-Sealing Lining of Goodyear Chemigum

SYNTHETIC RUBBER keeps 'em flying!

WHEN you read of a badly shot-up American plane returning safely to its base, chances are synthetic rubber deserves a share of the credit.

That is because all American battle planes being built today have gasoline tanks protected by a bullet-puncture-sealing lining of soft gum, insulated by a gasoline-resistant synthetic rubber such as Chemigum, made by Goodyear.

So swift and efficient is the self-sealing action of these Chemigum-lined tanks, they lose only a few drops of gasoline when pierced by bullets that leave jagged fist-big holes in ordinary metal tanks.

How important this is you can judge from the fact that of all the airplanes lost in the last war, 75% were forced down or set afire by bullets through the gas tank.

We can't tell you how these bullet-sealing linings are made, or how they function—that is a military secret. But we can say this:

Only a synthetic like Chemigum makes them possible because, unlike natural rubber, it does not soften and disintegrate in direct contact with high-test, aromatic aviation gasoline.

This is no *post*-Pearl-Harbor development. Goodyear has been producing Chemigum for many specialized applications for the past four years, as a result of years of experimental work. Our first patent on synthetic rubber manufacture dates back to 1927.

This long experience is proving priceless today in speeding up mass production of Chemigum, in cooperation with the government program to offset the rubber shortage. In addition to vast numbers of bullet-puncture-sealing airplane gas tanks, Goodyear is now building for our armed forces Chemigum tires and many other military necessities once made of natural rubber.

CHEMIGUM

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

Chemigum—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

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Collier's

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Picture OF THE MONTH

JOURNEY FOR MARGARET

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
with

Robert YOUNG • Laraine DAY
Fay Bainter, Nigel Bruce, William Severn

DIRECTED BY: *Major W. S. Van Dyke II*

PRODUCED BY:.......*B. P. Fineman*

AND PRESENTING:*"Margaret" O'Brien*

SCREEN PLAY BY: *David Hertz and William Ludwig*

BASED UPON THE BOOK BY:.....*William L. White*

CAPSULE REVIEW: With many of the stars in the armed forces, the movies are faced with a challenge and we will say they are meeting it well. Most of us critics who have deprecated the star system must realize that the system is one made by the public and not merely by the producers. We give you "Journey For Margaret" as Exhibit A. Here is a gem based on the novel by William L. White which also ran in the Reader's Digest. A tot named "Margaret" O'Brien with no previous camera experience tears at your heart-strings like a miniature Duse. The picture at the moment is not star-studded but we cannot guarantee that the star system will not swing into action again when the public sees little Margaret.

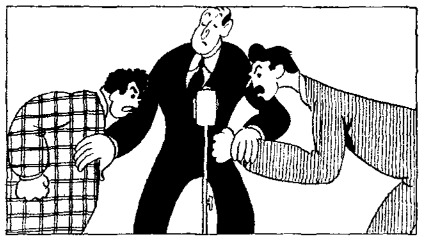
The screen treatment was tended with loving care and Major W. S. Van Dyke II, the all-round megaphone man, seems to have imparted to his players the inspiration of direction which resulted in an approximation of life itself. We are with Robert Young in his pilgrimage guiding the prize human package to its destination of freedom from the cruelties against which we are all fighting. How we appreciate Laraine Day in her personal emotional struggle. And the gallant lady of the home-front, taking care of people and things in a world where everything seems to have gone awry, is gently revealed by Fay Bainter.

It was our privilege to see "Journey For Margaret" at a preview. We hope it will be out by Christmas as a present for all parents and as a tribute to all Hollywood (MGM in particular) and its ability to present a simple story without unnecessarily fancying it up.

ECHO: The boys in the forces are singing the praises of Judy Garland in "For Me And My Gal".

ANY WEEK

TEMPORARILY at least, Frank Gervasi and Frank Morris, two of our durable war correspondents, are home. Mr. Gervasi has been rushing back and forth on the sands of North Africa keeping score of the fluctuating fortunes of the British army. He says that at times it reminded him of chasing his hat in a high wind. Mr. Morris has been with our fleet and troops in the South Pacific. He didn't run so much, the opportunities offered by a warship and the jungle trails of Guadalcanal being limited. A moment ago it was our purpose to summarize what they've told us but the shadow of the censor chills us, benumbing the two fingers with which we typewrite. Gervasi and Morris are now sitting yonder, writing adroitly of what they saw, heard and felt, but not all of what they think and know. Oh, yes, we'll win the war but we shall grow thinner doing it. The world we used to know will have grown thinner with us. Listening to the Messrs. Gervasi and Morris, we began to realize that 1943 is about to come over the hill and that it's going to be a tough twelvemonth. We won't like it much, but the lads assure us that the Axis will like it even less. We don't know that we envy Gervasi and Morris. We wonder how men who have seen so much epic stuff will adjust themselves to the dreary scenes of postwar reconstruction—or simple chores like this little maunder of ours, for example.



AS WE'VE predicted all along, the war has eventually got to Petaluma, California. We know this because Mr. O. E. Elmore of that energetic town has sent a copy of the Petaluma Argus-Courier, wherein we find: "Wanted—to trade pair of silver fox furs, have been worn twice, for two cows or pigs." We seem to have collected considerable trivia of that caliber. Mrs. Wilhelmina Cuddle of Fort Worth, Texas, advises us that she knows a lady who has been hoarding canned goods, storing them in her cellar. Came the rains. The cellar was flooded, all the labels were washed off the cans. The lady hoarder is a little upset, but the rest of the family are too busy making bets on can contents to mind much. You can't close an opened can and depend upon it. When you open it, you eat what's in it—prunes, pumpkin, pineapple, peaches or spinach. Mrs. Cuddle reports, too, that another lady foresaw sugar rationing and bought five one-hundred-pound bags. She stored them in the attic, unhappily close to winter clothing heavily camphored against the summer's moths. She still has the sugar. It's still sweet, too—but pretty camphorish. And this bit, from Colonel Dudley V. Haddock of Tampa, Florida, should awaken Doctor Goebbels to forensic reprisals.

The colonel tells us that the Young Men's Hebrew Association there has taken over a handsome building on Nebraska Avenue. It used to be the German Club, where considerable heiling was indulged in. And Mr. Lockwood Barr of New York City offers a selection of newspaper personals wherein we discover that a landlord has "Two Rooms for Rent. Adults. No beer, dogs or seminakedness." We have just received a copy of the Honorable Gene Talmadge's newspaper, The Statesman. Mr. Talmadge is still licking his political wounds, having, as you know, been furiously repudiated by his people at the polls. He launches this issue with a nice piece of candor: "I am flooded daily with letters from Negroes rejoicing over the primary election in Georgia for governor. They are very insulting." And Mr. Harold Helfer of Birmingham, Alabama, comes in with the information that, war or no war, a nudist organization has applied to the Arkansas authorities for permission to set up a colony in the Ozarks. Deputy Land Commissioner H. P. Merritt, although not overenthusiastic about nudists, is nevertheless a man of integrity. He notified the nakies that there was no law on the Arkansas books denying them the right to set up, but he immediately added the information: "You might like to know, though, that the Arkansas chigger bug is a mighty voracious animal." He has had no reply.

PERSONALLY, we're getting a trifle weary of the sobs uttered by radio and newspaper columnists about the demands of congressional committees on the valuable time of our war lords and production directors. It's our observation that when Washington brass hats are not being questioned by congressional committees, they're roaming the country thundering at conventions and

(Continued on page 82)

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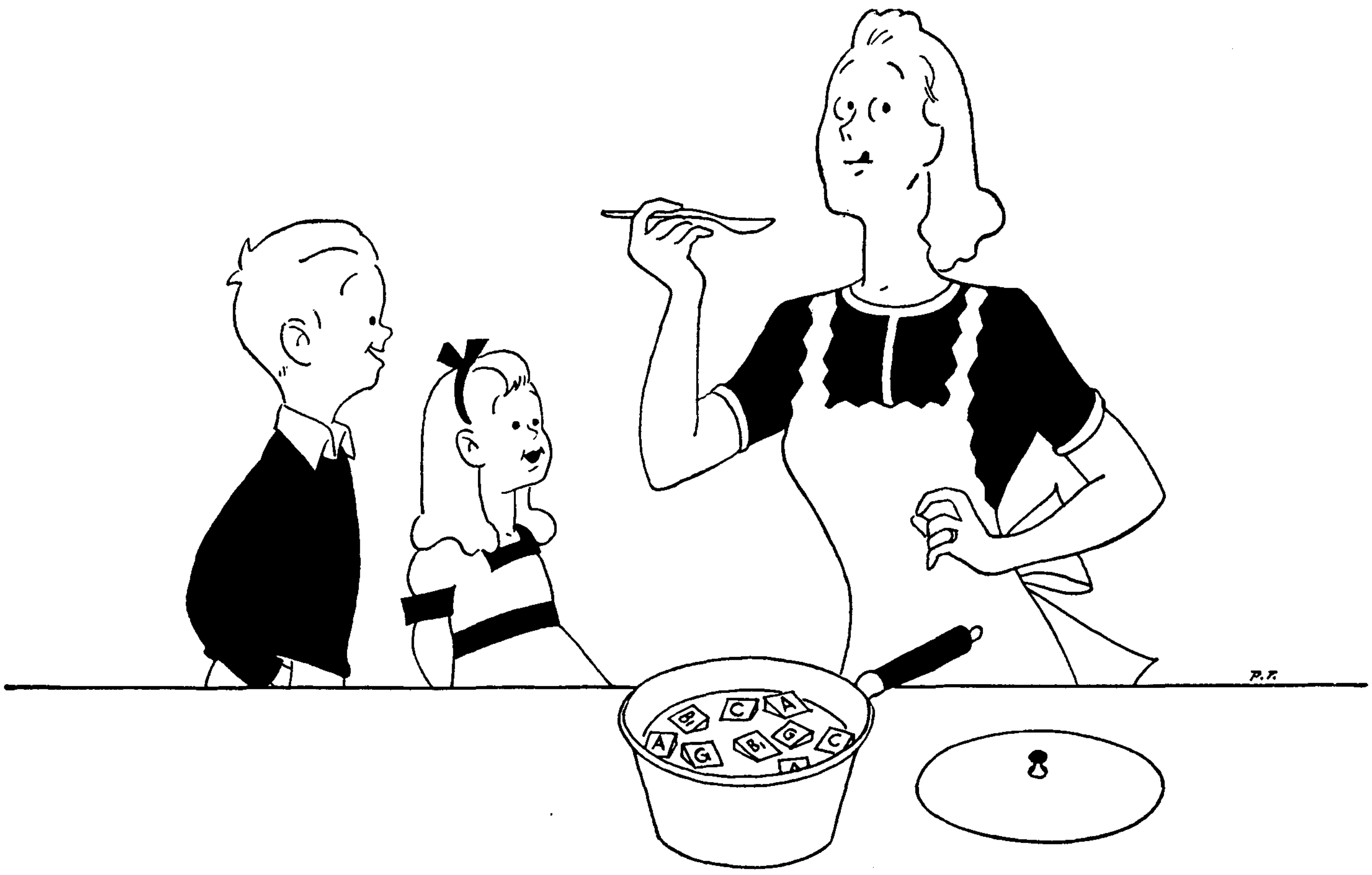
COVER ARTHUR SMITH

What flavor has a vitamin?



WE DON'T KNOW the flavor of a vitamin . . . but we do know that flavor and food value generally go hand in hand in cooked foods.

This means that when food is prepared so that its flavor is retained, the chances are that most of its vitamins and minerals have been retained, as well. The most *nutritious* food is usually the most *delicious* food . . . especially as regards vegetables.

This is cheering information. It is also a challenge to every person who cooks a meal, either for herself or for others. Unskillful cooking can be responsible for flat-tasting, unappetizing meals . . . and for the loss of valuable minerals and vitamins.

Good cooking can make even the most inexpensive foods into appetizing, nourishing dishes. Variety may be obtained by combining them with other foods, and by using tasty sauces and garnishes. Modern cook books, magazines and radio programs offer many suggestions.

Here are some suggestions for conserving vitamins—and flavor!—in the meals you serve your family.

Suggestions for saving vitamins

▶ In cooking vegetables, it is best to raise the temperature to the boiling point as rapidly as possible. Heat may then be lowered.

▶ Stirring air into foods while they are cooking causes vitamin destruction.

▶ Foods should not be put through a sieve while still hot.

▶ When cooking use as little water as possible.

▶ The water used in cooking and from canned vegetables is valuable for soups, sauces, gravies.

▶ Chopped fruits and vegetables should be prepared just before serving.

▶ Start cooking frozen foods while they are still frozen.

▶ Frozen foods which are to be served raw should be used immediately after thawing.

Additional suggestions and information about the nutritive value of various foods can be found in Metropolitan's free pamphlet, "Your Food—How does it rate for Health?" We will gladly send you a copy.

• • •

This advertisement is published in the interest of the National Nutrition Program of the Federal Security Administration.

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Please send me a copy of your pamphlet, 122-C, "Your Food—How does it rate for Health?"

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WHO-o-o-o . . .
STOLE OUR WORK AWAY?
For years hog bristle made the best tooth brushes . . . then along came round-end PROLON
PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photo-Micrographs
PROLON
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WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

Next time you buy a tooth brush, keep this in mind: Years of laboratory research have produced amazing new synthetic bristles . . . better, longer-lasting than natural bristle.

And among the new synthetic tooth brush bristles being marketed under various trade names, far and away the best are those made by du Pont.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

"Prolon" is our name for the very finest grade of this synthetic bristle that du Pont makes. So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: How can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. You know the answer . . . it can't!

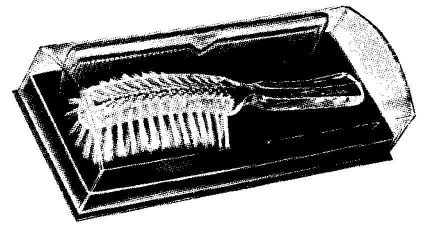
Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

Yes, under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

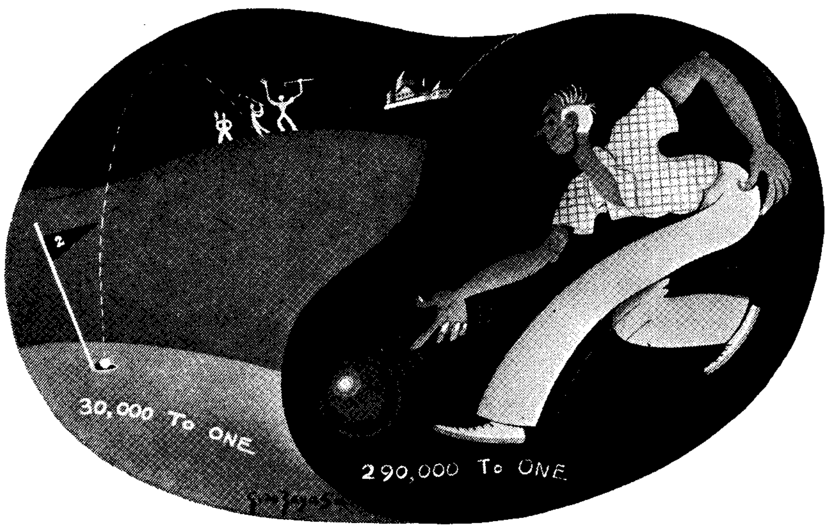
Remember, no other tooth brush has this important feature. So, next time you buy a tooth brush get the best you can buy for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush—the only tooth brush, by the way, with a written six-month guarantee.

. . . and don't miss this new line of hair brushes in gleaming Jewelite!



Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser and toilet brushes in crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Transparent Jewelite backs. Moisture-resistant, snow-white Prolon bristles. $1.50 to $10.00—at most brush-goods counters. *Illustrated: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush . . . with comb, $4.50*

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The odds against making a hole-in-one in golf are about 30,000 to one, while the odds against making a perfect score of 300 in bowling on new alleys with new pins is about 290,000 to one. In other words, it is far easier to shoot a hole-in-one than it is to make twelve consecutive strikes.—*By John C. Barr, Los Angeles, California.*

Frederic W. Goudy is the most prolific and famous designer of type faces in printing history. So far he has produced 114 designs, more than sixty of which are in use throughout the world. No other master designer has ever created more than about thirty with only a few in general use. Even the Smithsonian Institution has a permanent Goudy exhibit.—*By Mildred L. Brooks, Newark, New Jersey.*

Most of the rubber trees in the world today that produce latex in commercial quantities are located in a narrow belt that encircles the earth and extends approximately seven hundred miles north and south of the equator.

Four major railroads and a number of their subsidiaries, owned or controlled by the Canadian government, operate in eleven of our states: Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New York, Ohio, Vermont and Wisconsin. They are the Canadian National Lines, the Central Vermont, the Grand Trunk and the Duluth, Winnipeg & Pacific.—*By O. T. Anderson, Chicago, Illinois.*

Champagne is the only wine or liquor whose bottle sizes are misnomers. A pint contains thirteen instead of sixteen ounces, a quart contains twenty-six instead of thirty-two ounces and a magnum, or two quarts, contains fifty-two instead of sixty-four ounces.

Only ten men and six women in all medical history have weighed seven hundred pounds or more. The heaviest man was Miles Darden, who died in Tennessee in 1857 weighing more than 1,000 pounds. The heaviest woman was a Negress, name not recorded, who died in Maryland in 1888 weighing 850 pounds.—*By J. Ruth, Dallas, Texas.*

For a decade after 1920, Alceo Dossena, an Italian sculptor, so cleverly imitated the works of old masters that, unknown to him, unscrupulous dealers sold many of them as genuine. After the exposé, Dossena became famous and his imitations were eagerly sought. At an auction of his work in New York in 1933, every purchaser requested and received a certificate from the Italian government guaranteeing each piece to be a "genuine fake."

The Catafighters, or catapult-launched hydroplanes, that are carried by several ships in British convoys today, have to be abandoned after making one flight from the mother vessel. When they have driven off enemy bombers and submarines, the pilots bail out and are rescued by motorboats, while the planes are left behind in the water. The ships do not carry hoisting equipment to retrieve them because it is costly and requires too much space.

According to many hymnologists, the two most popular Christian hymns are "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," written by Charles Wesley in 1740, and "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," written by A. M. Toplady in 1775.—*By Ruth Finzer, Cleveland, Ohio.*

Marriages between both animals and inanimate objects sometimes take place in the Orient with elaborate religious ceremonies. India has had weddings of trees, monkeys and statues, and Japan of rocks, flagons and kimonos. For instance, a famed kimono wedding took place in Kyoto in 1934 with full Shinto rites, the bride being a celebrated, hand-painted silk garment while the groom was a renowned, hand-embroidered cotton robe.

No Latin-American country has an airline that carries mail, freight or passengers at night over scheduled routes, because the air lanes have not yet been equipped with light beacons and radio beams.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

Ned Sickles

"My brother Bill will be 18 next month"

The kid means a lot to me. There's four years difference between us, but it never stopped him from trying to keep up with me. He's game as a banty rooster.

Last time I was home on leave we had a talk. Bill finished high school last June and he's been working — making good money. It's not a skilled job, but he's helping in the war by putting his pay into War Bonds.

Some folks would say that's enough, but I could see the kid wasn't satisfied. He wanted my advice. Okay, I gave it to him straight.

* * *

"BILL," I said, "you're the kind the Army needs. You'll make a top-notch soldier because you're young and can learn fast. You haven't filled out yet, but a few months of Army work and Army grub will turn you into a bearcat of a fighting man.

"You know what would make me mighty proud? To salute you as a commissioned officer! I'm not kidding, Bill. If you enlist now you'll have a head start on most men of your age. You'll have first-class training and a fine chance of getting into an Officer Candidate School.

"But that's not the only reason for joining up now. Before you're twenty you can choose any one of thirteen branches of the service. I know how keen you are about radio, and the Army needs lots of radio men. We use it for all kinds of communication. You like to tinker with things, too. There are plenty of places in the Army where mechanical skill counts. Pick your service. You'll have a chance to get fine training for almost any career you want to follow. The Army is a good school, Bill.

"And one more thing. You'll sleep with a clear conscience, nights. You'll know you've done the right thing for your country."

Well, Bill went to the Recruiting Office his next day off. He's in the Army now!

"It is not enough for our Army to be as big and as well-equipped as the enemy's — it should also be as well-balanced in age groups. The Army invites American youth to answer that challenge.

"The privilege of electing their branches of the service can safely be given to the men in the younger age group for precisely the reason for which the Army needs them — their adaptability and ready response to training."

LIEUT. GENERAL BREHON B. SOMERVELL
Commanding General,
Services of Supply

"KEEP 'EM FLYING!"

Men of 18 and 19 who enlist in the U. S. Army can choose any one of 13 branches of service: Air Force (including Aviation Cadets), Armored Force, Cavalry, Chemical Warfare Service, Coast Artillery (Antiaircraft or Harbor Defense), Corps of Engineers, Corps of Military Police, Field Artillery, Infantry, Medical Department, Ordnance Department, Quartermaster Corps or Signal Corps. Call at the nearest Army Recruiting and Induction Station.

U.S. Army
Recruiting and Induction Service

What kind of men do New England Women like?

An independent survey reveals they prefer men with ruddy complexions, light wavy hair, blue eyes, quiet business or semi-sport clothes—the kind of men who wear . . .

ESSLEY
Woman-Wise
SHIRTS

Give her eyes a feast, yourself a treat! Essleys are styled by America's foremost men's fashion authority. They're *hand-detailed* by Troy craftsmen. It's this *Woman-Wise* combination of perfect fit, skillful needlework and distinctive character that makes a man look his best in a woman's eyes! $1.75, $2, $2.25, $2.50 and up.

Originators of
TRUBENIZED* Collar
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ESSLEY PAJAMAS MADE BY ESSLEY SHIRTMAKERS.
TAILORED FOR FIT . . . STYLED FOR SMARTNESS.

WING TALK

FROM a person in the Army Air Forces, who is what is usually described as "a reliable source," comes an objection to the general assumption (*which he says Wing Talk shares*) that the "airplane of tomorrow" will be a civilian ship.

"It will be a military plane," he says, "because the war will still be going on when it comes. And it will be just as marvelous and strange, compared with what we have now, as the postwar machines for civilian use." He didn't go into detail, on the usual grounds of military secrecy.

From what's happening today, however, it is possible for any man of imagination to foresee some of the wonders to come—soon—in Navy and Army air work. The planes ahead won't all be mere improvements of types we already have; many will be designed for new functions not now attempted by anything on wings. But all will result from present-day needs.

We will probably have, for example, what will amount to flying pillboxes, huge craft carrying armor and guns in place of bombs. Machine guns and cannons, 75-millimeter and bigger, will stick out in all directions like pins in a cushion. They will be one answer to the problem of escorting bombers with ranges so great that short-range fighter planes cannot go along to protect them.

Our Flying Fortresses and Liberators, both four-engined bombers equipped only with machine guns, have picked off attacking German and Jap fighter planes in sufficient quantities to indicate that a plane devoted entirely to such work would be a downright nuisance to the enemy. They would behave in the air in much the way heavy warships behave on the water when they throw comforting rings of defense around transports and cargo ships.

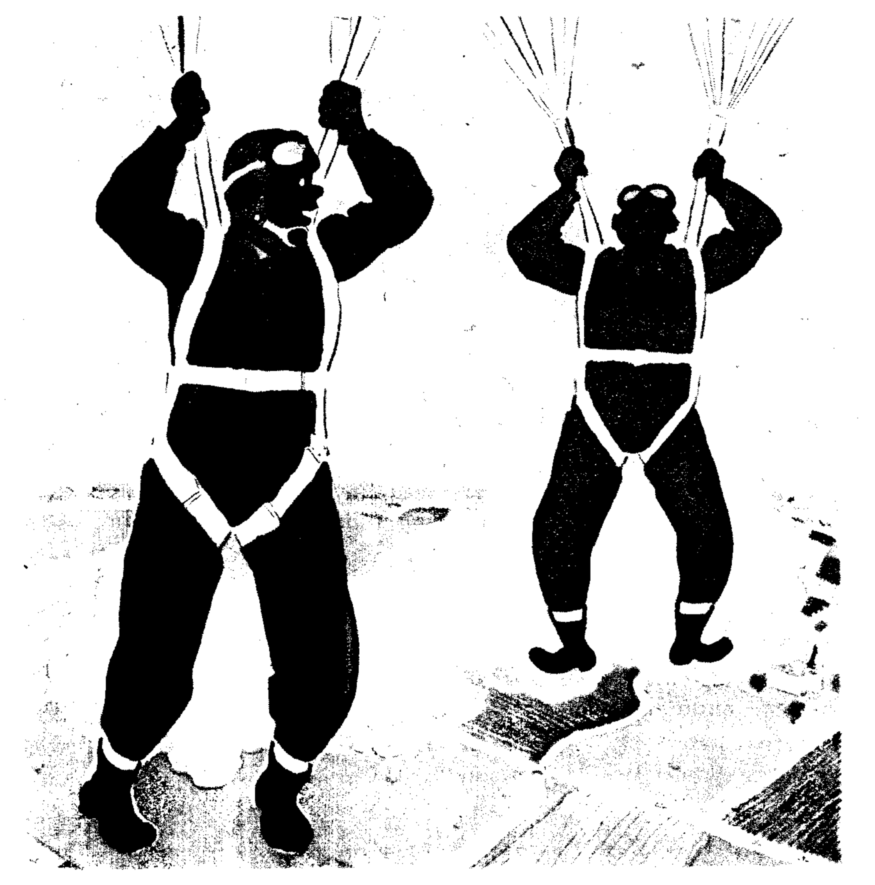
With these scowling monsters will go extremely high-altitude bombers, carrying loads beyond anything we ordinarily think of now. Already the British are supposed to be using eight-ton bombs, and the Germans are reported to have a big ship with Diesel engines and a sealed pressure cabin to keep crews happy and conscious in the rare atmosphere eight and nine miles up. All of which is a start.

Much closer to the ground—practically on it—will be other bombers, relatively small and preposterously fast. They will zip along the treetops so low and so swiftly that antiaircraft guns will curl up with dizziness just watching, and pursuit planes will have the most awful trouble trying to maneuver and fight at such miserable heights.

As a companion plane, we will some day see aircraft that are simply winged artillery pieces. They will go along with ground troops and armored forces, doing much of the work now handled by big mobile rifles and howitzers. The biggest cannon has a range of 20 miles or so; a smaller piece mounted on a plane has a range equal to that of the plane, plus a little. Hundreds of miles, in other words. The Bell P-39, with a 20- or 37-millimeter cannon in the nose, is a sample. The Russians have used it to destroy German tanks in quantity. The Russians have another ship of their own which operates similarly.

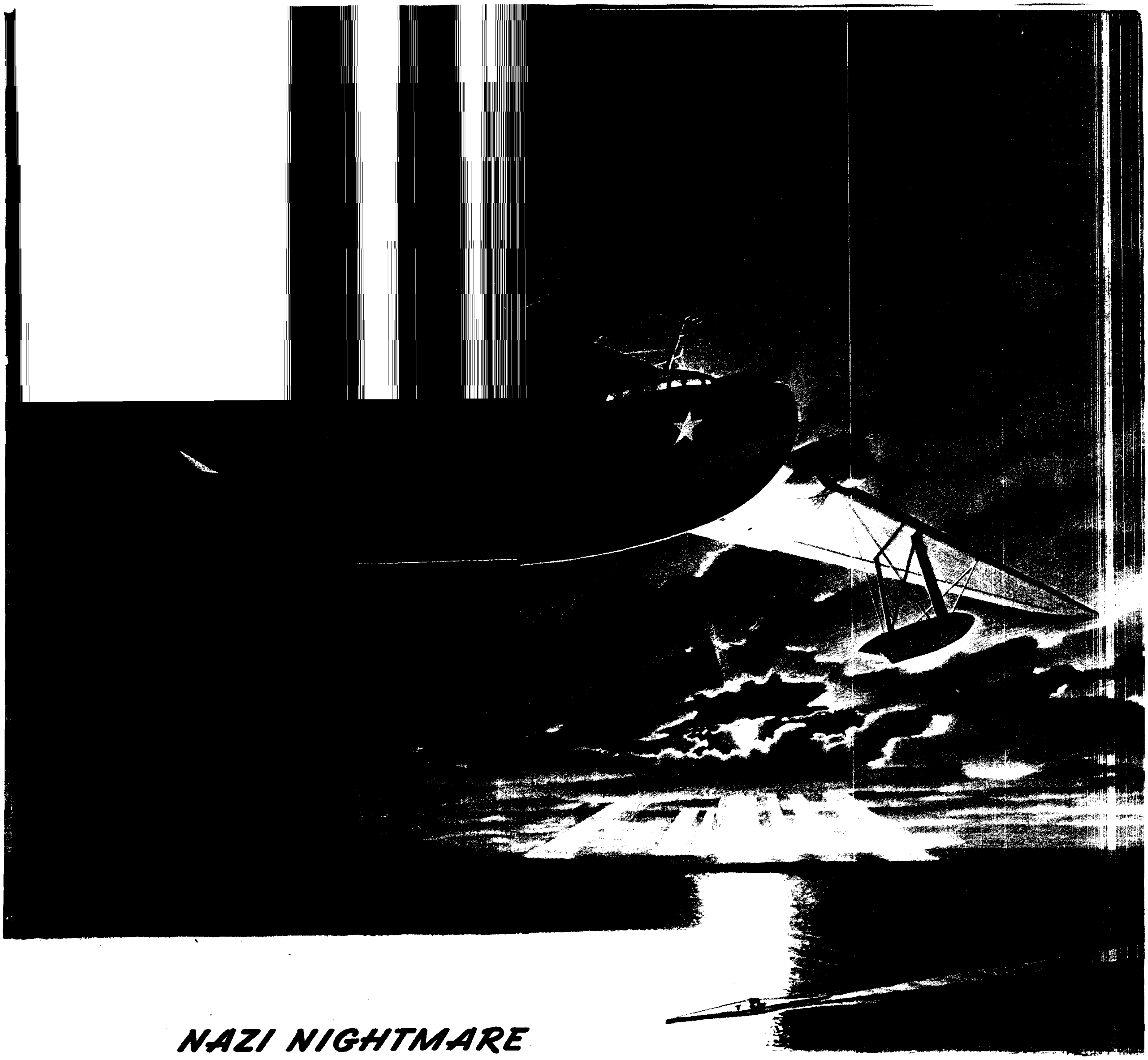
A 37-mm. shell from a plane is just as deadly as one fired from the ground, generally speaking, and the aerial cannon is much easier to move around. It can go find a tank, rather than wait for a tank to find it. The flying cannon of tomorrow will be stable enough to allow more accurate aiming than is possible now.

Along with these will be high-altitude fighters, of course, and all the other standard designs of today. And sooner or later, according to electrical experts, somebody in this war will pop up with robot planes controlled by radio. They are distinctly more practical than you might guess from reading the comic strips. . . . R. McC.



"These chutes certainly do come in handy, don't they"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE



NAZI NIGHTMARE

AGAINST the moon, a mist-shrouded phantom is flicking across the Irish sea.

Faster and blacker than the hounds of hell it goes . . . higher, more ominous than the Flying Dutchman of yore—it's a nightmare, a Nazi nightmare coming true.

For these wings—stretching across the sky—are tipped with the stars of the U. S. Navy. And that big black belly is fat with freight. Cargo picked up in Canada a few hours ago for delivery tomorrow in Gibraltar... or Cairo . . . or Murmansk.

This is *Convoy 1943*—a never-ending bridge of torpedo-proof ships across the ceiling of the world.

The building of Vought-Sikorsky cargo-carrying boats is one of the many Nash-Kelvinator war jobs. Along with 2,000 H.P., supercharged, high-altitude engines to give our naval aviators their highest-flying, fastest fighter—the *Corsair*.

. . . Along with Hamilton Standard propellers for United Nations bombers—to turn those Axis nightmares into nights of fearful reality.

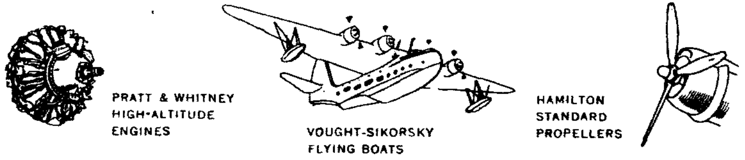
Let this be an example, Hitler, of how all America is back of its fighting forces—men who yesterday made refrigerators and automobiles are now working on more deadly, precise instruments of destruction than a Nazi mind ever conceived of. And we are *all* in this fight to win—buying War Bonds . . . bringing in the scrap for victory.

So sleep while you can in Berchtesgaden . . . or Berlin . . . take your rest in Tokio. *The awakening is coming!* The might of America is on wing.

• • •

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

NASH KELVINATOR

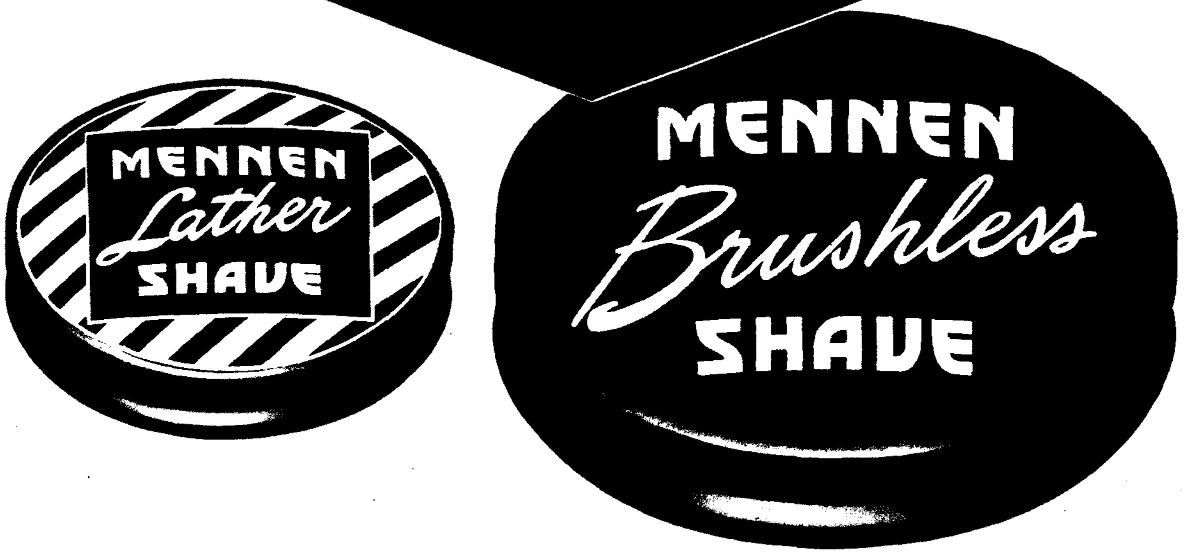

PRATT & WHITNEY HIGH-ALTITUDE ENGINES
VOUGHT-SIKORSKY FLYING BOATS
HAMILTON STANDARD PROPELLERS

Save Tin - Help Win!

BUY SHAVE CREAM in GLASS JARS

No Empty Tube Required

LATHER SHAVE—Two kinds: Menthol-iced (extra cool) and Plain



BRUSHLESS—It's a Cream, not a Grease

Everyone knows that metal, particularly tin, is scarce. Despite this critical shortage, our Government has been extremely generous in permitting even a limited use of metal tubes for shave cream. But Mennen believes that the men at home will gladly accept shave cream in glass jars if they know that they will be helping our Government overcome the metal shortage. Voluntarily, Mennen is conserving metal by putting its same high quality shave cream in convenient glass jars. A limited supply of tubes is still available, but you can "Save Tin and Help Win"—buy Mennen Shave Cream in glass jars. And you don't have to return an empty tube to your druggist.

THE CHOICE OF SKIN SPECIALISTS—A recent survey revealed that more Dermatologists use Mennen Shave Products than any other brand . . . more than the next two leading brands combined. This personal preference on the part of these members of the medical profession, authorities on skin care, is proof of the quality of Mennen Shave Products.

Collier's

We'll Have to Feed the World Again

By Herbert Hoover

Must we starve ourselves to feed the world after the war? Out of his vast experience in feeding the hungry, Mr. Hoover shows why we should plan now

EUROPEAN

Street scene, Vichy, 1942: Eloquent evidence that food, or the lack of it, is rapidly becoming the major preoccupation of Europe's conquered millions

A STARVING world must be fed after this war ends. That has been promised to the victims of the war again and again by President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill. Even if it had not been promised, we would have to do it if we want to make a lasting peace instead of lasting anarchy. And we will need to do it unless we are willing to stand by and watch millions of human beings die after we have made gigantic sacrifices to give them a chance to live.

If this war stopped tomorrow, there would be millions of permanently debilitated adults and millions of stunted children. But there will always be millions who can be saved. If European civilization is to live, they must be fed. And especially this must be done for the children, or we shall be faced with a generation of physical degenerates and potential gangsters.

But if these promises are to be kept we shall need to begin preparedness long before the war ends. That preparedness means some new direction and new strategy for American agriculture. It means preparation of supplies from South America. It means advance agreements with our allies as to control of world supplies, finance, shipping and administration. It means creation of organization in advance, with an understanding of the huge volumes needed, the kind of food needed, the source of these supplies, their transportation, distribution, and the economic, social and political problems which must be met.

There are more Horsemen that follow modern war than at the time the Apocalypse was written. In modern total war, Famine and Pestilence are accompanied by four new recruits whose names are Revolution, Unemployment, Suspicion and Hate. These additional destroyers make the job harder to manage.

That there is and will be famine, needs little demonstration. Already 148,000,000 people in the occupied democracies in Europe and Asia are short of food; millions of them are actually starving, and our allies are obviously running on very short rations.

The Nazis' food supply is sufficient for their evils of today. They are working hordes of prisoners on the farms and robbing some of the occupied territories. But their internal production will grow worse as the war goes on and there is less to steal from the subjected peoples.

In fact, the whole of Europe will continue to degenerate in domestic food supply. The reasons for that are simple enough: Europe in peacetime—and by Europe I here mean Britain and all of Europe excluding Russia—has to import large amounts of food for human beings. That is now cut off by the blockade, except to Britain, and some small amounts to the neutral countries.

On top of this, under the pressure of total war, field crops decline year by year. Manpower and horsepower are increasingly drained to the war; farm implements cannot be replaced; fertilizers are diverted to explosives; planting is less effective, and harvesting less perfect. Also, the animals in Europe are in considerable degree dependent upon imported feed. In consequence of the blockade, some part of the dairy and breeding herds must be slaughtered early in total war, and domestic feed for the remaining animals decreases because more fields must be turned to direct food for humans—and thus still more of the flocks and herds must be slaughtered.

In the last war, the principal food animals of Europe—cattle, hogs and sheep

BONNEY

In devastated Spain, thousands will not survive the war but other thousands, especially the children, may be saved if postwar help is planned now

For the Polish refugees, below, herded into a German prison camp, semistarvation will become real starvation because Germany will feed its armies first of all

EUROPEAN

—decreased by over 70,000,000 head, and that is again taking place. The invaluable chicken vanishes, and fishing is greatly diminished. Thus the stream of animal products steadily decreases. To all this must be added the ravages of armies and scorched-earth policies.

Nor will famine this time be limited to Europe, for these causes are also working in Asia and Russia.

It is difficult for Americans to picture widespread hunger or starvation. We have not had such a thing in America.

Nationwide hunger and starvation mean grim suffering, incalculable grief over wilting children, physical degeneration, stunted growth, distorted, embittered minds and death. Its lasting effect is one of degree and time. Adults can recuperate from months of undernourishment. Children can stand less. In fact, the undersized, rickets, and the death rate among children are the sensitive barometers of starvation. Not even during our Civil War was there a town or city where these effects reached one tenth of what they are in certain cities of the occupied democracies at this moment.

The Threat of Disease

From all food shortages comes the danger of pestilence. People do not often die directly from starvation. Their resistance is weakened and they fall easy prey to contagions. Moreover, people consume their available fat supplies and have little or none left for soap. Uncleanliness invites such scourges as typhus—which is transmitted by body lice.

There is another vital peril in this question. Unless these masses of people in scores of nations can have food and be protected from pestilence, there can be no social or political stability upon which peace can be built.

We had a parallel experience with this problem after the first World War. In that famine, America bore the major load of supplies, finance and administration. Except for American food preparedness, food strategy and American intervention, there would then have been the greatest sacrifice of human life in all history—even more devastating than that which followed the Thirty Years' War, when one third of the population of Europe is said to have died. That America succeeded in its task is evidenced not alone by grateful statements of every government in Europe but by the statistical fact that their populations did not decrease during the period.

No nation had ever undertaken such a mission before. We had to pioneer through the thickets and swamps of governmental, social, financial and economic problems, including human nature in the raw. From that experience, we can make some estimate as to the need next time, the source of supplies, and the strategy and tactics necessary to defeat both famine and pestilence and to set millions upon the road back to strength and health.

The size of the problem is partly indicated by the number of human beings who will be in some degree short of food. After the first World War, twenty-eight nations outside of Russia were involved. They comprised over 375,000,000 people.

After the present war these numbers will apparently be increased by 15 or 20 millions, and this time Russia and China must be added.

In the last war, defeated Russia, with roughly 140,000,000 people, was famine-stricken in certain areas. We made an effort to furnish food but Russia refused relief because the Allies stipulated that she must stop fighting her neighbors. It was not until the renewed famine in 1922 that we were able to assist her on a large scale.

Russia will need food help during this war; and afterward, with lands despoiled and scorched by the Germans, there will be tens of millions to add to the prospective totals.

China's normal food supply is a bare subsistence level and therefore shortage spreads disaster even faster than in countries of higher standards. Despoiled and ravaged by Japan, she will have scores of millions to add to these vast totals.

Therefore it is possible to estimate that over 500,000,000 people will be suffering from some degree of food shortage after this war, and that some European countries—Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, Greece, Poland, Yugoslavia and the Baltic states—will be much worse off than last time. Certainly the amount of food required to meet the emergency cannot be less than after the first World War, even if the war should end tomorrow. The ultimate need will depend on the length of the war, as that controls the degree of the demoralization in domestic supplies.

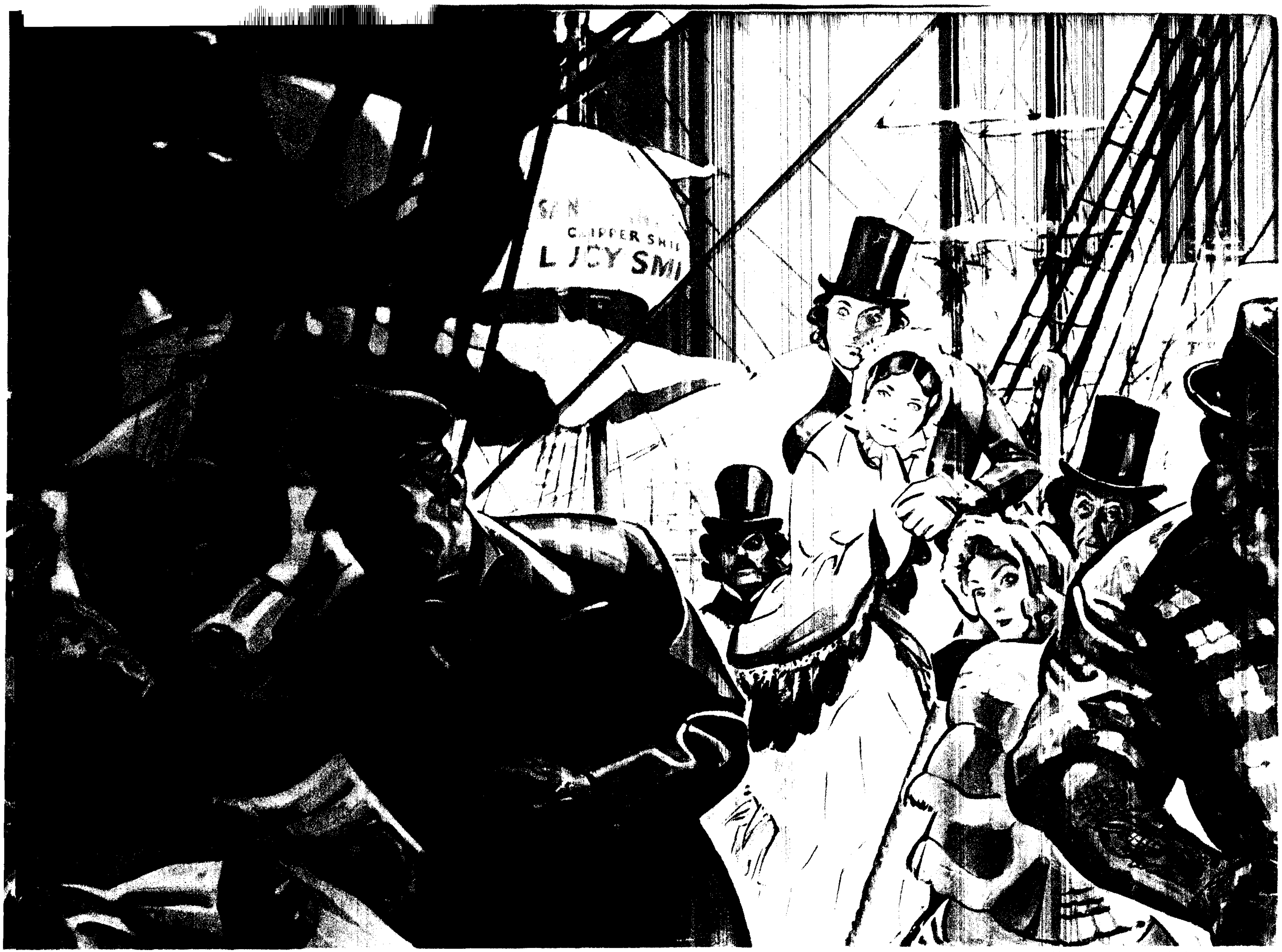
The Food We Sent to Europe

The total amount of food for human beings imported from overseas into the European area during the acute period of twelve months following the Armistice in November, 1918, was about 27,000,000 tons (54 billion pounds). Of this, between 4,500,000 and 5,000,000 tons (9 to 10 billion pounds) were animal and vegetable oil products, the balance mostly grains, rice, peas, beans and sugar. There was insufficient shipping to transport much food for animals. The total value of this food at the prices of that time was roughly $6,000,000,000.

Something over 16,000,000 out of the 27,000,000 tons of food came from the United States, including about 2,400,000 tons of animal and vegetable oil products.

Of the American food, which had a value of about $3,300,000,000, we furnished about $2,400,000,000 on credit, about $325,000,000 in charity (mostly for children), and about $575,000,000

(Continued on page 59)



ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Then Dan's right fist hooked upward and in with a short jolting slash

The Coast of Fortune

By Michael Foster

He was a benighted young fool with a false notion of actresses. He learned a great deal from the first one of that profession he met

ROLLING slowly on the long blue noonday swell, the clipper ship Sea Moth lay in the sun, and the people of Chatto's Greater Theatrical Enterprises lined the rail, looking at the golden hills of California low upon the sea horizon. Felicity Sullivan, with her hands folded primly in her tippet, stole a haughty glance at Mr. Cordret, the mate.

Mr. Dan Cordret stood, from habit, with his feet braced wide apart, as if the deck were really rolling. For so young a man he had a very hard face, the ladies of the company had agreed many times; but there was something about the way he wore his high-peaked cap raked over one ear that set off the short, cruel hook of his nose, and his sideburns were scorched coppery by the suns of the Line. The men of both watches were ganged on the main deck, well forward. They, too, were staring at the distant coast, and talking in lowered voices among themselves.

With his head thrust forward, Dan Cordret was watching them with a cold blue eye. Felicity had known for a long time that he expected trouble from the hands when the ship reached San Francisco. Crews were deserting wholesale to make their way upcountry to the gold creeks.

On the foredeck was another little crowd of men: roughly bearded, silent, in red or plaid wool shirts and canvas jackets—the steerage passengers, the men bound for the gold creeks of the High Sierras.

Away on the horizon, coming nearer, was the sail of a small boat.

"Stand by for the pilot," Dan said.

With a growl, the second mate slouched down the poop ladder and went forward along the main deck. Hooking an impatient hand at a couple of idling seamen, he shambled on without looking back. The next time Felicity looked, they had dragged out the pilot ladder and were paying it out over the side.

Dan stamped on the deck above the captain's cabin, and almost at once Captain Griswold came up like a tired and ill-tempered djinn in a seagoing frock coat—a burly old man who looked ill.

"Pilot's on the leeboard, sir," Dan said.

"Well, mister, get more sail back on her, then," Captain Griswold said. "We've waited long enough."

AS DAN went down to the main deck, Captain Griswold stalked toward the passengers at the rail. To Mrs. Tuttle he bowed and said throatily:

"Madame, it is a great disappointment to me—to be a hundred and ten days out of New York. I thank Our Maker, however, that Staghound and Golden Fleece are somewhere well astern, where we left 'em."

Mrs. Tuttle clasped her hands in an impulsive, girlish gesture and answered in her most elegant aristocratic voice:

"Oh, but, Captain Griswold, I am sure that you and your gallant men have left no stone unturned to give us a most enjoyable and a most rapid voyage."

Felicity listened with wonder, as she always did to Mrs. Tuttle's languishing manners, her sonorous gentility in public—especially when there was a gentleman within earshot. Felicity had shared a stateroom with Mrs. Tuttle all the way from New York around the Horn, and night after night had listened to the old girl's meditations when she had hung her switch on the hook provided in every stateroom for a gentleman's razorstrop, and was brushing it out vigorously.

The captain turned his head again and glared uncertainly.

"Eh? Eh?" he said, blinking. "Stones? Stones, Madame?"

He walked away, breathing heavily, and Mrs. Tuttle hissed in Felicity's ear, "Ignorant old rooster! Doesn't know the first thing about cultured conversation. God's buttons, but I hate a ninny!"

(Continued on page 32)

The Time of His Life

By Arthur Mann

No other writer is anywhere near as amusing as William Saroyan nor has nearly as much fun. If you doubt it, just ask Mr. Saroyan

At work on The Great Job, above, Saroyan used no rules, no formula; simply shot footage—too much of it, according to the studio's stockroom

Saroyan, below, not content with writing and directing the two-reeler, The Great Job, even looks over Storekeeper Horace McNally's props

MOST people go broke trying to make money, but the incredible William Saroyan has a system all his own. He took the first big step toward financial destitution early this year when Hollywood paid him $60,000 for an original movie script called The Human Comedy. He distributed the money among relatives and friends in California with the naive insistence that one person doesn't need so much money, and collectively, many people do. Then in August he dropped his last $9,000, and $5,000 that he didn't have, in a dismal week of Saroyan repertory at the Belasco Theater in New York.

Indifferent to reunion with penury and imminent Army induction, he set about completing a 70,000-word novel for fall publication, working between conferences on the sale of picture rights to his prize-winning play, The Time of Your Life. With this money he hoped to get out of debt and relaunch his ill-starred dramatic venture.

The picture-sale effort carried a touch of irony, for less than two years ago all Hollywood was bidding for The Time of Your Life, which had won both the Pulitzer Prize (refused) and the New York Critics Circle Award (accepted). To the top offer of $100,000, he countered with this one of his own: Any producer could film the play for nothing, provided all picture profits were pledged to some phase of what was then called National Defense. It could be in the form of Red Cross contributions, Defense Bonds, or any kind of service relief. The proposition ended all bidding.

The bidding was resumed recently and offers had reached $50,000 when Saroyan suddenly halted all negotiations. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with whom he had quarreled and traded insults early in the year, was not only making The Human Comedy, but had started "shooting" on his 34th birthday, August 31st. His sentimental nature melted under the warmth of such a gesture.

"That's my company," he declared. "If M-G-M doesn't want The Time of Your Life, nobody gets it at any price!"

Birth of a Playwright

With the play still unsold, the ambitious Saroyan Theater was never resurrected and his severest critics breathed a sigh of relief. His week-long setback as an impresario was the only vindication they had enjoyed since he launched his playwriting career a few years ago under strange impetus. The New York Times had expressed casual lament that such a prolific author had written no play. By next mail he dispatched a letter of thanks to the paper and announced that he would take up the matter at once. Within a week he delivered a full-length drama called Subway Circus to the Theater Guild, which almost produced it. But his playwriting had begun.

From then on, every move he made in the theater seemed in startling violation of sacred precedent—artistic, technical and especially financial. Producers sickened as he gave away his groceries. Not only did he invite people to dress rehearsals for free, but his independent production of The Beautiful People will be remembered less for its simple beauty than for his offer of admission price cheerfully refunded on the way out, for any reason whatever. For two weeks his stubborn faith in public honesty cost him only 1½% of box-office gross, which was considerably less than the value of newspaper space used in recording the news.

His contempt for rules and rote of dramatic construction is best reflected by his proposition to Artie Shaw, the band leader, whom he sought to star in a play called Jim Dandy. He wanted Shaw for the character Johnny, a clarinetist with one foot in the grave. This ghoulish aspect was to be symbolized by a coffin tied to one of Johnny's feet. Shaw read the play and Saroyan's persuasive letter on why he should accept.

"I couldn't do it," the band leader replied. "Anyhow, I like your letter a lot better than the play."

"Okay," Saroyan wrote back with his customary counteroffer, "I'll dramatize the letter. Will you act in that?"

Thus has the Californian, sometimes called San Francisco's Second Earthquake, annoyed first the literary world and lately the theatrical and motion-picture industries, expressing opinions with the highest brass content on record. More annoying than his stinging criticism, however, has been his ability to put forth in *(Continued on page 74)*

A MAN'S WIFE

By William E. Barrett

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

It was a pickup, the first experience of its kind for either of them. And, more than likely, the last

BART ROWAN was tough. He had been tough all of his life. You do not get an aeronautical education via small airports, repair hangars and aircraft factories by being a shy type and waiting for someone to say, "Hey, Bub." Rowan had never waited for anyone: he rammed his way in wherever his wide shoulders would fit—and into some places where they wouldn't. Now he held practically every rating that a pilot could have and he was flying for the Air Corps Transport Command with a captain's bars on his shoulders and silver wings over his heart.

Security gives a man poise, and the knowledge that he is tops in his own game smooths the edges off his aggressiveness. People who met Rowan liked him. They liked his drawl, the slow smile that broke across his weather-stained face, the easy way that he carried a compact, powerful body. Most people liked his air of complete self-confidence: nobody doubted the hardness underneath.

Rowan himself doubted the iron-man legend sometimes. He was aware of the broad sentimental streak in himself because he had to fight with it. Along the way that he had come, he had left many things that he wanted, some things that he loved. A man who is going up fills his life with partings and a tough man who does that swallows so many unshed tears that he dilutes the chemical ingredients of toughness.

He had fought for a home of his own and he had won it with his own hands; then his country had called him to fly all kinds of ships to all kinds of places in all kinds of weather. At the very peak of his career he was a ferry pilot and the one thing that no ferry pilot could have was a home. Rowan slept wherever he set a ship down and he took his living where he found it, clamping down hard on whatever he felt about Marion, about the home that was theirs in Maryland and the flowers that they had planted around it.

Marion in a dress of cloudy blue, the white house with lights yellow in the dusk, scarlet roses climbing over the summerhouse: those things belonged to a nation at peace and to a man who could win them. . . .

Rowan brought the big fighter over the far fringe of the airport. He coasted down at eighty miles an hour, the engine sighing now where once it roared. His wheels touched, bounced lightly and rolled.

He checked in at the operations office, exchanged a few curt words with a youthful second lieutenant and barged out into a night that was sticky with heat.

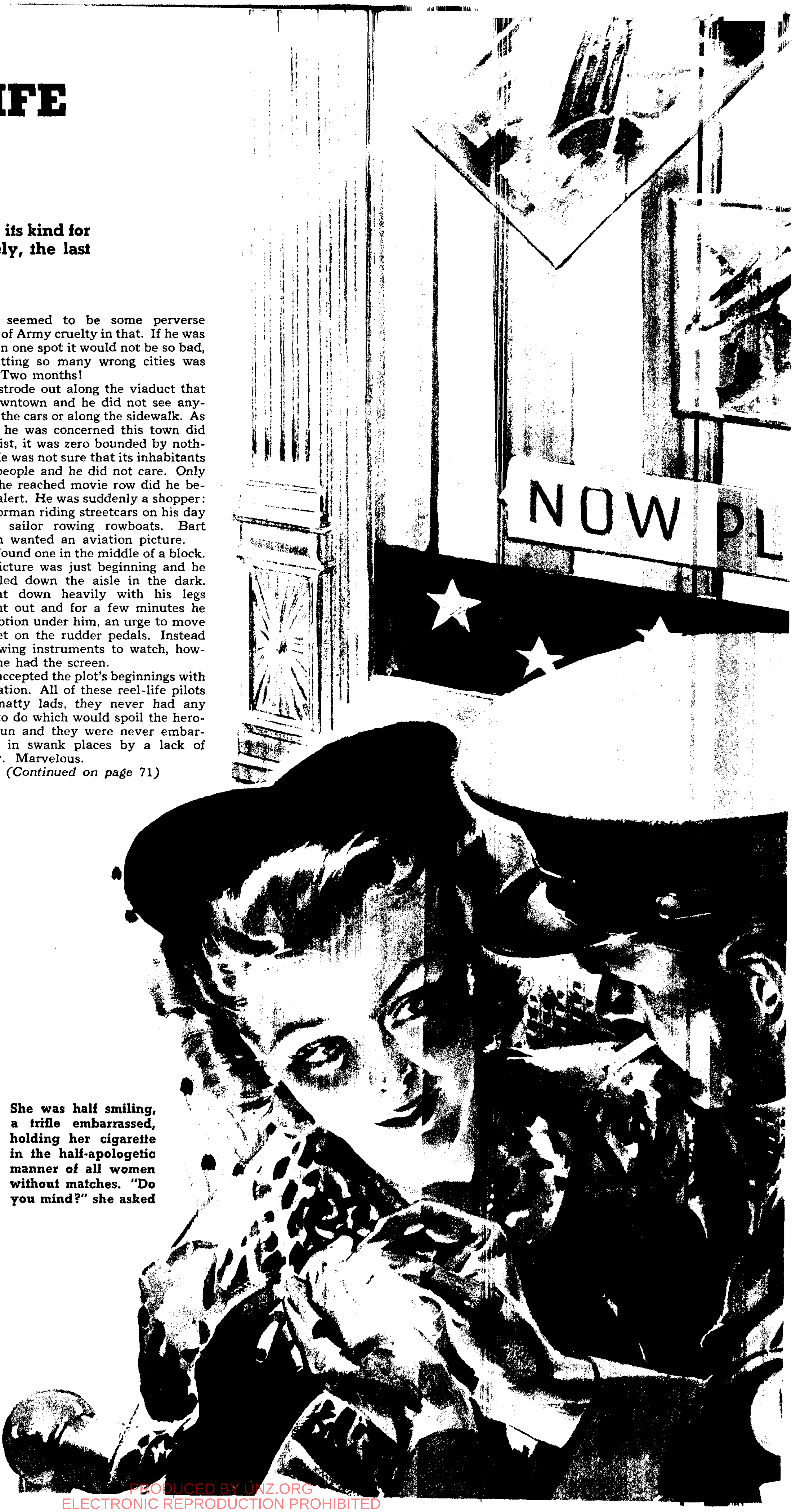
The airport was an island in the river, less than a mile from downtown. You did not often hit airports that close to towns, but this was the flat, wide Middle West. He had left the Coast that he did not live on a mere five hours ago; he was as far from home as he was from the factory that had spawned this ship. How long was it since he had seen Marion? Two months. He had flown ships to every place in the United States except the place that he called home. There seemed to be some perverse streak of Army cruelty in that. If he was stuck in one spot it would not be so bad, but hitting so many wrong cities was hard. Two months!

He strode out along the viaduct that led downtown and he did not see anyone in the cars or along the sidewalk. As far as he was concerned this town did not exist, it was zero bounded by nothing. He was not sure that its inhabitants were people and he did not care. Only when he reached movie row did he become alert. He was suddenly a shopper: a motorman riding streetcars on his day off, a sailor rowing rowboats. Bart Rowan wanted an aviation picture.

He found one in the middle of a block. The picture was just beginning and he stumbled down the aisle in the dark. He sat down heavily with his legs straight out and for a few minutes he felt motion under him, an urge to move his feet on the rudder pedals. Instead of glowing instruments to watch, however, he had the screen.

He accepted the plot's beginnings with resignation. All of these reel-life pilots were natty lads, they never had any work to do which would spoil the heroine's fun and they were never embarrassed in swank places by a lack of money. Marvelous.

(Continued on page 71)



She was half smiling, a trifle embarrassed, holding her cigarette in the half-apologetic manner of all women without matches. "Do you mind?" she asked

Collier's, The National Weekly, for October 15, 1927
Where the Booze Begins
By Major CHESTER P.
Most rivers have their sources in pure springs—but the Booze River, mightiest of American streams, rises in the polluted vats of conscienceless money grabbers in the slums, and under the very nose of the government
Prohibition Poisoned Chicago
A great reporter's vivid story of the most amazing corruption that ever darkened the name of an American city
By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD
Collier's for February 15, 1930
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
Unenforced and Unenforcible
THE RUM RACKET RETURNS

THE RUM RACKET RETURNS

By Walter Davenport

That man's here again—with his full assortment of moonshine, popskull, rotgut, calamity juice and bottled-in-barn. Seekers of third-rail entertainment will be glad to hear that his business is as good, and his product as bad, as ever

Collier's fight for prohibition repeal helped crystallize public opinion—here are three famous articles, shots in a battle we may have to fight again

WE DIDN'T recognize him at first, but it was Joe all right. Joe hadn't been around since the Eighteenth Amendment was repealed. Back in the late twenties, Joe, succeeding a guy named Tony who was knocked off by Al Capone's mob on the eve of his appearance before a federal grand jury, used to sell us popskull Scotch, rye, bourbon, gin and even champagne (swift cider). But with repeal, Joe went to work in a filling station upstate somewhere, and we hadn't seen him.

It's likely we wouldn't have seen him yet if we hadn't dropped into a liquor store shopping for a couple of bottles of rye for the week end. When the clerk asked us four bucks for stuff we'd been paying two thirty-five for, we settled for one bottle and said something about what is the world coming to. The clerk explained something we should have known: that the new federal revenue bill was hiking the tax on a gallon of liquor from four to six dollars, and that the chances were the tax would go higher.

The clerk sold us one bottle, said he was sorry. The moment we were gone, he phoned Joe, and Joe came around an hour later offering us hooch at two-fifty a bottle—in case lots, if we wanted it.

Joe is fifteen years older than when we first knew him, many pounds heavier, and he has lost his hair. One of his sons is in the Navy. Another's just been drafted. His daughter is married to a guy who has a forty-eight-hundred-dollar government job.

All told, Joe is feeling swell and patriotic and is glad to be back in the old bootleg clothes. He is getting his clientele through clerks in legal liquor stores, who pass on to him the names of guys who can't afford to buy regular stuff now that taxes are zooming, and on which the government can't put a price ceiling because it won't stop boosting the imposts. Joe slips the clerk a dollar or two for each name. If the clerk puts something very good in his way, Joe pays him accordingly—maybe five bucks. If the clerk is young enough, he figures that he's going to be drafted. And, anyway, he tells himself, business is all shot.

Among the first things we learned as the result of this reunion with Joe is that, country-wide, the legitimate sales of legal liquor are anywhere from twenty to forty per cent less than they were at this time last year. These are official figures, not Joe's.

But that's how we got started. Forthwith, we consulted all the authorities—the Federal Alcohol Control people, the Alcohol Tax Unit of the Internal Revenue office, state liquor dispensing boards, the prohibitionists, the legal distillers, and a few happy gents who have gone into the moonshine and wildcat alcohol rackets unworried by priorities, price ceilings and raw materials.

The prohibitionists (who still think that what Herbert Hoover called a Noble Experiment never got a chance) are busily launching a second drive toward a second prohibition amendment and enactment law. They could say that it never had a chance, but they're cleverer today than they were then. Their first objective is to pass the Bilbo-Capper Bill, which would make dry all areas "within a reasonable distance of military camps and industrial war centers." And if you don't believe that would prohibit the legal sale of liquor in almost all inhabited sections of our country, you're wrong.

In Washington they'll assure you that if this bill reaches the Senate floor it will have an excellent chance of being passed. The campaign is on. Recently there was a checkup of the President's mail. Out of approximately 2,500 letters received in one day, more than 600 demanded that he stop vice and the sale of liquor in the vicinity of Army camps.

A recent Gallup poll has it that thirty-six out of every hundred polled would

(Continued on page 78)

Virgie and the Jump-Crazy Marine

By Frank X. Tolbert

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Colonel Grew's peerless eight-year-old daughter again shapes Marine Corps justice, to the complete satisfaction of one Sergeant Donohoe

THAT day the battalion made two practice landings. The ramp boats rode in on the breakers and spilled Marines and equipment on Onslow Beach.

Colonel Grew didn't like the first landing. So the boys had to go back to the mockups in the inlet and start all over again. This second time the entire battalion, including the husky, red-haired colonel, required only six minutes to scramble down the cargo nets and into the barges.

Miss Virgie Grew, the colonel's eight-year-old daughter, missed most of the fun. It happened that Mrs. Grew had directed the little girl to take a nap at about the same time the boys were going down the sides of the mockups for the first landing.

That morning, Mrs. Grew had said to the colonel:

"Living here on the island is almost like raising a child on a battlefield. Why do those boys have to shout so much on the beach? Virginia gets more nervous every day. She was almost in hysterics when we passed the rifle range on the way to Jacksonville the other day. I'm going to have her take a nap all of the afternoon."

So it was that Virgie spent the early part of the afternoon in her room, simulating sleep whenever her mother came in. At about two o'clock, Mrs. Grew said to Creola, the Negro cook, "The poor darling is sleeping. Don't disturb her. She gets little enough rest around here."

Then Mrs. Grew left in the station wagon for a shopping trip to Kinston.

Virgie stood at a window and watched the station wagon roll along the sandy road toward the ferry. There was a bridge being constructed between the island and the mainland, but the bridge wasn't finished. Virgie tiptoed out on the back porch of the beach house. Creola was busy in the kitchen.

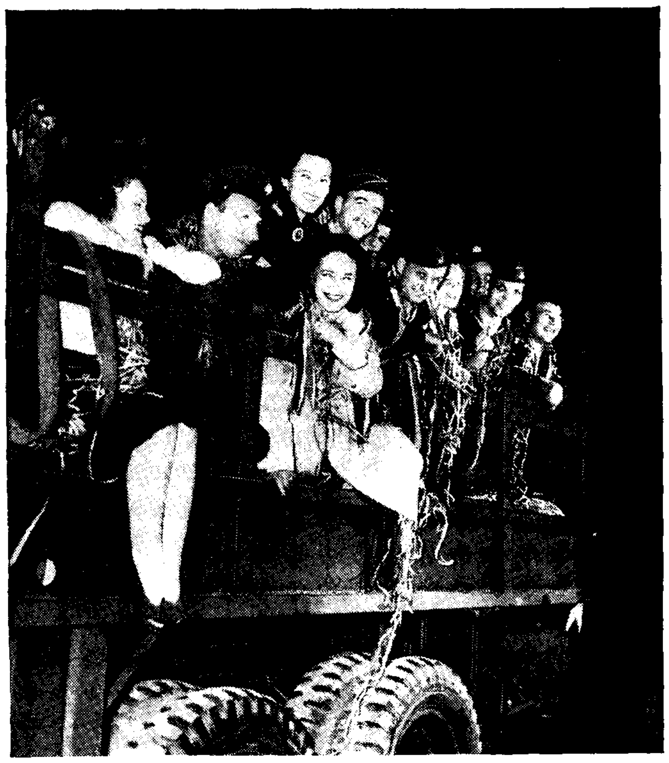
Virgie left the porch and moved at a trot through the sand dunes for about two hundred yards. Somewhere off in the dunes she could hear a baritone cadence count. The boys were marching back to the barracks.

Near the inlet she dropped on the topside of a high dune and peered through the tasseled reeds. Below, a jeep was parked by one of the beached "Y" boats. Colonel Grew and a Marine captain, with a paratrooper's insignia on his blouse, were sitting in the jeep. They were talking to a Coast Guard chief petty officer.

Virgie started to squirm back through the reeds. But the captain had spotted her flaming hair. (Continued on page 56)

Virgie didn't have time to reply to her father. She plopped down in the front seat of the jeep and started the engine

About the luckiest thing that can happen to a girl in Washington is to be picked as a hostess for the local Stage Door Canteen. They serve two nights a week and there is a long waiting list for the jobs



Here a group of members of the Women's Battalion is loaded on an Army truck after a dance at Fort Myer, ready to be taken back to Washington. You will agree that these girls don't look like a lot of lonely-hearts

Uncle Sam's Seminary

By Helena Huntington Smith

You can stop worrying about Washington's 66,000 girl newcomers, who know what their real problems are and what to do about solving them. And we don't mean housing either

Left: These girls are employed in the Quartermaster's office filing endless records. They love their work. Washington is just wonderful and you see so many famous people

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY NINA LEEN-PIX

With two and often four girls sharing a single room, the closet problem can become very acute. They try to limit their wardrobes as much as possible and keep their clothes in suitcases under the bed

A forty-dollar-a-month (including two meals daily) boardinghouse affords little privacy. As many as twenty persons use one house telephone and the conversation over it comes under the head of public information

EVER since Pearl Harbor or earlier, Uncle Sam has bee conducting a young ladies' seminary on the banks the Potomac. If you haven't heard about this, it's because the seminary is rarely mentioned in just those term It's a fact, however, that since the war started, your poor ol Uncle with the white whiskers has got hold of several bea by the tail—such as controlling prices and designing ladie girdles—and that now, on top of everything else, he ha taken over the problems and duties of the headmistress a girls' boarding school.

Women in the government are nothing new, but wome in the government, Heaven help us, were never like thi Before Lend-Lease, the typical U. S. office hand was sober-sided young woman who gave every sign of bein more interested in her pension (due to start in 1955), tha she was in next Saturday night's date. But since any respectable modern war has to be fought in the filing case before it is fought on the battlefronts, there are 66,000 *mor* women in Washington offices today than there were in December, 1940, or more than double the previous number bringing the grand total of government females up to 128,000. And the newcomers are a different kind of dish entirely.

They're young. According to the records of OEM—otherwise Office of Emergency Management, and the paren organization of the big civilian war agencies—more than half of those who have come to Washington in the past six months are between nineteen and twenty-two.

Thousands have never been away from home before Thousands come from small towns. (But the ones from Brooklyn and Chicago get just as homesick.) They've passed their Civil Service tests back home, and on they come to Washington with flying colors, but oh, my, how green some of them are! One little dame, who arrived recently to do Uncle Sam's *typing, astonished her* supervisor in the training section by admitting that she'd never used carbon paper. Another one, from somewhere in the great open spaces, had never seen a traffic light before.

Hicksville Learns Fast

Well, they helped the little Hicksville girl to find a nice room—the first and greatest problem that confronts a newcomer in crowded Washington. It was pretty far out, so the supervisor, who lived on the same bus line, thought she'd better take the girl home the first night to make sure she got there. But finding out at the last minute that she couldn't go, she gave the kid a dollar and told her to take a cab.

Little Hicksville studied out for herself how the [illegible]s went, and used the dollar to go to a movie. The bets are that she'll do all right.

Most of the new arrivals were put on board the train when they left, by anxious mothers or aunties whose parting word were: "Now, Sallie Mae, if you don't like it in Washington, you come right back home."

This is excellent maternal advice, but if Sallie Mae were to take it on any considerable scale she would practically disrupt the government and would certainly handicap the winning of the war. Hence large numbers of people are exhaustively concerned over her state of health and her state of mind. Chins wag endlessly over her flighty long-bobbed head (up hair-dos, like Daché hats, nose veils and duchess effects in general, being not much worn). She is even referred to as "Washington's girl problem," by the sort of people who see problems in everything and especially in being young, contrary to the normal human belief that the only serious problem is in being older than you used to be. Everybody in Washington worries about the girls except the girls.

Elderly ladies of thirty-five or so labor and sit up nights over the girls' housing, their recreation, their diet, their finances and their boy friends. Which is a good thing, because some of these little matters do require a certain amount of attending to, and the girls themselves would never do it. Washington papers have X-rayed every aspect of a government girl's life, from her underwear to her weekly budget. One sob series even turned up a brand-new worry: twenty-five years hence, it was predicted, a residue of today's government girls would be frustrated [illegible]d maids, still clinging to a government pay roll.

Meanwhile most of them are having the time of their lives.

Pick out any normal, average-looking girl who catches your eye around a government office and ask her what she thinks about Washington—but not unless you have plenty of time. For the probability is that she will get a great light in her eyes, and will talk for ten minutes without stopping. In sum, Washington is wo-o-onderful! *(Continued on page 64)*

One of the major problems that faces a worker in wartime Washington is where and how to wash, dry and iron laundry. These girls have solved the drying problem, with or without their landlady's permission

At Mare Island hospital in the San Francisco Bay area, Mrs. Roosevelt passes down a line of wounded men

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

To Care for Him Who Shall Have Borne the Battle

—Lincoln's Second Inaugural

By Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

"HOW are you feeling today?" Universally the answer came back: "Fine, ma'am," accompanied by a smile which made you think the boy really did feel fine. So young they were, except for an old sea dog here and there or an old-time Marine who had had many cruises in the Service. The spirit was the same in every case, however, among these men back from the battles of the Solomons, Midway, Pearl Harbor and Australia.

These men were not fond of telling about how they happened to be in the hospital, and sometimes the nurses or the ward doctor would have to tell me about some particular exploit, like the man who, during one of the landings on the Solomon Islands, singlehanded shot thirty-six Japanese before he himself was shot.

I could not help thinking as I progressed through those wards that the story of a particular exploit which you often wanted them to tell was not really the story of the greatest heroism—rather, it was the weeks spent in a hospital bed undergoing operation after operation and still being able to smile. That was heroism.

I remember one boy in the Mare Island hospital who had been badly burned in Honolulu. Much plasma, for which we in civilian life have been donating our blood, had gone into keeping that boy alive, and the doctor said to me: "He is a very sick boy, Mrs. Roosevelt, but it will do him good if you can go in to see him." He was a sick boy, there was no question about that. But I had a feeling just the same that if getting well depended upon the fight which he and the doctors and the nurses put up, he would get well.

At Mare Island hospital they had drawn up all the young doctors and nurses on one side of the walk, and on the other side, wheel chairs with various wounded men who could leave the wards. These chairs were pushed by the white-clad hospital corps men. Some of the wounded men had been drawn up in similar fashion to greet the President just a week or so before.

I never knew when I asked the doctors or the nurses what was the matter with "that boy" just what the answer would be.

They Still Keep Smiling

Many a time, however, the answer was: "He's lost a leg," or "He's lost a foot," and yet the wounded boy's smile was still there and stayed there while I tried to tell him how much modern science could accomplish, how he would be able to do practically all of the things that he had ever done in the past, and that losing a leg or a foot did not amount to a hill of beans these days.

I had to swallow hard when I said it. Down in my heart I was asking myself how I would feel if I had to start in on this long period of training, how I would feel if it were one of my own sons lying in that bed and facing months of readjustment. But that did not seem to come to the surface—at least with these particular boys. They evidently were not going to think of the difficulties; they were only going to think of the final, successful achievement.

Young America is extraordinarily heartening. They may come from farms or factories or colleges, but there is a spirit in all of them which binds them together. That spirit which somehow knows that victory is theirs.

I visited only one Army hospital—Lettermen's in the Presidio. It is a lovely location and beautifully kept, but it hasn't been obliged to expand in the same way that the Navy hospitals have. So I feel I want to tell you primarily about the naval hospitals.

The mothers, wives and sweethearts of the men in the Armed Forces of this country want to know how their menfolk are housed and fed and cared for when they themselves cannot be with them. I kept wishing a hundred times a day, as I went down between the long aisles of beds, that the boys could look up and instead of finding a stranger's eyes upon them, could see the women they loved.

One can only hope that in having a great desire to pass on to these patients a sense of security and affection and admiration, one does succeed; and perhaps through their own imagination, they see the woman they love in any woman who comes to them with a real interest and affection in her eyes.

San Diego hospital has grown from 900 to 5,000. This might imply confusion—as new buildings have gone up everywhere—but the small units are as neat and well cared for as the large ones. I went into the small TB building in which there were some boys from the southern islands of the Pacific. They might well be there for weeks, but at least the disease has been discovered and with proper care they have a chance for recovery.

Some of the old Fair buildings have been converted into barracks where the men who are convalescing are sent to spend their last few weeks of convalescence. Here they have more freedom. They may wander in the gardens and there is a Red Cross room with trained workers who visit the wards as well as talk to the boys in the office. Many a difficulty is ironed out when it is talked over with these capable young women.

The nurses have pleasant quarters, though arranged to simulate, as far as possible, the space which they will have to fit into at sea, in the hope of breaking them in gently in case they are needed.

I remember having attended a large luncheon in the gallery of this very building, and I could not help thinking that today all of this beauty is serving a far better purpose than it did even during the years of the Exposition.

An Awkward Moment

Not all the boys in the hospitals are casualties from actual fighting zones. Some of them are brought in from shore stations or from ships at sea, and very often their ailments are characteristic of a civilian population. Jaundice may be found, and there were four wards of appendicitis cases in one hospital. In fact, I was allowed to look into the operating room, where, under local anesthetic, two boys were having their appendixes removed.

I would never have tried to attract their attention, but the doctor in charge said that they would be disappointed if they did not see me, so he suggested to both of them that they turn their eyes and look at me. I responded in a rather embarrassed and nervous manner, I fear, but then, I could see what was happening to those appendixes!

Some of the patients play chess; most of them play games of some kind. Many of them read, and the Red Cross has a canteen and a traveling library in nearly every large hospital. Few of the boys I talked with were near their own homes. One boy made the whole ward laugh as he told me, "I'm going to have a baby in December and I sure hope to get home for it."

South Carolina is a long way from San Francisco!

You got the feeling that most of Texas had gone into the Navy as boy after boy, asked about his home, named some little Texas town.

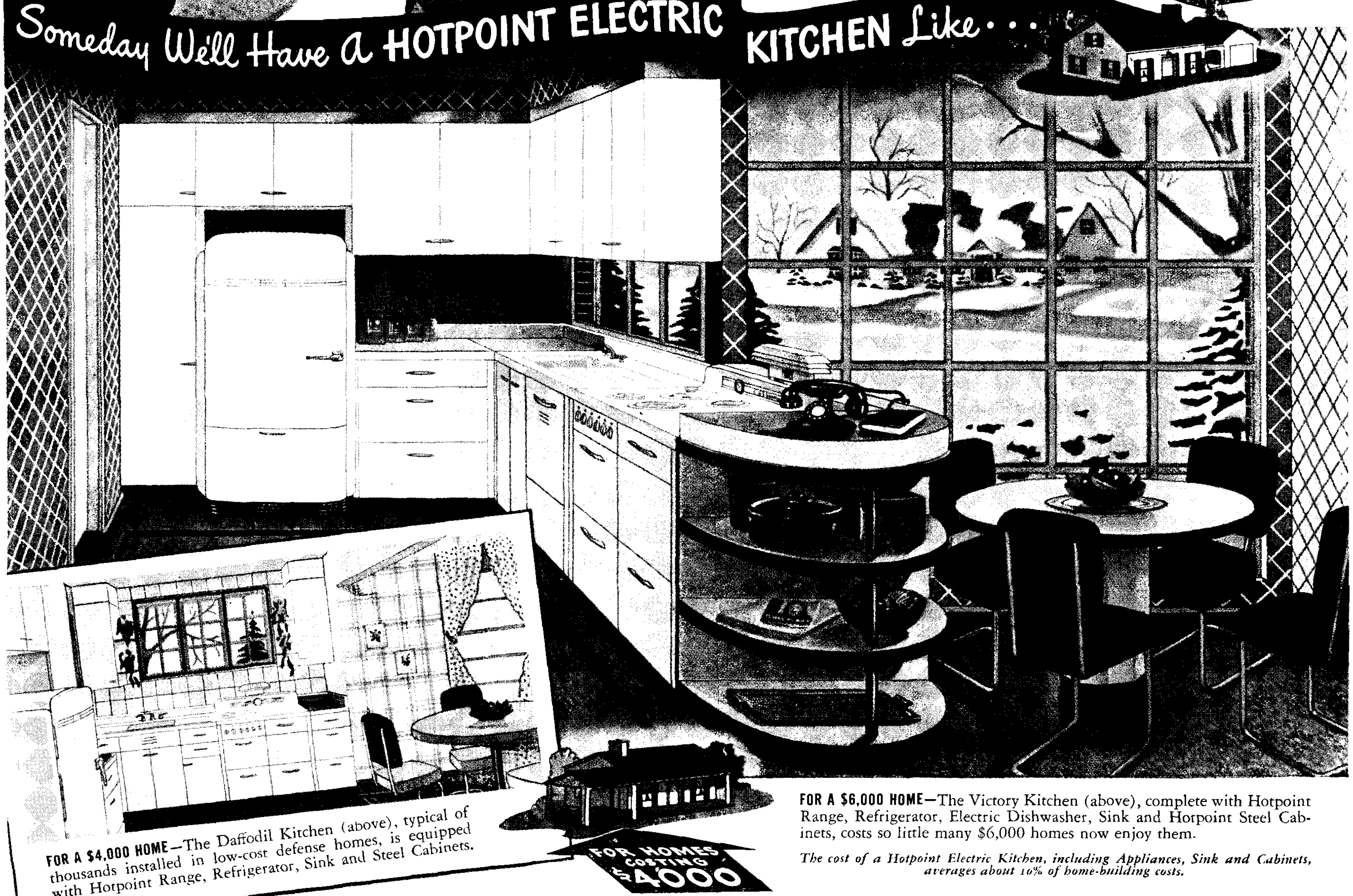
Bremerton hospital, of course, has not had to expand so much, but there I came across the one case which seemed really depressing—a nervous case—and the boy told me he did not think he would ever be able to go back again to the Navy. The doctor said he thought in all probability he would be better off in his old civilian job, which was no strain on him. This is true, of course, of a number of men in this war, just as it was in the last war.

The organization of all of these hospitals, the choice of men to head them up, is a gigantic business venture. When you think that they are dotted all over the East Coast and the West Coast, over the islands of the Pacific and the Caribbean, you look with pride at the surgeon general of the Navy, and feel a great sense of satisfaction in the medical profession of the whole country, which has responded so magnificently to the call to enter the armed services, and which has made this necessary expansion possible. ★★★

Our War-Bond Gifts Do DOUBLE-DUTY!

WE GOT our heads together and decided to be really *sensible* about presents this year—so Jim and I are giving each other War Bonds—and Susie's emptied her pig-bank to buy Stamps! And of course we have *two* big ideas in mind. By helping win the war we're making sure there'll be *years* of real American Christmases to come . . . And we're also building a nest-egg for the Hotpoint Electric Kitchen we're going to buy as soon as Hotpoint turns from war work to making home appliances again.

Someday We'll Have a HOTPOINT ELECTRIC KITCHEN Like . . .

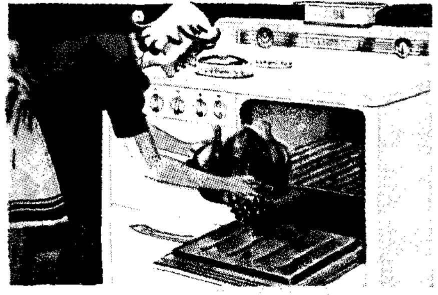


FOR A $4,000 HOME—The Daffodil Kitchen (above), typical of thousands installed in low-cost defense homes, is equipped with Hotpoint Range, Refrigerator, Sink and Steel Cabinets.

FOR A $6,000 HOME—The Victory Kitchen (above), complete with Hotpoint Range, Refrigerator, Electric Dishwasher, Sink and Hotpoint Steel Cabinets, costs so little many $6,000 homes now enjoy them.

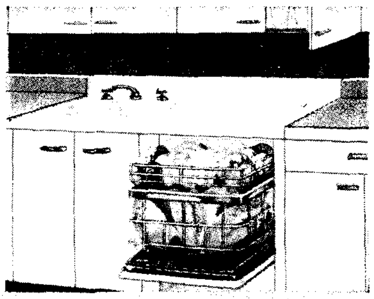
The cost of a Hotpoint Electric Kitchen, including Appliances, Sink and Cabinets, averages about 10% of home-building costs.

Give War Bonds Today . . . Electric Kitchens Tomorrow



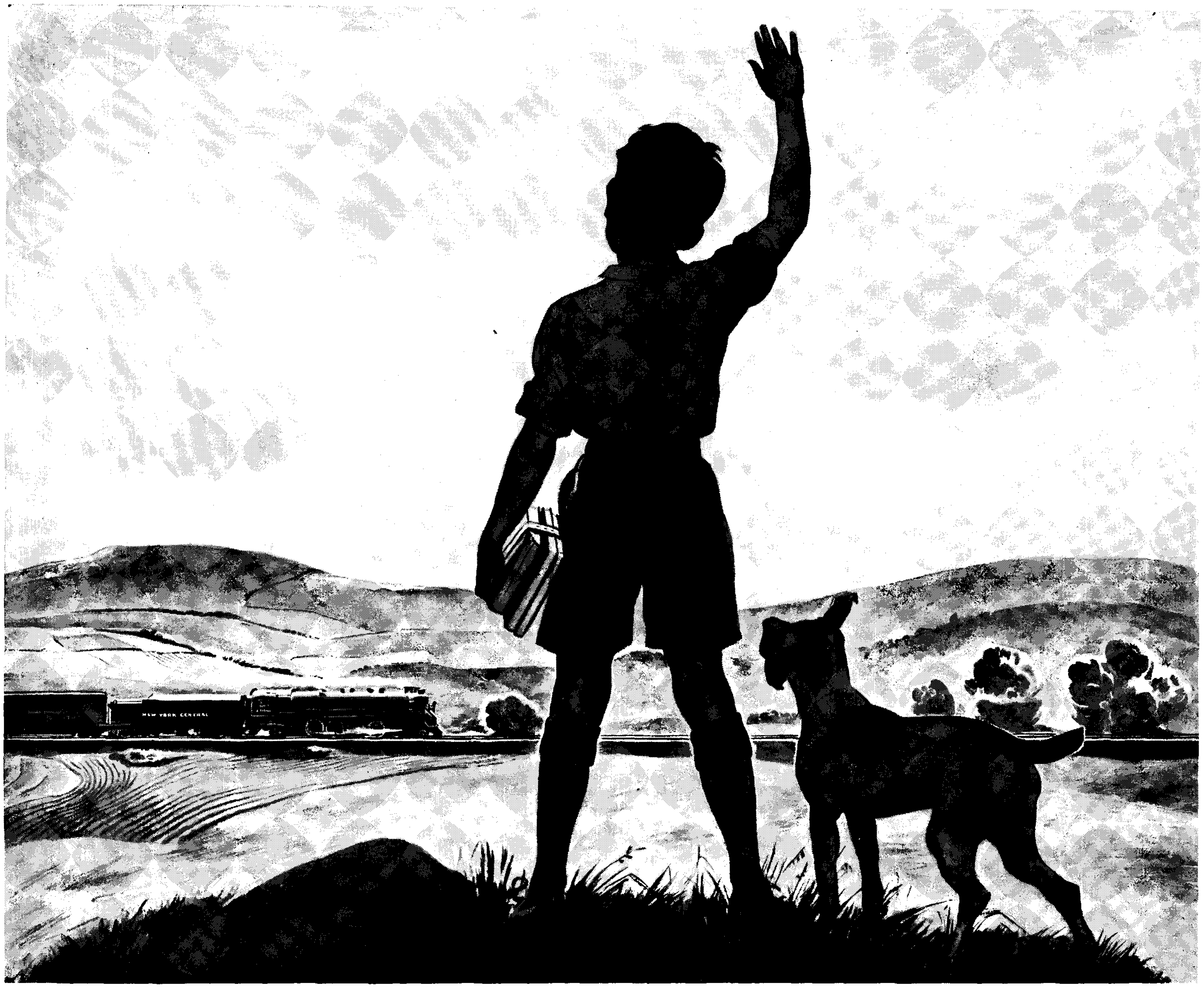
- A Hotpoint Electric Range will bring me the cleanliness of electricity. Meals will taste better—be better *for* us, because natural juices and precious vitamins are *not* cooked away!

- Every feature of the big Hotpoint Electric Refrigerator is designed to save! It is built to preserve meats, fruits and vegetables at flavor peak!



- Thanks to the Hotpoint Automatic Electric Dishwasher, Disposall and Hotpoint Steel Cabinets, my kitchen will be as modern as tomorrow's news.

★
Hotpoint
ELECTRIC
KITCHENS
★



A BOY ON A HILL-TOP

He used to wave at me from that hill...we lived just beyond it. He knew the exact time I'd be by ... and I'd wave to him from the cab.

And on my time off, I'd go to the hill with him, and we'd sit together, my son and I, and wait for the trains to come along. We'd hear their whistle calling across the distance...then see the long plume of smoke come into view, racing like the wind...and as they thundered by, we'd both wave to the engineer.

Maybe there's something in heredity—he seemed to have the railroad in his blood. When he finished school...well, I rolled into the yards one day, and there he was—no longer my little boy, but a man. A *railroad* man!

He might someday have taken over my run. But, last December 7, he was twenty-one...

I don't know where he is now. He got his two weeks leave before he left. But whenever I pass that hill, I seem to see him, as he used to be, before he became a man and had to shoulder the responsibility of being a man.

I know he wants to come back to the railroad ...and I'm going to see that he does come back! Those Japs and Nazis who started all this—when they creep up on him and all his fellows in arms—even if they come with a thousand tanks and mobile guns and all the dive-bombers they can find in hell—he and his buddies will meet them with fifty thousand tanks and a hundred thousand planes and two hundred thousand guns. My job, now, is to get that equipment to the ships that'll take it to him and to all the other American boys like him, no matter where they are.

And it can rain and snow and sleet and it can blow, and nothing will stop me. I'll get the stuff through to him. I *am* getting it through to him. You only have to lie still in the night and listen to the rumble of the trains—the trains everywhere —to know that I'm speaking the truth. It's my son, and it's my country, whose lives are at stake, and I can't fail and I won't.

Published as a tribute to the railroad workers of America

NEW YORK CENTRAL

Invest in Victory... Buy United States War Bonds and Stamps

NEW YORK
CENTRAL
SYSTEM

Ring Twice for Laura

By Vera Caspary

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The Story Thus Far:

LAURA HUNT, a young New York City advertising woman, has a cocktail with her fiancé, Shelby Carpenter. She tells him that she is to dine, a little later, with Waldo Lydecker, a brilliant—and unusually eccentric—newspaper columnist. She takes a cab and starts for Lydecker's apartment.

The following morning, her maid, Bessie Clark, finds a lifeless body in her apartment. The face, mutilated, is unrecognizable; but, since Laura is missing, it is quite naturally assumed that it was she who had been murdered.

Mark McPherson, a clever police official, is assigned to the case. He interviews everyone who may, possibly, give him a "lead." The taxi driver testifies that Laura had not gone to Lydecker's place; he says that, obedient to her orders, he had taken her to the Grand Central Station.

The body is cremated. After which, Mark receives the greatest surprise of his life: *He finds Laura Hunt, alive and in excellent health, in her apartment!* Her story is that, suddenly deciding not to dine with Lydecker, she had gone to Connecticut; and that, having seen no newspapers and since her radio had been out of order, she had heard nothing of her "death." She says that the murdered girl must have been Diane Redfern, a model, to whom she had lent her apartment.

In the course of a series of interviews with Lydecker, Carpenter and Laura, Mark learns that Diane had been in love with Carpenter and that Laura's jealousy had been strongly aroused—for a time, at least. He feels sure that Carpenter is trying to protect someone; and he feels equally sure that Laura knows more—far more—than she cares to admit.

Laura *does* know more than she cares to admit. For example: She knows (Carpenter has told her) that her fiancé had been in her bedroom, when someone had rung the doorbell, stepped in, shot Diane to death and slipped quietly away, without being seen by anyone. . . .

Lydecker, it appears, is in love with Laura. He calls on her, at her apartment, inveighs wildly against both Carpenter and Mark; and he raves about his yearning for her.

While he is talking, Mark comes in. He says that he has been checking up on Laura's Connecticut alibi—a very weak one. Laura, tense, quivering, listens. Then: "Nothing," Mark says quietly, "I discovered up there mitigates the case against you."

Laura now goes on to describe the tense scene that follows Mark's words.

Conclusion

WALDO said, "How pious! Quite as if he had gone to seek evidence of your innocence rather than proof of your guilt. Amazingly charitable for a member of the detective bureau, don't you think?"

"It's my job to uncover all evidence whether it proves guilt or innocence," Mark said.

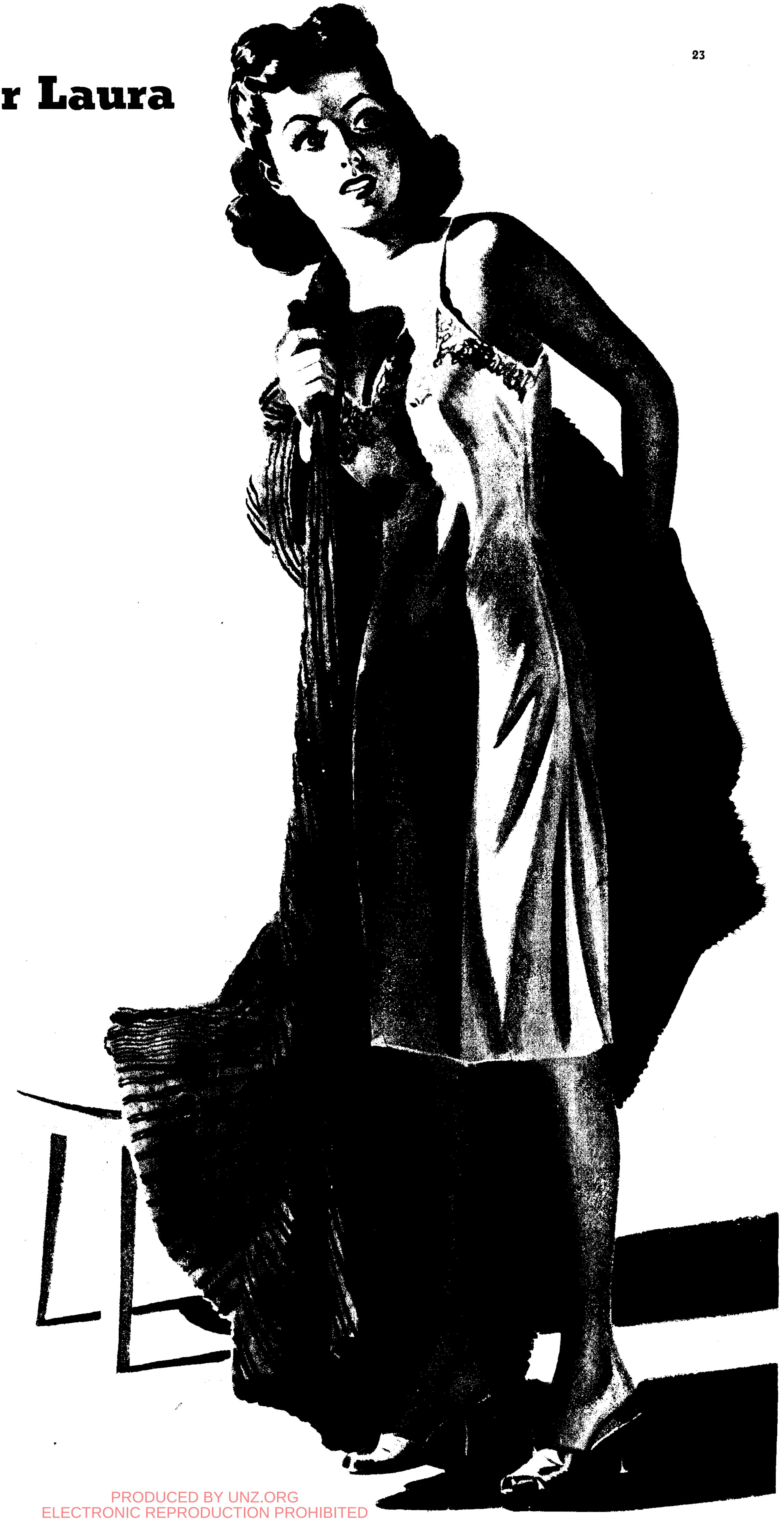
"Come now, don't tell me that guilt isn't preferable. We're realists, McPherson. We know that notoriety will inevitably accompany your triumph in a case as startling as this. Don't tell me, my dear fellow, that you're going to let Preble take all the bows."

Mark's face darkened. His embarrassment pleased Waldo. "Why deny it, McPherson? Your career is nourished by notoriety. Laura and I were discussing it at dinner. Quite interesting, wasn't it, pet?" He smiled toward me as if we shared opinions. "She's as well aware as you or I, McPherson, of the celebrity this case could give your name. Consider the mutations of this murder case, the fascinating facets of this contradictory crime. A murder victim arises from the grave and becomes the murderer!

"Here, my little dears, is what the public wants, twopenny lust, Sunday-supplement passion, sin in the Park Avenue sector. Hour by hour, minute by minute, a nation will wait for dollar-a-word coverage on the trial of the decade. And the murderess!" He rolled his eyes. "You yourself, McPherson, paid tribute to her ankles."

The muscles tightened on Mark's cheeks.

"Who emerges as the hero of this plushy crime?" Waldo went on, enjoying his eloquence. "The hero of it all, that dauntless fellow who uncovers the secrets of a modern Lucrezia Borgia, is none other"—Waldo rose, bowed low and continued—"none other than our most gallant



The doorbell is ringing. Perhaps he has come back to arrest me. He will find me slipping into a robe, my hair unfastened

McPherson, the limping Hawkshaw."

Mark's hand, curved around his pipe, showed white at the knuckles.

The quiet and the dignity irked Waldo. He had expected his victim to squirm. "All right, go ahead with it. Arrest her if you think you've got sufficient proof. Bring her to trial on your flimsy evidence."

"Waldo," I said, "let's quit this. I'm quite prepared for anything that can happen."

"Our hero," Waldo said with swelling pride and power. "But wait, Laura, until he hears a nation's laughter. Let him try to prove you guilty, my love, let him swagger on the witness stand with his few poor shreds of evidence. What a jackanapes he'll be after I get through with him. Millions of Lydecker fans will roll with mirth at the crude antics of the silver-shinned bumpkin."

Waldo had seated himself on the arm of my chair, had taken hold of my hand again, displaying possession triumphantly.

Mark said, "You sound, Lydecker, as if you wanted to see her tried for this murder."

"We are not afraid," Waldo said. "Laura knows that I will use all of my power to help her."

MARK became official: "Very well then, since you're assuming responsibility for Miss Hunt's welfare, there's no reason why you shouldn't know that the gun has been discovered. It was in the chest under the window of her bedroom in the cottage at Wilton. It's a lady's hunting gun marked with the initials D.S.C. and was once owned by Mrs. John Carpenter. It is still in good condition, has been cleaned, oiled and discharged recently. Shelby has identified it as the gun he gave Miss Hunt . . ."

It had been like waiting for the doctor and being relieved when the final word killed all hope. I pulled away from Waldo and stood before Mark. "All right," I said. "All right, I've been expecting it. My attorneys are Salsbury, Haskins, Warder & Bone. Do I get in touch with them now, or do you arrest me first?"

"Careful, Laura."

That was Waldo. I paid no attention. Mark had risen, too. Mark stood with his hands on my shoulders, his eyes looking into mine. The air shivered between us. Mark looked sorry. I was glad; I wanted Mark to be sorry. I was less afraid because there was a sorry look in Mark's eyes. It is hard to be coherent, to set this all down in words. I can't always remember the right words. I know that I was crying and that Mark's coat sleeve was rough.

Waldo watched us. I was looking at Mark's face but I felt Waldo watching as if his eyes were shooting arrows into my back. Waldo's voice said, "Is this an act, Laura?" Mark's arm tightened.

Waldo said, "A classic precedent, you know, you're not the first woman who's given *herself* to the jailer. But you'll never buy your freedom that way, Laura . . ."

Mark had deserted me, he stood over Waldo, fists raised above Waldo's waxen face. Waldo's eyes bulged behind his glasses, but he sat erect, his arms folded on his breast. I ran to Mark. I pulled at his arms, I said, "Mark, please. It won't do any good to get angry. If you've got to arrest me, it's all right. I'm not afraid!" Waldo was laughing at us.

"You see, my noble lad, she spurns your gallantry."

"I'm not afraid," I said to Waldo's laughter.

"You ought to have learned by now, my dear, that gallantry is the last refuge of a cad."

I was looking at Mark's face. He had gone without sleep, he'd spent the night driving to Wilton, he was a tired man. But a man, as Bessie had said, and Auntie Sue when she had contradicted her whole way of life to tell me that some men were bigger than their incomes. I had been gay enough, I'd had plenty of fun, enjoyed men's companionship, but there had been too many fussy old maids and six-foot babies.

I took hold of Mark's arm again, I looked at him, I smiled to give myself courage. Mark wasn't listening to Waldo either, he was looking at my face and smiling delicately. I was tired, too, longing to cling and feel his strength, to rest my head against his shoulder.

"Tough, Hawkshaw, to have to pull in a doll? Before you've had the chance to make the grade with her, eh, Hawkshaw?"

Waldo's voice was shrill, his words crude and out of character. The voice and words came between Mark and me, our moment was gone, and I was holding air in my closed fingers.

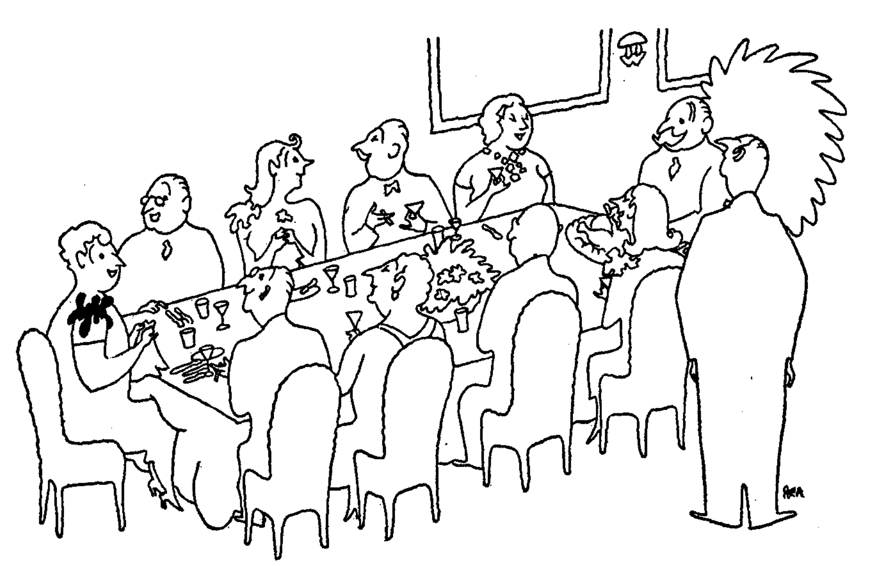
Waldo had taken off his glasses. He looked at me with naked eyes. "Laura, I'm an old friend. What I'm saying may be distasteful but I beg you to remember that you've known this man for only forty-eight hours . . ."

"I don't care," I said. "I don't care about time. Time doesn't mean anything."

"He's a detective."

"I don't care, Waldo. Maybe he could scheme and lay traps for crooks and racketeers, but he couldn't be anything but honest with me, could you, Mark?"

For all Mark saw of me, I might have lived in another world. He was staring



"Isn't it nice, our being able to get together on the same Thanksgiving again?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

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⬅ when you could go around like this...

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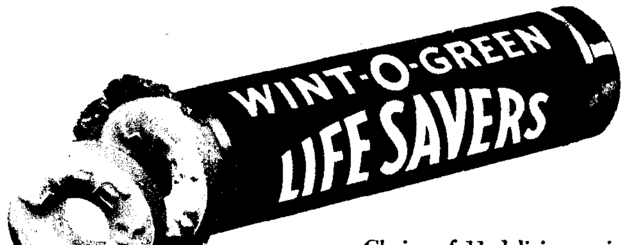

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at the mercury glass vase on my mantel, the gift Waldo had given me at Christmas. I looked at Waldo, then, I saw the working of his thick, sensitive lips and the creeping mist that rose over his pale, conical eyeballs.

Waldo's voice taunted and tore at me: "It's always the same, isn't it, Laura? The same pattern over and over, the same trap, the same eagerness and defeat. The lean, the lithe, the obvious and muscular, and you fail to sense the sickness and decay and corruption underneath. Do you remember a man named Shelby Carpenter? He used you, too . . ."

"Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!" I shouted at Waldo's swollen eyes. "You're right, Waldo, it's the same pattern, the same sickness and decay and corruption, only they're in you. You! You, Waldo! It's your malice. You've mocked and ridiculed and ruined every hope I've ever had, Waldo. You hate the men I like, you find their weak places, you make them weaker, you've teased and shamed them before my eyes until they've hated me!"

Bloodthirsty, Waldo had called me, and bloodthirsty I had become in the sudden fever of hating him. I had not seen it clearly with Shelby or the others, I had never smelled the malice until Waldo tried to shame Mark before me. I shouted bravely, I spoke as if I had known before, but I had been too blind and obstinate to see how his sharp little knife thrusts had hurt my friends and destroyed love for me. I saw it clearly now, as if I were a god upon a mountain, looking down at humans through a clear light. And I was glad for my anger, I exulted in hatred, I screamed for revenge, I was bloodthirsty.

"You're trying to destroy him, too. You hate him. You're jealous. He's a man. Mark's a man. That's why you've got to destroy him."

"Mark needs no help," Waldo said. "Mark seems quite capable of self-destruction."

Waldo could always do that to me, always diminish me in an argument, turning my just anger into a fishwife's cheap frenzy. My face felt its ugliness and I turned so that Mark should not see me. But Mark was untouched, he held himself scornful. As I turned, Mark's arm caught me, pulled me close, and I stood beside him.

"So you've chosen?" Waldo said, his voice an echo of mockery. There was no more strength in the poison. Mark's hard, straight, unwavering gaze met Waldo's oblique taunting glance and Waldo was left without defenses, except for the small, shrill weapon of petulance.

"Blessings upon your self-destruction, my children," Waldo said and settled his glasses on his nose.

HE HAD lost the fight. He was trying to make a dignified retreat. I felt sorry. The anger was all drained out of me, and now that Mark had taken my fear, I had no wish to punish Waldo. We had quarreled, we had unclothed all the naked venom of our disappointments, we were finished with friendship, but I could not forget his kindness and generosity, the years behind us, the jokes and opinions we had shared. The intimacy of our little quarrels.

"Waldo," I said and took a half-step toward him. Mark's arm tightened, he caught me, held me, and I forgot the old friend standing with his hat in his hand at my door. I forgot everything, I melted shamelessly, my mind clouded, I let go of all my taut fear, I lay back in his arms. I did not see Waldo leave nor hear the door close nor recollect the situation. What room was there in me for any sense of danger, any hint of trickery, any memory of warning? My mother had said: Never give yourself. And I was giving myself with wayward delight, spending myself with such abandon that Mark's lips must have known and his heart and muscles that he possessed me.

He let go so suddenly that I felt as if I'd been flung against a wall. He let go as if he had tried to conquer and won and were eager to be finished.

"Mark," I cried. "Mark."

He was gone.

That was three hours ago, three hours and eighteen minutes. I am still sitting on the edge of the bed, half undressed. The night is damp and there is a dampness like dew on my flesh. I feel dull and dead, my hands are so cold that I can barely hold the pencil. But I must write, I have to keep on writing it down so I can clear my mind of confusion and think clearly. I have tried to remember every scene and incident and every word he said to me.

Waldo had warned me; and Shelby. Mark's a detective. But if he believed me guilty, why are there no more guards outside? Or had he grown fond of me and, believing me guilty, given me this chance to escape? Every excuse and every solace are crowded out of my mind by Waldo's warnings. I had tried to believe that these warnings were born of Waldo's jealousy, that Waldo had contrived with cruel cunning to equip Mark with a set of faults and sins that were Waldo's own disguised weaknesses.

The doorbell is ringing. Perhaps he has come back to arrest me. He will find me slipping into a robe, my hair unfastened. Like a doll, like a dame . . .

The bell is still ringing. It's very late. The street has grown quiet. It must have been like this the night Diane opened the door for the murderer.

IN THE files of the department you will find full reports on the Laura Hunt case. As officially recorded the case seems like hundreds of other successful investigations. Report of Lt. McPherson, Report of Sgt. Mooney, Report of Lt. McPherson, case closed, August 28th.

The most interesting developments of the case never got into the department files. My report on that scene in Laura's living room, for instance, read like this.

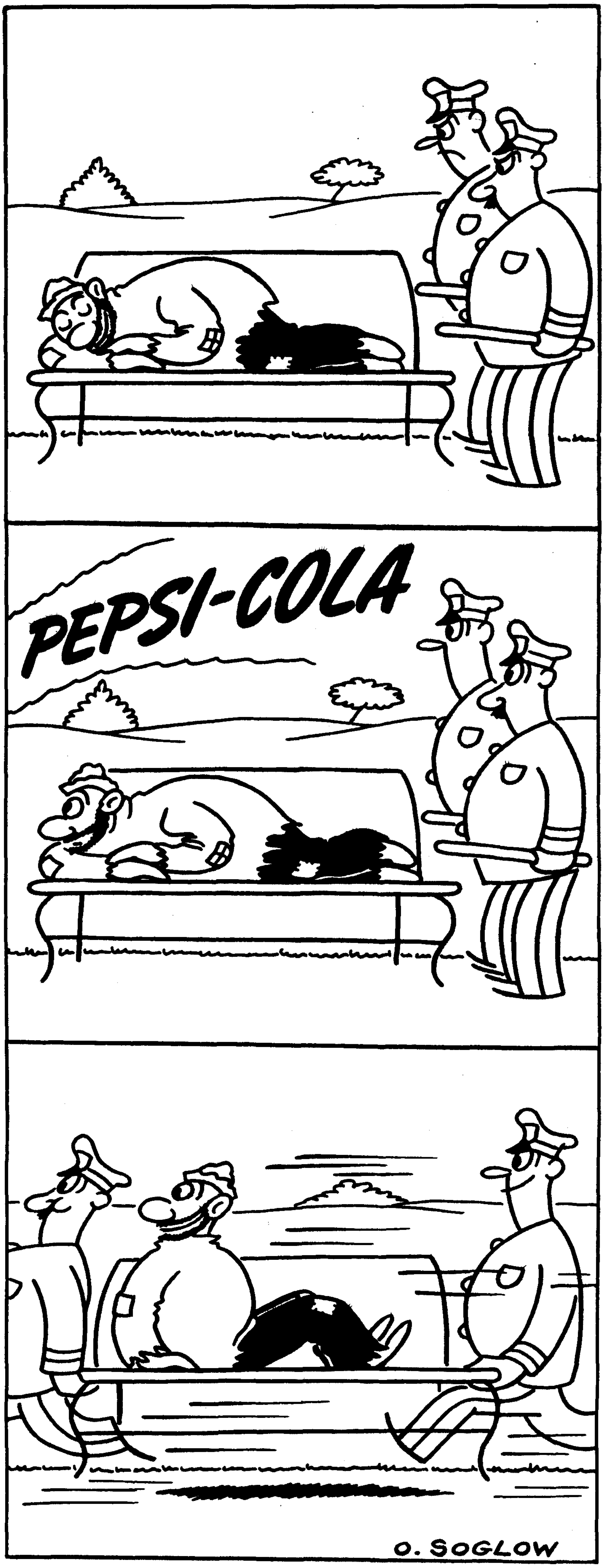
"At 8:15 found Lydecker in Hunt apartment with Laura. He was doing some fast talking to prove that I was plotting to get her to confess. Stayed until 9:40 (approx.) when he left, sent Behrens and Muzzio, who had been stationed at door to trail him. I proceeded to Claudius Cohen's place . . ."

The story deserves more human treatment than police records allow.

I want to confess before I write any more that Waldo's unfinished story and Laura's manuscript were in my hands before I put a word on paper. In writing that section which comes between his document and Laura's, I have tried to tell what happened as it happened, without too much of my own opinion or prejudice. But I am human. I had seen what Waldo wrote about me and had read Laura's flattering comments. My opinions were naturally influenced.

I can't help wondering what would have happened if the deputy commissioner hadn't pulled the snide trick of assigning me to the case when he knew I was counting on a Saturday afternoon at Ebbets Field. The murder might never have been uncovered. I say this without trying to take any bows for solving the mystery. I fell for a woman and she happened to like me. That circumstance furnished the key that unlocked the main door.

I knew from the start that Waldo was hiding something. I cannot honestly say that I suspected him of love or murder. That Sunday morning when he looked in the mirror and talked about the "singular innocence" of his face, I knew I was playing with a screwball. But it was not unpleasant; he was al-



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ways good company. He had told me plainly that he had loved Laura, but I thought that he had become adjusted to the role of faithful friend.

I had to know what he was hiding, although I suspected the sort of game that would make an amateur feel superior to a professional detective. Waldo imagined himself a great authority on crime.

I played my own game. I flattered him, I sought his company, I laughed at his jokes. While I asked questions about Laura's habits, I studied his. What made a man collect old glassware and china? What caused him to scream when someone tried to drink out of his pet coffee cup? Clues to character are the only clues that add up to the solution of any but the crudest crime.

Before that night in Montagnino's back yard when he told me about the song, Waldo's talk had made his *love* for Laura sound like a paternal and unromantic relationship. It was then that I began to see his midnight walks as something besides the affectation of a man who considered himself an heir to the literary tradition. Perhaps he had not spent all of Friday night reading Gibbon in a tepid bath.

Then Laura returned. When I discovered that it was Diane Redfern who had been murdered, I went completely off the track. There were so many crossed wires: Shelby, three unexplained lies, a gold cigarette case. During that stage of the investigation, I couldn't help looking in the mirror and asking myself if I looked like the kind of sucker who trusts a woman.

Shelby honestly believed that his fatal beauty had led Laura to murder. To relieve his two-timing conscience, Shelby protected her. If I ever saw gallantry in reverse, that was it.

BUT Shelby was no coward. He risked his neck that night he went up to her cottage to get the gun. He failed because a yellow taxi was on his trail, and even Shelby was smart enough to know the department wasn't spending money just to give one of its men a joy ride. When Shelby saw that shotgun for the first time after the murder, it lay on my desk.

The gun was a clue to Shelby. It was marked with his mother's initials. C stood for Carpenter, S for Shelby, D for Delilah. I could see him as a kid in knee pants and Buster Brown collar reciting pieces for a mother named Delilah.

He told me the gun had been used a month before. He had shot a rabbit.

I said, "Look here, Carpenter, you can relax. If you tell the truth now, we might be able to forget a few dozen lies that make you an accessory after the fact. Tomorrow may be too late."

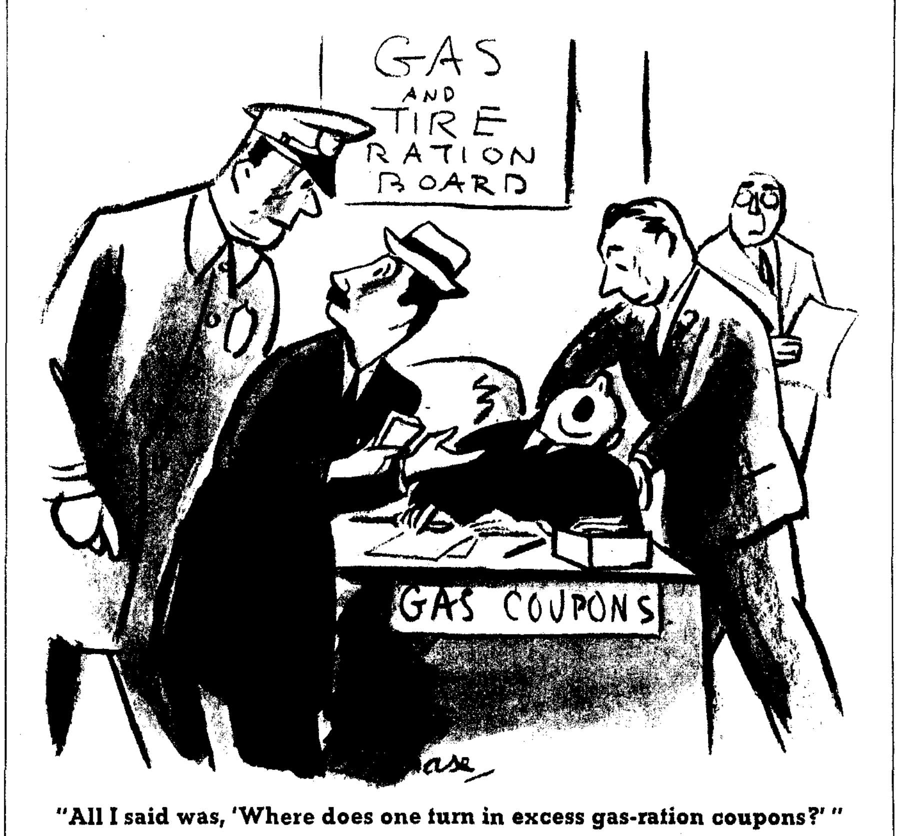
He looked at me as though I'd said out loud what I thought about Delilah. He would never turn state's evidence, no suh, not a Kentucky Shelby. That was an underworld trick which no gentleman could sanction.

It took three hours for me to make him understand the difference between a gentleman and an ordinary heel. Then he broke down and confessed that he had been in the bedroom with Diane when the doorbell rang.

I let Preble give out the news of Shelby's confession, because I was playing a game with him, too. In world politics it's called appeasement. From Preble's point of view, the gun and Shelby's confession clinched the evidence against Laura. We could have booked her then and there on suspicion of murder. A quick arrest, Preble thought, would bring a juicy confession. And orchids for the department under the efficient administration of Deputy Commissioner Preble.

I could see his hand as clearly as though he'd shown me the cards. This was Friday and on Monday the commissioner would be back from his vacation. Preble had little time to garner his share of personal publicity. And this case, since Laura had come back alive, was strictly front page, and coast to coast on the networks. Preble's wife and kids were waiting at a summer hotel in the Thousand Islands to hear over the air waves that Papa had solved the murder mystery of the decade.

WE HAD a knock-down-and-drag-out argument. I wanted time, he wanted action. I called him the worn-out wheel horse of a political party that should have been buried years ago. He told the world that I was hanging on to the band wagon of the party in power. I said he belonged back with the Indian chiefs who'd given their name to his stinking loyalties, and he said I'd send my old mother out on the Bowery if I thought it would further my career.



"All I said was, 'Where does one turn in excess gas-ration coupons?'"

COLLIER'S GEORGE SHELLHASE

I am not reporting our actual language because, as I mentioned before, I haven't had a college education and I keep my writing clean.

It ended in a draw.

"If you don't bring in the murderer, dead or alive, by tomorrow morning . . ."

"I'll have him stuffed and trussed and ready for your breakfast," I said.

"Her," he said.

"Wait," I bluffed.

I hadn't a shred of evidence that wasn't against Laura. But even though my own hands had dragged that gun from the chest in her bedroom, I couldn't believe her guilty. She might conk a rival with a trayful of hors d'oeuvres but she could no more plan a murder than I could go in for collecting antique glassware.

It was around eight o'clock. I had about twelve hours to clear Laura and prove that I wasn't one hundred per cent sucker.

I drove up to Sixty-second Street. When I opened the door I knew that I had burst in on a love scene. It was the fat man's field day. Shelby had betrayed her and I seemed to be threatening her with arrest. Waldo was the man in possession, and the deeper the spot she was in, the greater her need for him, the surer his hold. It would have been to his advantage in more ways than one to have her convicted for murder.

My presence was poison to him. His face took on the color of cabbage and his fat flesh shook like cafeteria gelatin. He tried his best to make me look cheap, a cheap dick who'd try to make a woman fall for me so that I could advance myself. It was something like Preble's remark about my sending my mother out on the Bowery to help my career. Remarks like this are not so much accusations as revelations. Frightened people try to defend themselves by accusing others of their own motives. This was never so clear as when Waldo began to make cracks about my bad leg. When a man goes so far below the belt, you can be sure he's hiding his own weakness.

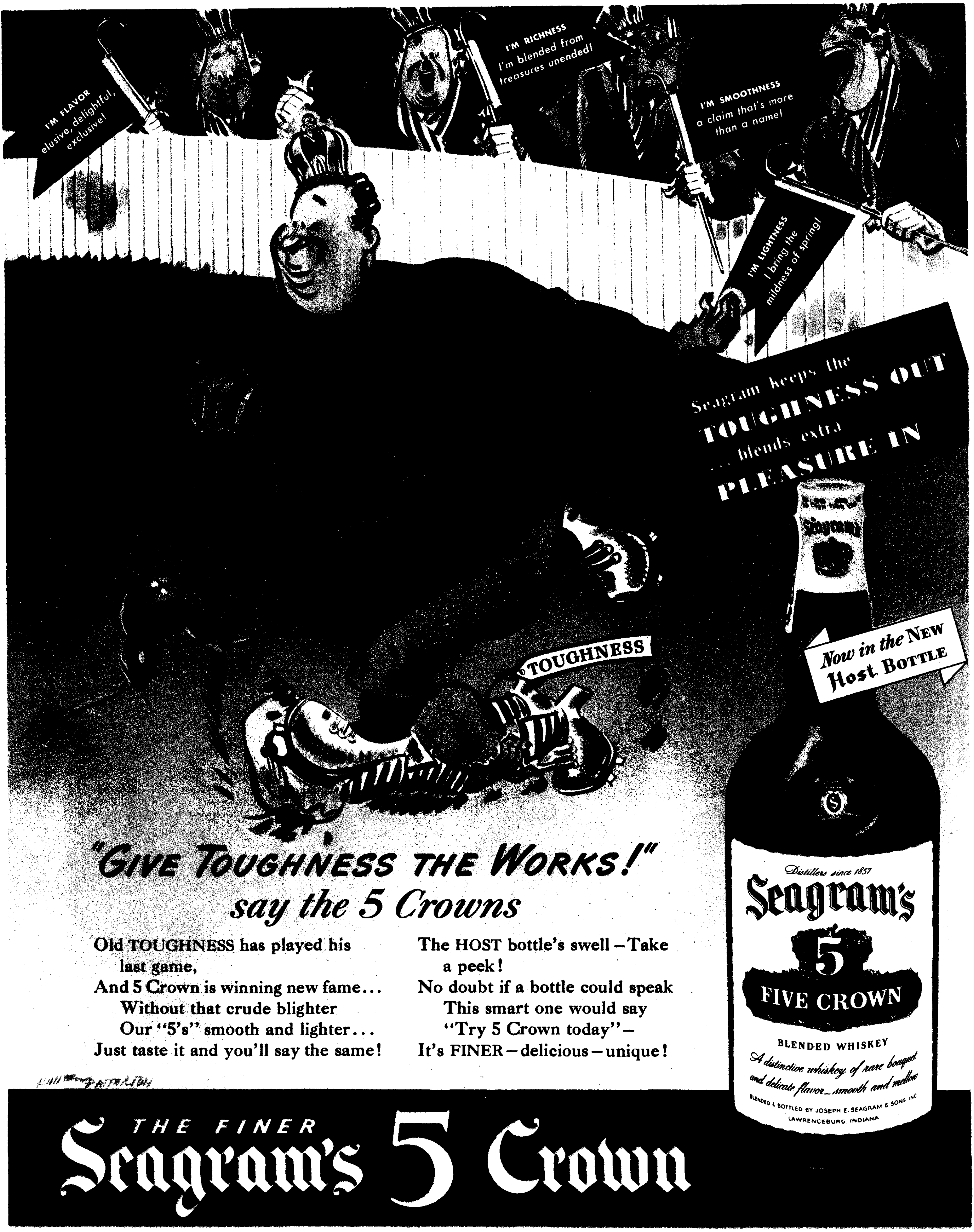
At that moment I quit thinking of Waldo as the faithful old friend. I understood why his manner toward me had changed after Laura came back. He had made a great romance of my interest in the dead girl; it gave him a companion in frustration. But with Laura alive, I had become a rival.

I sat back and listened while he called me names. The shabbier he tried to make me look, the more clearly I saw his motives. For eight years he had kept her for himself by the destruction of her suitors. Only Shelby had survived. Shelby might have been a weak man but he was too stubborn to let himself be ousted. He had allowed Waldo to insult him again and again but he had stuck, finding solace in playing big shot for Diane.

THE pattern had straightened out, but evidence was lacking. I saw myself as the deputy commissioner might see me, a stubborn jackass working on instinct against known fact. Training and experience had taught me that instinct had no value in the courtroom. Your Honor, I know this man to have been bitterly jealous. Try that on the witness stand and see how far you get.

Under ordinary circumstances I do my love-making in private. But I had to turn the screws on Waldo's jealousy. When I took Laura in my arms I was playing a scene. Her response almost ended my usefulness in the case. I knew she liked me but I hadn't asked for heaven.

She believed that I was embracing her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SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK because she had been hurt and I, loving her, offered comfort and protection. That was the deeper truth. But I had Waldo on my mind, too. The love scene was too strong for his sensitive nerves, and he slipped out.

I had no time to explain anything. It wasn't easy to break away, leaving Laura to think that Waldo had been right in accusing me of using her sincerity as a trap. But he was gone and I could take no chance of losing him.

I lost him.

Behrens and Muzzio let him pass. By my own instructions Waldo Lydecker had been allowed to come and go as he chose. The two cops had been lounging on the stoop, bragging about their kids probably, and not paying the slightest attention to his movements. It was my fault, not theirs.

There was no trace of his squat figure, his black hat, his thick cane on Sixty-second Street. Either he had turned the corner or he was hiding in some dark areaway. I sent Behrens toward Third Avenue and Muzzio to Lexington and ordered them to find and trail him. I jumped in my car.

It was just eighteen minutes of ten when I found Claudius putting up his shutters.

"Claudius," I said, "tell me something. Are people who collect antiques always screwy?"

He laughed.

"Claudius, when a man who's crazy about this old glassware finds a beautiful piece that he can't own, do you think he'd deliberately smash it so that no other man could ever enjoy it?"

Claudius licked his lips. "Guess I know what you're talking about, Mr. McPherson."

"Was it an accident last night?"

"I couldn't say yes and I couldn't say no. Mr. Lydecker was willing to pay and I took the money, but it could've been an accident. You see, I hadn't put any shot in . . ."

"Shot? What do you mean, shot?"

"Shot. We use it to weight down stuff when it's light and breakable."

"Not BB shot?" I said.

"Yes," he said, "BB shot."

I HAD looked over Waldo's antiques once while I was waiting for him. There had been no BB shot weighing the old cups and vases down, but he was not such a cluck as to leave unmistakable evidence around for the first detective. I wanted to make a thorough examination this time, but I had no time to get a warrant. I entered the building through the basement and climbed eighteen flights to his apartment. This was to avoid the elevator man who had begun to welcome me as Mr. Lydecker's best pal. If Waldo came home, he was not to have any suspicions that would cause him to leave hastily.

I let myself in with a passkey. The place was silent and dark.

There had been a murder. There had to be a gun. It wasn't a shotgun, whole or sawed-off. Waldo wasn't the type. If he owned a gun it would look like a museum piece among the China dogs and shepherdesses and old bottles. Licenses aren't required of people who buy antiques although some of those old-fashioned pistols are as efficient today as they were in the Civil War.

I made a search of cabinets and shelves in the living room, then went into the bedroom and started on the dresser drawers. Everything he owned was special and rare. His favorite books had been bound in selected leathers, he kept his monogrammed handkerchiefs and shorts and pajamas in silk cases embroidered with his initials. Even his mouthwash and toothpaste had been made up from special prescriptions.

I heard the snap of the light switch in the next room. My hand went automatically to my hip pocket. But I had no gun. As I had once told Waldo, I carry weapons when I go out to look for trouble. I hadn't figured on violence as part of this evening's entertainment.

I turned quickly, put myself behind a chair and saw Roberto in a black silk dressing gown that looked as if he was paying the rent for this high-class apartment.

Before he had time to ask questions, I said, "What are you doing here? Don't you usually go home nights?"

"Mr. Lydecker need me tonight," he said.

"Why?"

"He not feel himself."

"Oh," I said, and took the cue. "That's why I'm here, Roberto. Mr. Lydecker didn't feel himself at dinner, so he gave me the key and asked me to come up and wait for him."

Roberto smiled.

"I was just going to the bathroom," I said. That seemed the simplest explanation of my being in the bedroom. I went to the bathroom. When I came out Roberto was waiting in the parlor. He asked if I'd like a drink or a cup of coffee.

"No, thanks," I said. "You run along to bed. I'll see that Mr. Lydecker's okay." He started to leave but I called him back. "What do you think's the matter with Mr. Lydecker, Roberto? He seems nervous, doesn't he?"

Roberto smiled.

I said, "It's this murder I suppose—it's been getting on his nerves, don't you think?"

His smile got me nervous. Even the Rhode Island Clam was a big talker compared with this Filipino oyster.

I said, "Did you ever know Quentin Waco?"

That woke him up. There are not many Filipinos in New York and they stick together like brothers. All the houseboys used to put their money on Quentin Waco who was top lightweight until he got mixed up with the girls around the Sixty-sixth Street dance halls. He spent more than he made, and when young Kardansky knocked him out, they accused him of throwing the fight. One of Quentin's pals met him at the door of the Shamrock Ballroom one night and pulled a knife. For the honor of the Islands, he told the judge. A little later it came out that Quentin hadn't thrown the fight, and the boys made a martyr of him. The religious ones kept candles burning in a church on Ninth Avenue.

I happened to have been the man who got hold of the evidence that cleared Quentin's name and, without knowing it, restored the honor of the Islands. When I told this to Roberto, he stopped smiling and became human.

WE TALKED about Mr. Lydecker's health. We talked about the murder and about Laura's return. Roberto's point of view was strictly out of the tabloids. Miss Hunt was a nice lady, always friendly to Roberto, but her treatment of Mr. Lydecker showed her to have been no better than a dance hall hostess. According to Roberto all women were the same. They'd turn down a steady fellow every time for a big sport guy who knew all the latest steps.

I jerked the talk around to the dinner he had cooked on the night of the murder. It wasn't hard to get him going on that subject. He wanted to give me a mushroom-by-mushroom description of the menu. Every half-hour during the afternoon, Roberto said, Mr. Lydecker had quit his writing and come into the kitchen to taste, smell and ask questions.

"We have champagne; six dollars a bottle," Roberto bragged.

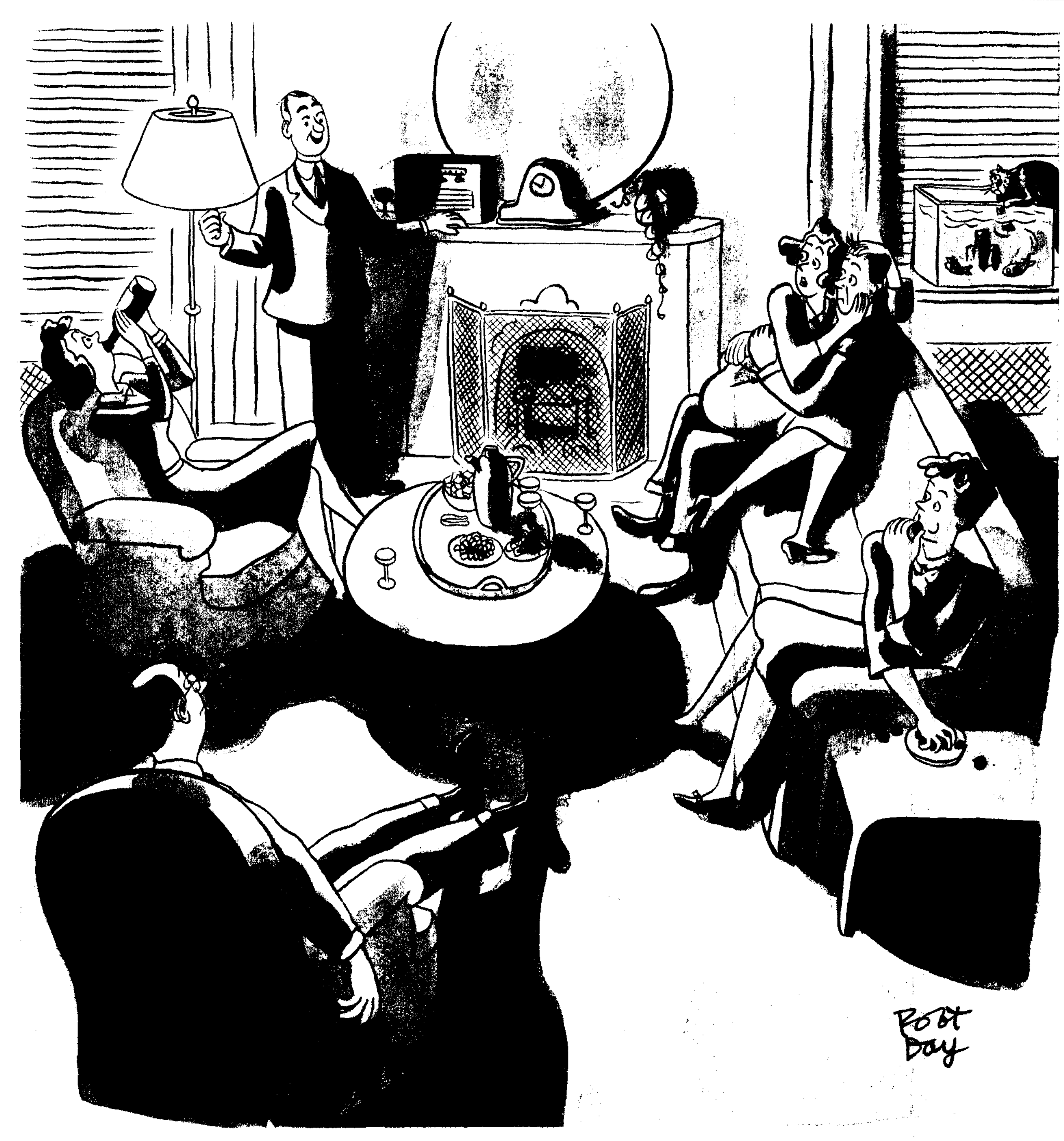
"Oh, boy!" I said.

Roberto told me there had been more than food and wine prepared for that evening. Waldo had arranged the records on his automatic phonograph so that Laura should enjoy her favorite music with the meal.

"He certainly prepared. What a disappointment when Miss Hunt changed her mind," I said. "What did he do, Roberto?"

"Not eat."

Waldo told us he had eaten a solitary



COLLIER'S "Well, that blackout didn't last long, did it?" ROBERT DAY

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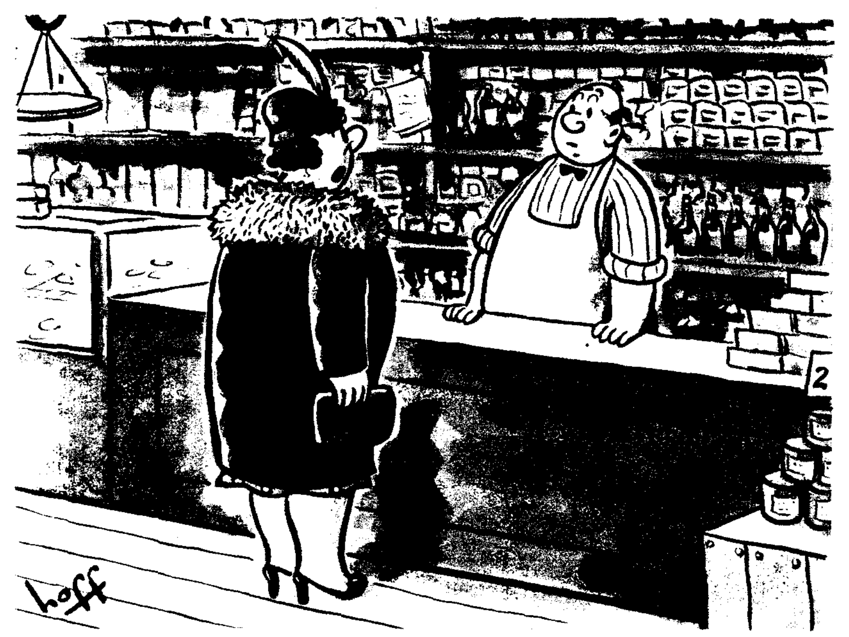


"I suppose if I was a dizzy blonde I'd get an extra pound of coffee!"

COLLIER'S SIDNEY HOFF

meal and spent the evening reading Gibbon in the bathtub.

"He didn't eat, huh? Wouldn't go near the table?"

"He go table," Roberto said. "He have me bring food, he put on plate, not eat."

"I don't expect he played the phonograph either."

"No," said Roberto.

"He hasn't played it since, I suppose."

The phonograph was big and expensive. It played ten records, then turned them over and played the other side. I looked at them to see if any of the tunes checked with the music they had talked about. There was none of this Toccata and Fugue stuff, but a lot of old songs from shows. The last was Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.

"Roberto," I said, "maybe I'll have a whisky anyway."

I thought of that hot night in Montagnino's back yard. A storm had been rolling in and the lady at the next table sang with the music. Waldo had talked about hearing that song with Laura as if there had been a lot more to it than just listening to music with a woman.

"I think I'll have another, Roberto."

I NEEDED Scotch less than I needed time to think it out. The pieces were beginning to fit together. The last dinner before her marriage. Champagne and her favorite songs. Memories of shows they had seen together, talk of the past. Old stories retold. And when the meal was over and they were drinking brandy, the last record would fall into place, the needle fit into the groove.

Roberto waited with a glass in his hand. I drank. I was cold and sweating.

Since that Sunday when I'd first walked into his apartment, I'd been reading the complete works of Waldo Lydecker. There is no better key to a man's character than his use of the written word. Read enough of any man's writing and you'll have his Number One Secret. There was a line that I remembered from one of his essays: *The high crisis of frustration.*

He had planned so carefully that even the music was timed for it. And that night Laura had failed to show up.

I said, "Go to bed, Roberto. I'll wait up for Mr. Lydecker."

Roberto disappeared like a shadow.

I was alone in the room. Around me were Waldo's things, spindly overdecorated furniture, striped silks, books and music and antiques. There had to be a gun somewhere. When murder and suicide are planned like a seduction, a man must have his weapon handy.

While I waited in his parlor, Waldo was pounding his stick along the pavements. He dared not look backward. His pursuers might see him turn his head and know that he was frightened.

Muzzio caught sight of him almost a block ahead on Lexington. Waldo gave no sign that he observed Muzzio, but walked on quickly, turning east at Sixty-fourth. At the end of the block, he saw Behrens, who had turned north on Third Avenue.

Waldo disappeared. The two men searched every areaway and vestibule on the block, but Waldo had evidently used the service tunnel of a big apartment house, gone through the basement to the rear of the building and found another basement and service entrance on Sixty-third.

He walked for three hours. He passed a lot of people on their way home from theaters and picture shows and bars. He met them in the light of arc lamps and under the lighted marquees of picture shows. They noticed his massive figure, his black hat and stick.

We learned about it later the way we always do when an important case is finished and people phone in to make themselves important. Mary Lou Simmons, fifteen, of East Seventy-sixth had been frightened by a man who darted out of the vestibule as she came home from an evening at a girl chum's house. Gregory Finch and Enid Murphy thought it was Enid's father leaning over the banister in the dark hall where they were kissing. Mrs. Lea Kantor saw a ghost behind her newsstand. Several taxi drivers had stopped in the hope of picking up a passenger. A couple of drivers had recognized Waldo Lydecker.

He walked until the streets were quiet. There were few taxis and hardly any pedestrians. He chose the darkest streets, hid in doorways, crouched on subway steps. It was almost two o'clock when he came back to Sixty-second Street. There was only one lighted window on the block. According to Shelby that light had been burning on Friday night, too.

Her door was not guarded. Mussio was still waiting on Sixty-fourth Street and Behrens had gone off duty. I had given no instructions for a man to replace him for I had no idea, when I left Laura alone and sent the men to follow him, that he was carrying his weapon.

He climbed the steps and rang her doorbell.

She thought I had come back to arrest her. That seemed more reasonable than a return of the murderer. For a moment she thought of Shelby's description of Diane's death. Then she wrapped herself in a white bathrobe and went to the door.

By that time I knew Waldo's secret. I found no gun in his apartment; he was carrying the gun concealed on his person, loaded with the rest of the BB shot. What I found was a pile of unfinished and unpublished manuscript. I read it because I was planning to wait in the apartment, confront him, make the accusation and see what happened. I found the following sentence in a piece called The Porches of Thy Father's Ear:

"In the cultivated individual, malice, a weapon darkly concealed, wears the garments of usefulness, flashes the disguise of wit or flaunts the ornaments of beauty."

The piece was about poisons hidden in antique rings, of swords in sticks, of firearms concealed in old prayer books.

IT TOOK me about three minutes to get the connection. Last night when we were leaving the Golden Lizard, I had tried to look at his stick. He had snatched it away with a crack about getting me a rubber-tipped cane. That crack was loaded. Resentment kept me from asking any more questions. Possessions were like people with Waldo. He wanted to protect his precious stick from my profane hands, so he brought out his malice without the garments of wit or beauty. I had thought that he was showing off another of his whims, like drinking his coffee from the Napoleon cup.

Now I knew why he had wanted to keep me from examining the gold rings on his cane. He carried it, he had told me, to give himself importance. There was the man's hidden power. He probably smiled as he stood before Laura's door and unscrewed his secret weapon. The second time was like the first. In his failing and disordered mind there was no original crime, no repetition.

When the doorknob turned he aimed. He knew Laura's height and the place where her face would appear like an oval in the dark. As the door opened he fired.

There was a shivering crash. Turning, Laura saw a thousand slivers of light. The shot, missing her by the fraction of an inch, had shattered the mercury glass bowl. Its fragments shone on the dark carpet.

He had missed his aim because, as he fired, his legs were jerked out from under him. I had left his apartment as soon as I realized where the gun was hidden and remembered that I had deliberately put on a scene to stir up his jealousy. He was on the third floor landing, his finger on the bell, when I opened the door downstairs.

The old-fashioned hall was dimly lighted. On the landings, pale bulbs glowed. Waldo was a madman struggling for his life with an enemy whose face he couldn't see. I am a younger man, in better condition, and I know how to handle myself in a fight. But he had the strength of desperation. And a gun in his hand.

When I jerked his legs out from under him, he rolled over on top of me. Laura came out of her door, looked down at us, straining to see our dark struggle on the staircase. We rolled down the steps.

Under the bulb of the second floor landing I saw his face. He had lost his glasses but his pale eyes seemed to see into the distance. He said, "While a whole city pursued the killer, Waldo Lydecker, with his usual urbanity, pursued the law."

He laughed. My spine chilled. I was fighting a madman. His face contorted, his lips writhed, pointed eyeballs seemed to jerk out of their sockets. He wrenched his arm loose, raised the gun, waved it like a baton.

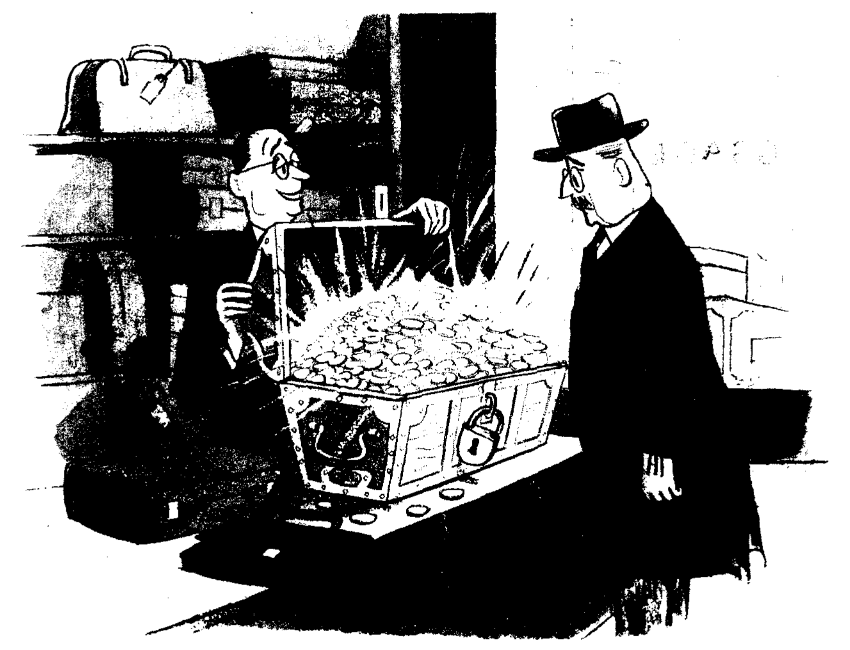
"Get back! Get out of the way," I shouted up at Laura.

His flesh had seemed flabby but there was well over two hundred pounds of it, and when I jerked his arm back, he rolled over on me. The light flashed in his eyes, he recognized me, sanity returned, and with it hatred. White streaks of foam soaped his lips. Laura called out, warning me, but his groans were closer to my ears. I managed to shove my knees up under his fat belly and push him back toward the post of the banister. He waved his gun, then shot wild, firing without aim.

Laura screamed.

With the firing of that shot, his strength was gone. His eyes froze, his limbs became rigid. But I was taking no chances. I knocked his head against the banister post. On the third floor landing, Laura heard bone crack against wood.

In the ambulance and at the hospital he kept on talking. Always about himself, always in the third person. Waldo Lydecker was someone far away from the dying fat man on the stretcher, he was like a hero a boy has always worshiped. It was the same thing over and over again, never straight and con-



"Here's one that costs a little extra, but it's well worth it"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

The Boss: Sorry. Can't use it. That song's got no whoosh! No bang! No *pep appeal!*

Joe: That lets us out, Art. You've got no words—I've got no tune!

Art: No pep appeal, huh? Say! I was reading the other day about how you can't have pep without vitamins. And that's us, pal! I bet we haven't been eating right. You know, not getting all our vitamins.

Joe: Maybe you're right, Art. And *that* gives *me* an idea. Come with me, boy!

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN-ENRICHED

Joe: This is the ticket, Art. Look what it says: "KELLOGG'S PEP is made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat and contains extra-rich sources of the two vitamins most likely to be missing in ordinary meals—vitamins B_1 and D."

Art: And, mister, does it taste *good!* Boy! If getting the rest of our vitamins is as much fun as eating this swell, crunchy cereal, we'll be in the big time before we know it!

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

U.S. NEEDS US STRONG
THIS TYPE OF FOOD IS AMONG THOSE RECOMMENDED IN THE NUTRITION FOOD RULES
EAT NUTRITIONAL FOOD

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

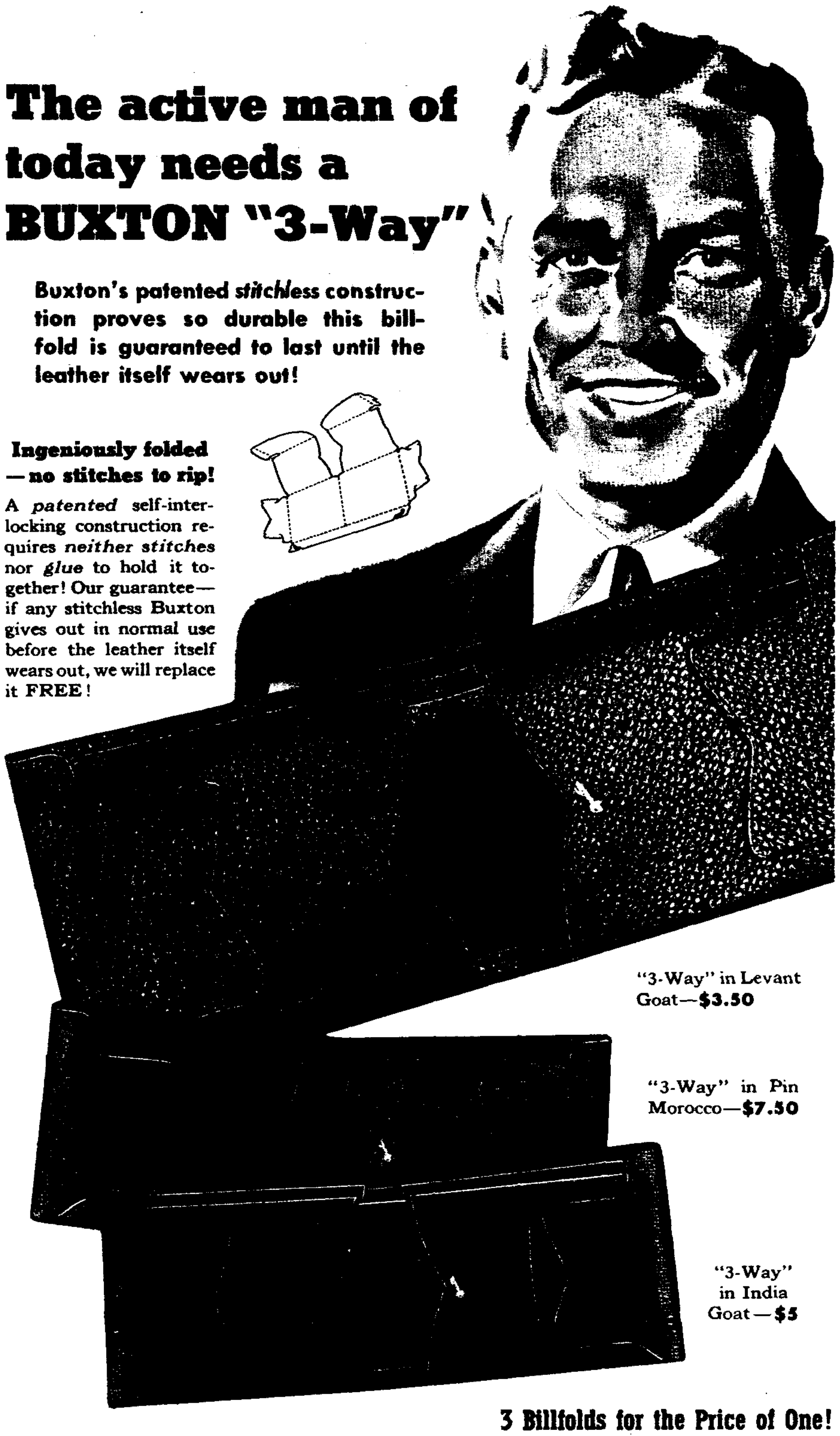
Pep contains per ounce the minimum daily requirement of vitamin D and 1/4 the daily requirement of vitamin B_1 (1/2 for children up to 5).

The active man of today needs a BUXTON "3-Way"

Buxton's patented *stitchless* construction proves so durable this billfold is guaranteed to last until the leather itself wears out!

Ingeniously folded —no stitches to rip!

A *patented* self-interlocking construction requires *neither stitches* nor *glue* to hold it together! Our guarantee—if any stitchless Buxton gives out in normal use before the leather itself wears out, we will replace it FREE!


"3-Way" in Levant Goat—**$3.50**
"3-Way" in Pin Morocco—**$7.50**
"3-Way" in India Goat—**$5**

Today Buxton "3-Way" is the one most in demand. Designed to meet the needs of active men everywhere, the unique "3-Way" *organizes* and *safeguards* all the many essentials a busy man must carry.

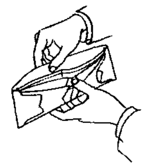
The "3-Way" is roomy. *Three* convenient full-length compartments for separating private papers, bills and checks; eight smaller compartments, including a double "window" case for identification, provide plenty of space for cards, credentials, papers.

The Buxton "3-Way" is well-made, good-looking and so durable that a man *knows* he'll find it useful *for years to come!* For a special *patented* construction permits a Buxton to keep that "just-bought" look. When you fill it full, *it expands*—lighten the load, and *it eases back!* A Buxton always keeps its "waistline" down!

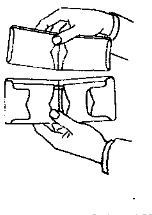
Write for this Free Gift Book

Dozens of "what-to-give" suggestions—thoughtful remembrances from 75¢ and $1.00 to lovely matched sets at $25. Clear instructions for fancy gift-wrapping. Information on leathers. Write Buxton, Inc., 4247 Orleans St., Springfield, Mass. or Dept. X, 47 West 34th St., New York City.

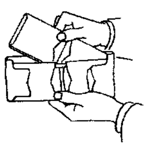
3 Billfolds for the Price of One!



1. FOR GENERAL USE—Here's organization *that'll save you from fumbling* for papers, money, cards, credentials! The Buxton "3-Way" is so trim and shapely you won't believe it contains 3 full-length compartments and 8 smaller ones! The best leathers are used throughout—and the craftsmanship is unexcelled!



2. FOR ADDED SECURITY—The "3-Way" contains a second fold. Lift it out and you have a complete, streamlined billfold *that slips into an* inside pocket without making a bulge. Use it to carry money or confidential papers in two places when you *travel*. Can be separately checked at hotel—or used for evening wear.



3. FOR CONFIDENTIAL MATTERS—Here's a third billfold! The inner fold reversed and locked in becomes a secret pocket providing a swell hideout for large bills or private papers. When traveling, and you don't want strangers to see contents of your billfold, simply reverse the inner partition and you have a "hidden compartment" safely *locked in.*

Buxton "3-Way"

nected, but telling as much as a sworn confession.

"*Ever the connoisseur who cunningly mates flavor with occasion, Waldo Lydecker selected the vintage of the year '14 . . .*

"*As might Cesare Borgia have diverted himself on an afternoon pregnant with the infant of new infamy, so Waldo Lydecker passed the nervous hours in civilized diversion, reading and writing . . .*

"*A man might sit thus, erect as a tombstone, while composing his will; so sat Waldo Lydecker at his rosewood desk writing the essay that was to have been his legacy . . .*

"*The woman had failed him. Secret and alone, Waldo Lydecker celebrated death's impotence. Bitter herbs mingled their savor with the mushrooms. The soup was rue-scented . . .*

"*Habit led Waldo Lydecker that night past windows illumined by her treachery . . .*

"*Calm and untroubled Waldo Lydecker stood, pressing an imperious finger against her doorbell . . .*"

When he died the doctor had to unclasp the fingers that gripped Laura's hand.

"Poor, poor Waldo," she said.

"He tried to kill you twice," I reminded her.

"He wanted so desperately to believe I loved him."

I looked at her face. She was honestly mourning the death of an old friend. The malice had died with him and Laura remembered that he had been kind. It is generosity, Waldo said, not evil, that flourishes like the green bay tree.

HE IS dead now. Let him have the last word. Among the papers on his desk I found the unfinished piece, that final legacy which he had written while the records were waiting on the phonograph, the wine being chilled in the icebox, Roberto cooking the mushrooms.

He had written:

"Then, as the final contradiction, there remains the truth that she made a man of him as fully as man could be made of that stubborn clay. And when that frail manhood is threatened, when her own womanliness demands more than he can give, his malice seeks her destruction. *But she is carved from* Adam's rib, indestructible as legend, and no man will ever aim his malice with sufficient accuracy to destroy her."

THE END

The Coast of Fortune

Continued from page 13

"But he likes you, Amalpha," Felicity said. "Everyone has noticed it."

"Bah!" Mrs. Tuttle said in a normal tone. "I am accustomed to having the most polished gentlemen pay their addresses. In my time, I've seen a major general and a very wealthy planter from Natchez—a gentleman of old, ancient lineage—waiting outside my dressing-room door, and each one holding in his fist a bunch of hothouse roses half the size of a load of hay. And the two of them, mind you, bowing to each other like knights of old with nodding plumes and calling each other out of name in the most elegant language imaginable before going out into the alley and beating the ears off each other to see who got to buy m'supper."

"BUT, Amalpha," Felicity said absentmindedly. Dan Cordret had swung up onto the bulwark and holding on with one hand was standing there, watching the pilot boat slip across in front of the clipper's soaring bows. "Surely, you can't—"

"Yes, and that isn't all," Mrs. Tuttle said. "When a lady of refinement has—Oh, how do you do, Mr. Jerrold? Are we not having a lovely day for our arrival?"

"I guess so. I just got up," Harry Jerrold said. His big, too-handsome, too-masculine face, freshly shaved and powdered, was lifted proudly, dramatically, to gaze at the new horizons. He took Felicity's hand, and folding it into the crook of his elbow, patted it.

"And how is our quiet little leading lady this morning?" he asked in a deep, manly murmur. Felicity looked at him thoughtfully. He did have too much chin, and his eyes, beautiful and lustrous, bulged slightly. But he dressed magnificently—she knew his salary and wondered how he did it. When he touched her, she was conscious of a half-repulsive, slightly fearful pleasure, but she supposed it was part of being in love with him.

"I'm quite well, thank you, Harry," she said.

Mrs. Tuttle sniffed—a thin and venomous sound—and moved away.

On the far side of the ship, the pilot boat spun around before the wind and came racing in; and a few moments later the pilot's head and shoulders appeared above the bulwark: a cadaverous, mournful-looking man, smoking a thin black cigar.

"Ship Sea Moth of New York," Dan Cordret said. "A hundred and ten days, fourteen hours, from Sandy Hook. Anyone beat us?"

"Well, that's a good summer passage, mister," the pilot said mildly.

As they turned to start toward the quarter-deck, the hands, drifting across the deck, had crowded closer. From somewhere in the semicircle a hoarse voice demanded: "They found any new gold fields, Cap'n?"

Without taking the cigar out of his teeth, the pilot grinned, and then said something in a low tone to Dan. Dan nodded grimly, and cleared a path for them with a flick of his ice-blue eyes.

Captain Griswold waited for them, his hand in his coat front; and as they came walking toward him, they passed the place where Felicity and Harry were standing at the rail. Seeing her hand covered by Harry's upon his arm, Dan quickly stared straight ahead again, but a crease deepened contemptuously in his lean cheek, and the back of his neck was very red as he walked on.

Felicity sighed. She considered Mr. Cordret a barbarous young man: harshly brutal in some ways, an unbearable prig in others—the New England conscience gone to sea. She bit her lip, and withdrew her hand from Harry's, and from his arm.

Dan Cordret had been a bother in her mind since the first time she had seen him. It was sailing day, it was the day when the company trouped aboard to sail for the coast of fortune, for the mountains in the sun, where even wandering players who had always been poor and sometimes hungry could dip their fingers in the shining dust. Felicity was strolling across the deck on Harry's arm when she saw the mate come bounding up the companionway on his light, fighter's feet. With the work of loading all finished he was scrubbed and shaved and half-choked by starched linen. But there was a bruised knuckle cut on one cheekbone, giving his swift elegance a raffishly sinister air.

As he caught sight of the cabin passengers, the troupe, he stopped for an instant, giving them an amazed stare. Then, with a twitching knotted eyebrow, he hurried on—only to stop again as he brushed past Felicity. He didn't seem to see Harry at all. Felicity had been stared at by many men, but she thought that this man's eyes, suddenly meeting hers, had an actual quality of impact, like the shock of glacier water. It was only a second, and then he lifted an uncertain hand to the visor of his cap—the only fumbling gesture she ever saw him make—and went on, down to the main deck.

"Ha! Insolent beggar," Harry growled.

She touched his hand absent-mindedly, soothingly: but there remained with her a curious and uneasy sense that between her and a stranger had arisen, without a word being spoken, a situation which sometime would have to be resolved. She was right. But the next step was a long time coming, although they talked politenesses to each other at the supper table on lamp-lit evenings through the tropical latitudes.

When it did come, it was a night of fog, close and smothering. They were off the Falklands, ready to come about and knife into the great westerlies which blew forever past the Horn. It was a lonely time, and Felicity had been on the deck through the short watch of the day's end, muffled in her long thick traveling cloak and standing by the mizzen shrouds whose black-tarred ropes dripped clear drops of mist turned into water. The mate, standing behind the man at the wheel, had been motionless for a long time, his face floating like a mask, half-lit from the pale captive moon of the compass card inside the brass binnacle.

Suddenly and decisively, he moved and came walking toward her. She tried to smile, casually.

"Felicity Sullivan. Felicity Sullivan," he said. "What a queer name."

"M-my mother was from Vermont," she said idiotically. "That's why it's a queer name."

He leaned down toward her. Instinctively, as naturally as a flower lifts to the quiet power of the sun, she waited—and despised herself for it afterward, when she remembered it, because he didn't kiss her. His face stopped, arrested by thought. It was dark, and she couldn't see very well, but she could see the thoughts upon his face. She could feel herself wilting suddenly, all over.

"Arrrr," he made a sound deep in his chest. "It must be a great life you have, an actress," he said.

That, she thought afterward, was hideously unnecessary. But at the time—After a minute, her lips could move again, and she said:

"W-well, it's . . . it's . . . We are . . ."

"Ah," he said, in a tone like a slap, and turned away.

"Wait!" she said. "You have no—What do you mean?"

Over his shoulder, he said, "Never mind."

THAT was all there was to it, and he avoided her eyes after that when they passed. She didn't understand very clearly what the matter was: until one night when, still burning with shame and with fury that she had automatically lifted her face to him when he came near, she heard Amalpha Tuttle upon the subject:

"I've been watching that young Mr. Cordret, that young officer, when he's anywhere around you, dearie," the old girl said. "If I read my signs right—and believe me, dearie, there isn't a woman alive who knows 'em better than I do—he is a desperate man because of you. I don't know what's happened between you and heaven knows I am not one to seek for confidences though I do think that there are times when a young girl needs the advice of an experienced woman."

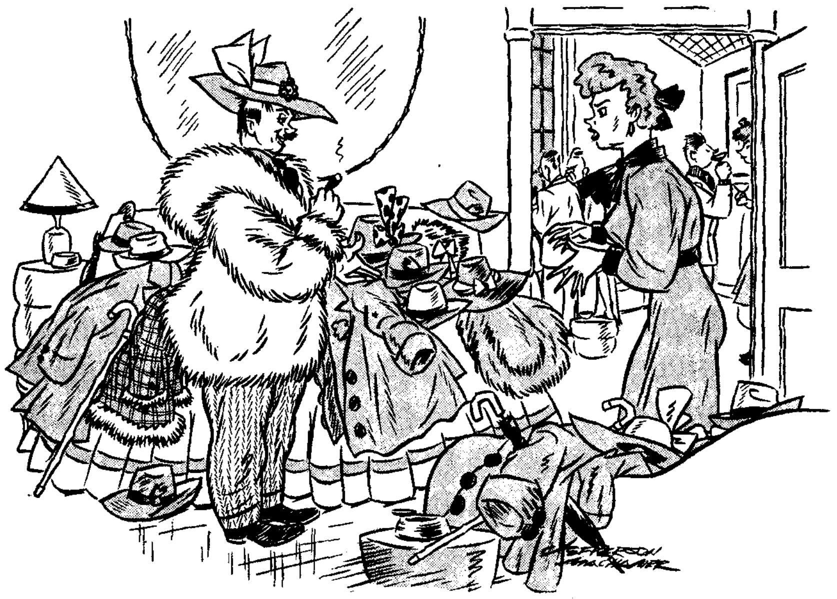
She cleared her throat.

"It's too bad, my sweet," she said meditatively, "that the nicest men, those of the loftiest character—the sensitive type to whom we poor weak women are the most attracted, and in spite of his tough ways among the brutal men with whom his lot is cast, I can see with half an eye that your Mr. Cordret is a sensitive and tortured boy who could be very sweet—it's a star-crossed destiny, dearie, that makes all the nicest men think that to be an actress is to be *ex officio,* so to speak, a loose woman."

"A . . . !" Felicity sat bolt upright, clutching the sheet to her breast with thin, horrified hands. "A loose woman—you mean a wanton?"

"Yes," Mrs. Tuttle said. "It is a cross which we artistes must bear, forgiving them as we do so. Especially with the New England type. They have been taught from earliest childhood, I believe, to fear an actress. It reminds me," Mrs. Tuttle said sadly, "of once, dearie, when a bishop's son was in love with me—madly, madly. With him it was an all-consuming passion, he was the thin delicate type with a pale pure face like a young saint, though when I think back on it now maybe it was consumption. . . .

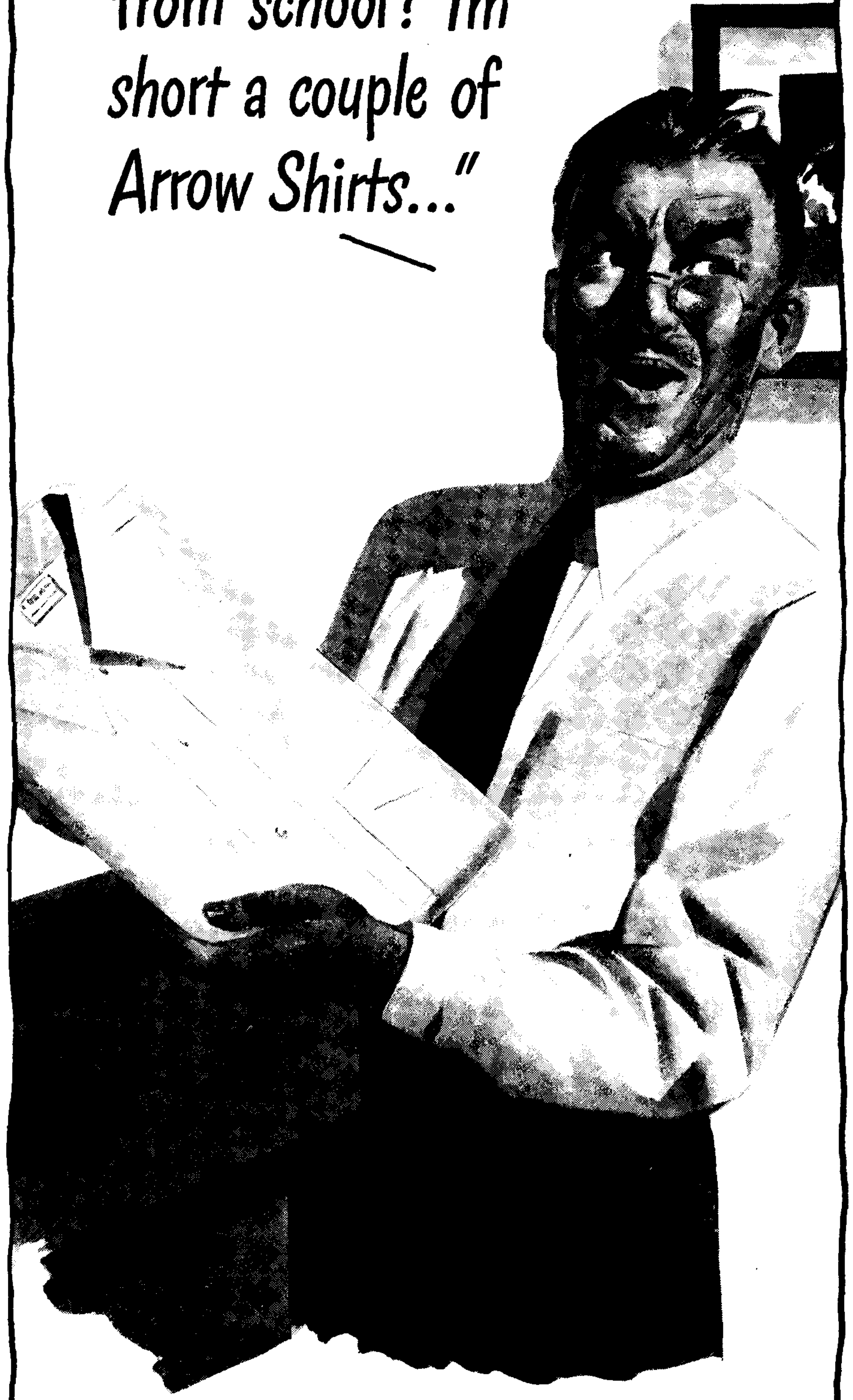
"Eh? What was the thought I had in



"It's a grand party, but I'm leaving before I've had too much!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"Is Junior home from school? I'm short a couple of Arrow Shirts..."

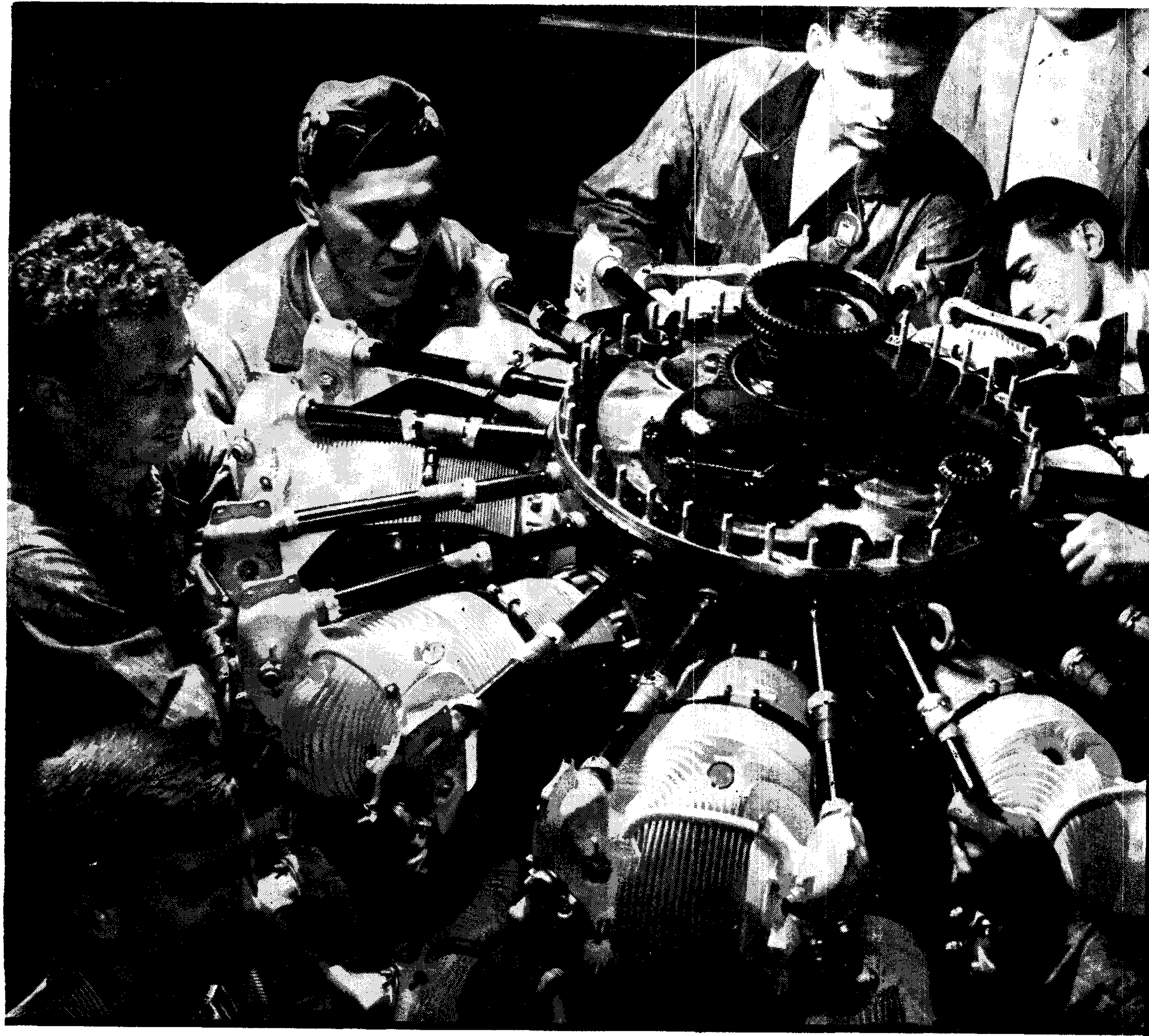


● Who *wouldn't* "borrow" Arrow Shirts? Arrows have the smooth-fitting "Mitoga" figure-fit . . . and are crowned with the famous Arrow collar. Every button is *anchored* by a special stitch. Arrow Shirts are *Sanforized-labeled* — they can't shrink over 1%! Try Hitt ($2.25) Dart ($2.50) Dale ($2.75) — all with non-wilt collars!* *Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

ARROW SHIRTS

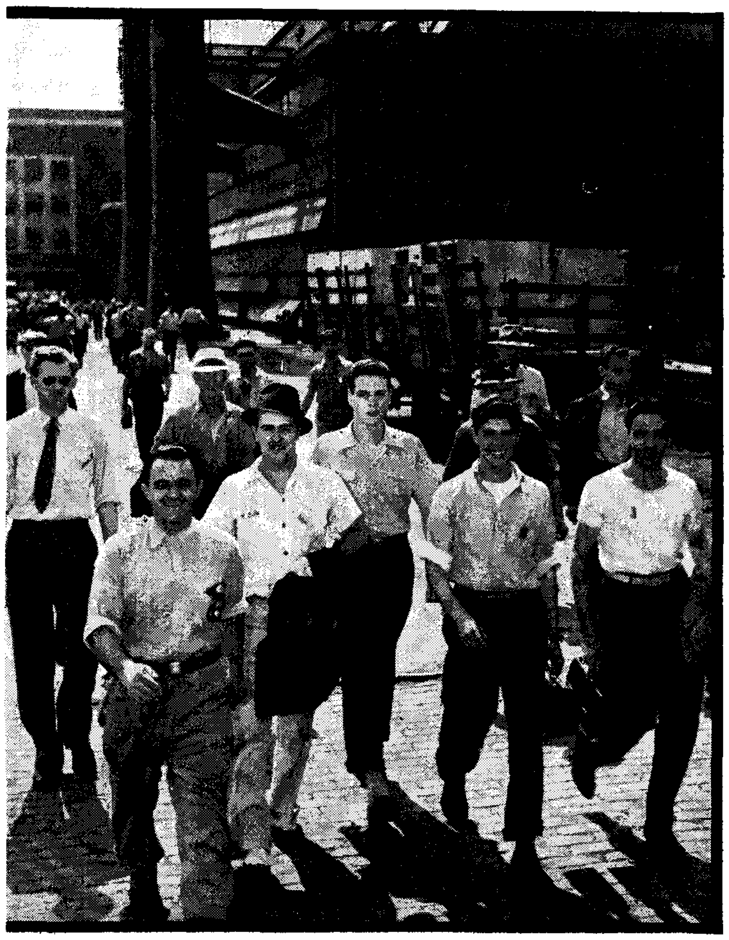
★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

*Made by patented Celanese wrinkle-free process.



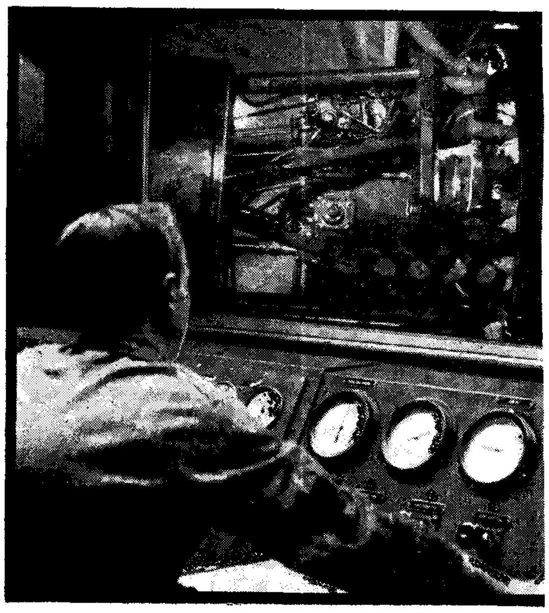
War Bird's Powerhouse! Generating 1850 to 2000 horsepower, Ford-built Pratt & Whitney engines are made to watch-like precision in a modern mass-production plant. This plant was constructed by Ford and the first motor turned out *all within 11 months!* The Ford-developed method of casting cylinders centrifugally is employed in making these engines. For every motor built this way, *four hours' time is saved* and a *third less critical material used!*

Rugged Little Jeeps—Army reconnaissance cars which roll from Ford production lines in increasing numbers—are proving their serviceability as *"eyes"* of United Nations' troops everywhere.



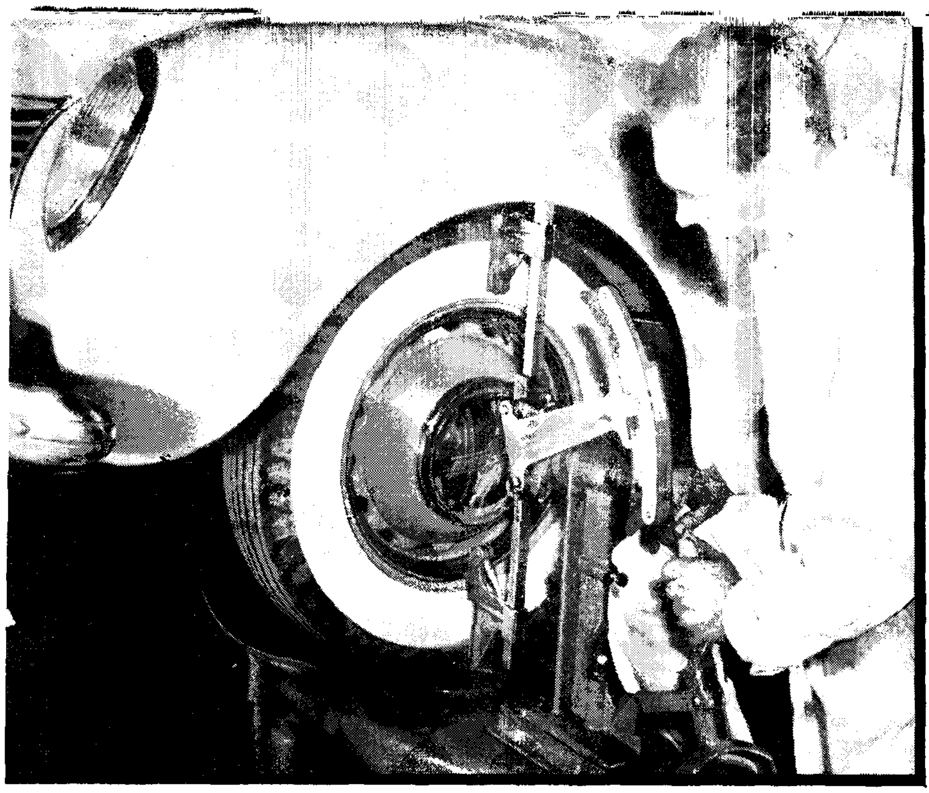
These Soldiers On The Home Front are part of Ford's great army *behind* the Army! Working three shifts a day to keep the big armament production lines moving at top speed in all the Ford plants, these men are now over 100,000 strong!

Deft-Fingered Hands of a woman worker are helping put the finishing touches on the pilot's compartment of a B-24 Bomber built at the vast Willow Run Bomber Plant. Here over 6,000 women are now employed!



Broken-in On Test Blocks, Ford-built aircraft engines deliver top performance from the first take-off. Ford methods have cut the time of changing engines on test from four hours to 30 minutes!

ALL OUR ABILITY, SKILL, EFFORT AND RESOURCES ARE



lizing The Vital Role private cars and trucks play in national transportation. Ford lers help "keep 'em rolling" with Ford Protective Service. That includes check-ups, airs by trained mechanics and replacements with reliable parts. To keep it running *ter and longer,* take your car to your Ford dealer at regular intervals.

Stout Wings For A Tough Bird! These Ford men at the Willow Run Bomber Plant are busy at work on the wing of a B-24 Bomber. Ford-built to do its job *well,* this husky, long-range, four-engined plane has more than 400,000 volume-produced parts—and is characterized by outstanding speed and performance at high altitudes.

FORD WORKING FOR VICTORY

DID YOU KNOW?

★ At Army posts throughout the country, Ford Traveling Schools taught khaki-clad mechanics modern methods of servicing military vehicles.

★ The mammoth runways at Willow Run Airport contain enough concrete to build a road 60 miles long and 20 feet in width.

★ As a test of Ford precision manufacture, parts from a Ford-built and a Pratt & Whitney-built aircraft engine were scrambled and the engines re-assembled with parts of each in the other. Both ran perfectly.

★ To help supply the need for skilled aircraft production workers, more than 6,000 men and women are now being trained in the Ford Airplane School at Willow Run.

★ Super-accurate Johansson Gage Blocks made by Ford are the standard of precision measurement for American industry. Accurate to millionths of an inch, these gages have made possible mass production of interchangeable parts.

★ Medical and surgical attention are at instant call in all Ford factories. Complete modern hospitals serve the Rouge and Willow Run Plants. Every shop has a medical station with a registered physician on constant duty. While getting emergency medical care, the Ford worker's pay goes on.

★ Less than sixteen months after construction gangs began clearing farms and woodlands for the Ford Willow Run Plant, this largest bomber factory in the world was turning out long-range B-24 bombers—one of the biggest and most powerful planes now being built.

"In introducing mass production, shorter hours and higher wages, I have tried to give the American workman security for himself and his family and the chance of a future for his children."

—Henry Ford

Ford

LEDGED TO VICTORY

In The Ford-Built Navy School at the Rouge Plant, Uncle Sam's bluejackets—2000 at a time—receive a complete instruction course in trades and technical skills necessary to modern naval operation.

If you want results tell a Yank "it can't be done!"

Good old American "know how" has done it again! For this winter—despite the meager allotment of rubber—manufacturers are able to provide rubber footwear for the essential health protection of millions. Necessary W.P.B. rulings have restricted styles, and eliminated colors and frills.

We at Hood and B. F. Goodrich have named this footwear "Duration Quality."

By drawing on our background of experience and ingenuity, we have found ways to give you more service and better looks than would seem possible under the circumstances. And we know you will wear this footwear with patriotic good will till the war is won!

* * *

NOTE TO GOOD CITIZENS: **Buy only what you need—take care of what you have.** ***And be sure to throw your scrap into the fight!***

FOOTWEAR FACTORY, WATERTOWN, MASS.

Hood Rubber Co.
A DIVISION OF
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

mind?—Oh, yes: although his love racked him body and soul, poor boy, alas, it was never to be. His father the bishop, a fine figure of a man for all his years and with the most beautiful pure white Dundreary whiskers I ever saw on a man, came to denounce, and I received him like a queen, with a high inviolate dignity, in my dressing room. Yes, though he came to denounce, he remained to kneel—just between us, dearie, woman to woman, a mite tiddly with the wine that had flowed like water that mad, tragic night—and we played out between us, the three of us, a scene that would have torn the roof off'n any theater in the great glittering capitals of the world if only it was on the stage with proper lighting and maybe a few solemn strains of music and not in the dressing room of a poor heartbroken woman, who saw through her tears the pain and agony she was causing two noble men. Oh, Judas Priest, what a drama!" Mrs. Tuttle said. "—But you see what I mean, dearie."

Making all allowances, Felicity did. Burning and tossing with self-consciousness, going rigidly cold with horror and with anger, Felicity understood why Mr. Dan Cordret avoided her eyes as he passed her in an alleyway of the ship.

THEY stood in through the Golden Gate in the middle of the autumn afternoon. The Sea Moth whispered through the blue tide, her taut nervousness left behind with the restless lift of the open sea. When they took the royals off her, some hands were whipped aloft by Dan Cordret's cold snarl to make fast along the foreroyal yard a canvas sign that Mr. Chatto had had painted, red and black, in New York before they sailed:

CHATTO'S GREATER THEATRICAL ENTERPRISES

STARS! GIRLS! MUSIC!

Songs You Love by Girls You Will Love

DRAMA!

World's Greatest Love Dramas
presented by
Refined Company of Stars
Fresh From

TRIUMPHS

In World's Greatest Capitals

The hands snickered as they worked, and Dan Cordret, with a face like frozen death, came through the crowd of men in the waist of the ship to the quarterdeck and took his place to leeward of Captain Griswold and the pilot, staring rigidly straight ahead.

Felicity was standing alone by the rail when Mr. Chatto appeared, a sallow wisp of a man with great pouches under his sparse black eyebrows, and standing in the center of the deck, clapped his hands for attention.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "this is just another new town, and we will have our customary street parade to the theater. I expect that each and every one of you, ladies and gentlemen alike, will have the customary gracious smile for the prospective customers who will line the sidewalks. That's all, ladies and gentlemen."

So they came in through the Golden Gate, and far off the beach where the blue smoke of late afternoon drifted across a city of tents and raw frame buildings the anchors went down with a rusty clattering roar.

"I will now go ashore," Mr. Chatto said, pulling on his pale dogskin gloves at the gangway, "and procure suitable vehicles for our street parade, ladies and gentlemen."

Shore boats, sent by the captain, came out after a while to take the steerage passengers and their baggage ashore. Standing at the gangway, with the small ugly lump of a .45 derringer making his jacket pocket sag a little, Dan checked them over the side, one by one. As the end of the shuffling line of miners drew near, the hands crowded closer and closer but none of them crossed the imaginary line which Dan drew with his eyes, glancing slowly from under his lids at the half-circle of rebellious feet. A hoarse voice muttered something, and Dan rapped:

"If you have anything to say, Hanlon, come out here and say it."

But Hanlon, a burly Liverpool Irishman with a fringe of black whisker under his chin, only scraped his feet truculently on the deck and then stepped back a pace, growling under his breath.

It was late afternoon and the ship was quiet when the Sea Moth's boat came back from the beach in charge of the second mate, who said shortly that Captain Griswold was staying ashore for the night on business and that lighters would be out in the morning to begin taking off cargo. Mr. Chatto, clapping his hands, assembled the ladies and gentlemen of the company. Arrangements were now complete, he said. They would go ashore at once. Unfortunately, however, he had discovered that hotel accommodations for the company could not be had: so he had arranged with Captain Griswold that after the evening's performance the ladies and gentlemen would return to the ship to spend one more night. Tomorrow, they could look about the city to find lodgings.

In the crowd around the gangway, Felicity was icily aware of Dan Cordret standing aloof, and happening to catch a glimpse of the bleak and remote look upon his face, she was taken with a queer impulse—one of which she was half-contemptuous, even at the time. Slipping away, she ran down the companionway steps and into the saloon. Here she found paper and a pen, and in a nervous sloping scrawl wrote out a pass admitting Mr. Dan Cordret to the theater by courtesy of Miss Felicity Sullivan, leading woman.

Biting her lip, she stared at it doubtfully for a moment—but. hating him, she did want him to see her in her own element, applauded and adored. It would do him good, the insufferable, self-righteous yokel. Blotting it and folding it resolutely, she arose and walked with dignity to the gangway again. With a whispered instruction, she placed it in Harry's hand. "He has been most courteous to all of us," she said firmly.

SHE saw Harry haughtily approach Dan Cordret, and with the smallest and stiffest bow possible hand him the folded paper. Dan opened it, looked at it, nodded curtly—and from somewhere among the mutinously crowding seamen the hoarse voice of Hanlon snarled again, something indistinguishable but ugly.

Moving fast as the startled blink of Felicity's eyes, Dan didn't take time to turn. Starting with a backward step, he whirled before his other foot touched the deck, and was through the crowd of seamen in a leap straight as a snake's strike. One shoulder knotted and jarred as his left fist went to the belt, and then his right hooked upward and in with a short jolting slash. Something glittered on his knuckles. After that it didn't glitter any more, and the seaman was sagging at the knees, his great hair-matted hands pawing feebly. Calculating with narrow eyes, Dan hit him once more and then without looking at him again, turned to the hands and said in a level voice:

"Get forward. Take him with you. He can still walk. Next time, he won't."

The whole scene melted away in slow motion, in inconclusive mutters. Coolly picking up the business where it had been interrupted, Dan looked from Harry to Felicity, and with a slight bow, raised his hand mockingly, ironically, to the visor of his cap. There was blood on his knuckles.

Harry looked white, and nobody said anything until in the boat on the way to shore, Mrs. Tuttle said, "My, my!"

The hills of San Francisco, patched with sprawling shacks, were bright before them with the last of the sunlight, against the high Western sky. The ladies and gentlemen of the company preened themselves nervously, with little touches to the hair and eyebrows. When the boat ground against the landing stage and they climbed out, they found waiting the only suitable vehicle Mr. Chatto had been able to procure—a livery-stable buggy, used for funerals but now hung with their gaudy signs. Felicity rode in it beside Mr. Chatto, bowing and smiling to the sidewalk crowds; the others walked behind, carrying hand signs and painted banners.

AT a corner on Market Street where a gang of miners trooped roaring and whooping down a slanting hillside and stopped the traffic with their horseplay, the old girl edged up beside the buggy, and smiled grimly up at Felicity.

"My little sweet, an actress never gets to enjoy the cool of the evening," she said. "Not like other women, in their blooming rocking chairs . . . For thirty years, girl and woman, I been in show business. There ain't a malaria town from the Ohio to Mobile Bay with a road wide enough for a yellow hound to lie in the dust while a street parade passes that I haven't hawked the drama through. Some were good parades, and some were sorry things, but my feet hurt me in all of them."

The theater, when they got to it, was worse than any they had ever played in. It still smelled of the rains and the suns of the coastal forest where its raw planks had been sawed out of trees, and its hugely daubed scenery had been made out of the sails of ships abandoned in the bay. The play Mr. Chatto had decided they would open with was *Three Times a Widow, or The Indian's Revenge;* and all through the first act, Felicity kept watching the house to see if that insolent jackanapes Dan Cordret would have the effrontery to use the pass she had given him. But as far as she could see into the darkened aisles, he didn't show up.

In the first entr'acte, she sang a group of new ballads, which were very well received with stamping and whistling, although the orchestra which Mr. Chatto had recruited in the barrooms was abominable and quite out of key all the time. This was an audience of men, who brought their whisky with them, and they wanted shows in the entr'actes.

She still watched the house, disdainfully, from time to time through the second act, but by the time Harry's entr'acte turn came, she had quite, quite forgotten all about Mr. Dan Cordret. Harry was doing a solo dance turn which had been popular in the towns along The River last winter. But this male audience watched him coldly. Harry needed women in the audience, she thought. As he charged up and down, chest thrust out, arms pumping, he was, undeniably, stupid. But he was hers, and—

"Strutting rascal," a quiet voice said in her ear.

She whirled from the peephole in the backdrop. Dan Cordret stood looking bitterly down at her.

"He's fine. He's an artist," she retorted. "He's the man I'm going to— How did you get here? How dare you come back here?"

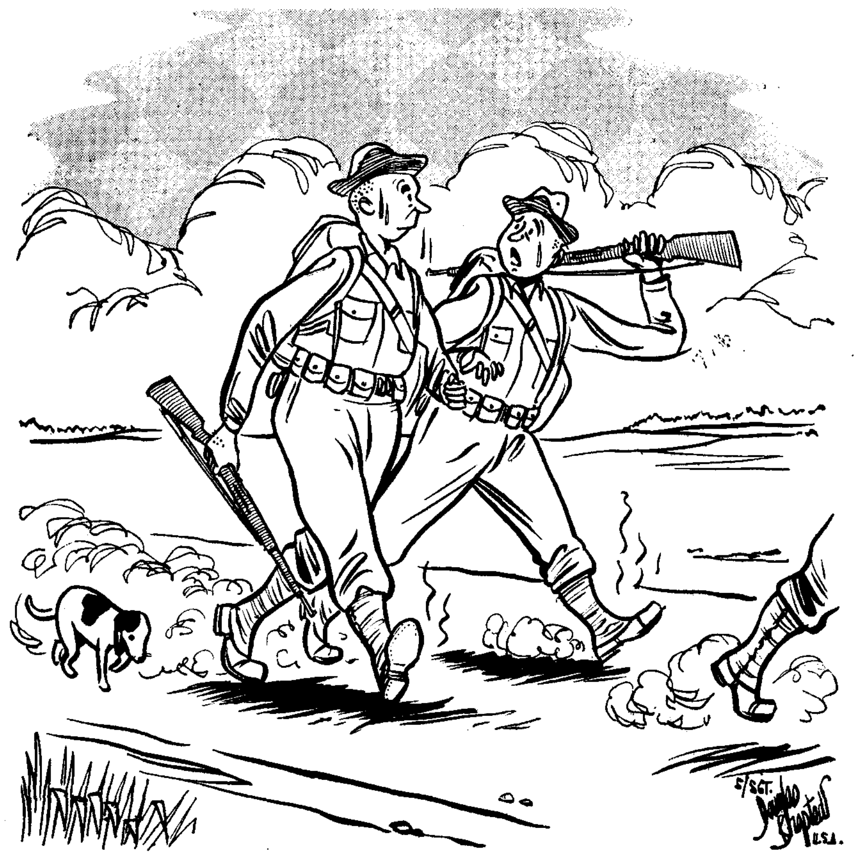
"Where did you expect me to come?" he said harshly.

"Where did I—what do you mean?"

"Why did you give me that invitation, then?" he rasped.

"Invitation . . . ?" She watched him, not quite understanding, her eyes dancing in an agony of not understanding, back and forth between his. There was a loud final blare and thumping going on on the other side of the curtain, but they didn't hear it. Dan Cordret's face was bleak and haggard with long torture, with long hag-ridden thoughts that she didn't know, and his lips thinned in a snarl of anguish, whispering:

"I don't care. I did—oh, God, whatever you are— But I don't care any more, now. I . . . I . . . It's all right—



"Trouble is, I walk in my sleep every night, too!"

COLLIER'S ST. SGT. DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

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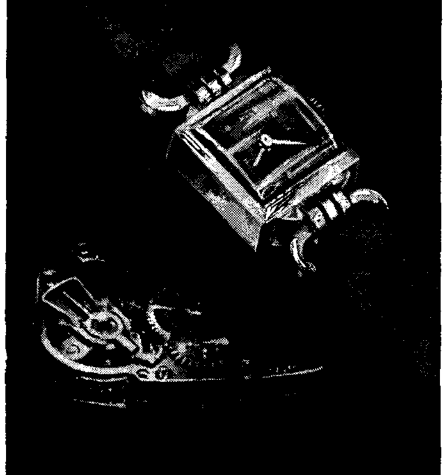

Today there are countless heroines in the homes, the hospitals and the factories, as well as in the war services. To them, Longines dedicates charming watches styled with simple lines. In each watch is the famous Longines "Observatory Movement." The illustrations above are greatly enlarged.*

Longines*
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

Because of the war, only a very limited number of Longines Watches are available for civilians at Longines jewelers. If you want a Longines Watch for yourself, or as a gift, better make your selection soon from the watches now in your jeweler's stock. ℂ If you now own a Longines Watch, we urge you to take particular care of it for the duration. Have your Longines' jeweler clean it or adjust it regularly. ℂ A companion line to Longines—the Wittnauer Watch—famous for sturdy and dependable construction, is also for sale at Longines jeweler agencies.
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on any terms. Where did you want us to go after all this noise is over?"

There really was an awful noise going on somewhere and lights were beating into her eyes and she finally understood, for the second time. When she slapped him, it made her arm ache to the elbow. His face receded rigid and frozen with realization, at last, and with horror—some fool had rung up the backdrop onto the third act set where they had been standing in shadow, and the audience of miners standing in the aisles, roaring.

And then Dan Cordret was gone, and she stood alone in the dark wings with her face in her hands.

All the way back to the Sea Moth in the boat the ladies and gentlemen of the company didn't say anything. The decks were empty, and the old second mate, establishing himself in a chair at the break of the quarter-deck, lit a cigar, blowing the smoke out as he looked to his pistol, ready for the long night watch.

In their cabin, Mrs. Tuttle didn't bother to brush her switch. Hanging it up, she mumbled:

"Chatto's a female sort of man, and tonight he's in a temper with you, but I'll do my best tomorrow, dearie. Don't you worry, now, a night's sleep, and the world will—"

"Please don't bother, Amalpha," Felicity said from her high bunk, motionless now, and dead-feeling. Mrs. Tuttle sighed and blew out the light. It was a great sacrifice, and Felicity loved the old girl for it.

It was hours later, black and lonely hours crawling slowly with horror, that Felicity sat up suddenly, awakened from some stupor of misery. Choking, groping with blind stiff hands, she felt emptiness beside her and the world was an empty blackness filled with something that clawed your throat with pain and kept you from breathing—and she fell a long way, clawing at trailing bedclothes on the way down, and then crawled gasping and punching with her fist into the lower bunk:

"Amalpha! Amalpha! Wake up—oh, please wake up. There's smoke everywhere. I think . . ."

STUMBLING up the companionway steps, she was shocked into blinking consciousness by a blast of air and a horrible wavering red glare of light, of burning gold. People were running and shouting, and she had a brief dazed glimpse of the stern davits, with the boatfalls hanging limp and abandoned. And then Dan's voice panting in her ear:

"Oh. There you are. I was just—Stay here, right here, until I come for you. I'll be—"

"Oh, Dan, Dan—what is it? I—"

"The hands," he said. "With the boats. They're gone. And that Hanlon set us . . ."

He vanished, running then, and in the great whipping red glare she saw Harry come up the companionway. Even among the uproar and the flames, Felicity stared at him, fascinated. Because he wore a sort of hair-net arrangement to keep his hair in place, and his nightshirt flapped nimbly at his heels as he galloped forward, shouting in a deep, manly voice. There was a chicken coop, where on the voyage some fowls had clucked like cabin passengers in their vanities and alarms, and with one gigantic heave, Harry threw it over the side and followed it with a great nightshirt-ballooning plunge from the rail.

Worrying about Mrs. Tuttle, Felicity peered back down into the smoky companionway. But she needn't have worried. With stately puffings, Mrs. Tuttle was coming up the stairs.

"Now, what's the pother?" she said. "I should have thought that for one night, dearie, you'd created enough uproar, but no, here you drag me out of bed to . . ." She emerged majestically from the companionway and stood on deck, ready to face man, hell or high water . . .

"Hell's delight!—The ship's afire!" she roared.

And diving overboard, she came up in a storm of shattered water and swam for shore like a porpoise.

Felicity, standing at the taffrail, watched her, and then turned to see the foremast begin to lean like a sagging tower of flame. The fore part of the ship, where Dan had gone, was incandescent gold. It was time to leave, and Dan was gone, and Harry, too, and Felicity stood on the rail, and, holding her nightgown at the knees with flattened hands so it wouldn't blow up over her head, jumped. It was a long way down, farther than it had ever looked, and the water was black and bitter-cold as death: and after she came up, her hair floated for a while, outspread, and then sank.

SHE was alone on black, bitter waters stained with fire. There was a dot, off yonder, which might have been Harry on his chicken coop. Blinded by the glare, by the pillar of rolling smoke which threw, backhanded, insolent sparks at the stars, Felicity couldn't see the lights of the shore, anywhere beyond the burning ship, but she started swimming.

It was a long time, and her legs ached horribly and she was breathing curdling salt water into her throat, and the ship was a stain of light, a rolling horrible smoke a long way behind her, when a hand lifted her chin, and another hand quieted her sinking shoulders, and a deep-panting voice said:

"Here. You can float. You can float on my finger, dear. It's under your chin."

And she could. It was Dan Cordret's finger, under her chin.

"Oh!" she choked. "You—"

"Now, now. Never mind," he said. "I think you need a navigator. You were setting a course straight out through the Golden Gate. I followed you. I abandoned my ship. I haven't got a ship, any more."

"Oh, really," she said, able to breathe again, now he was holding her up. "Well, I haven't got a theater any more, either. Nor a job. Nor even any clothes. You—"

"Easy does it, dear," he said.

"Oh, no," she said, swallowing a last mouthful of cold salt water. "Damn you, it will never be easy."

"No," he said. "I'm . . . I know. Now."

"Never mind," she said. "I'm a good cook, and miners look hungry. I will open a cook tent, and you can come to the back door and I will feed you. You utterly stupid—"

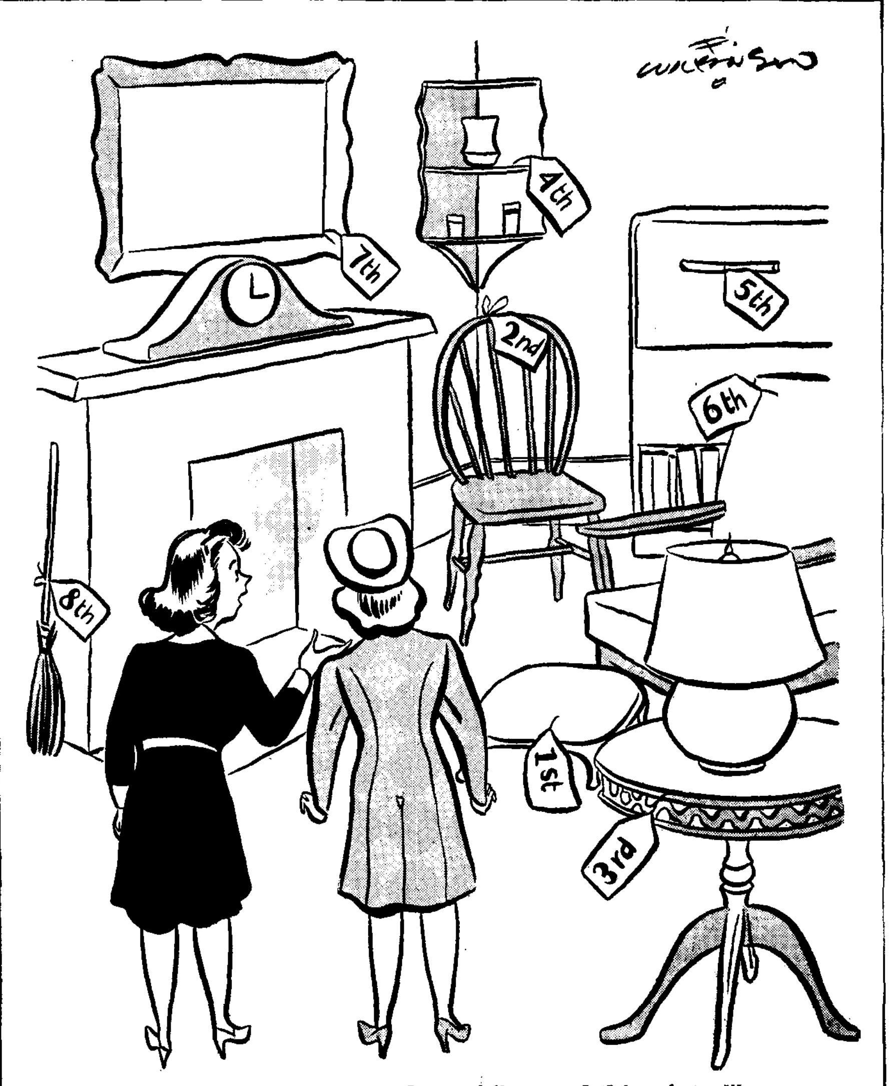
"No," he said. They were floating quietly, and shore boats were coming out. They could hear the shouts, a long way off. "I heard today of a place called Angels' Camp," he said. "Up in the hills where the gold creeks come down from the High Sierras. I heard of a place called Chinese Flats, and I think of the way the sun would set behind the mountain there. That's up in the big timber, and the creek would come roaring down from the high snows and when you look at your fingers at sundown, darling, they will be shining with gold dust."

"No. With love," she said, "you fool."

Looking back at the ship, they saw the masts come slowly down, a flaming tangled ruin a long way off and far behind them.

On the other shore, the hills were dark and unknown against the stars. They started, and they would reach that coast empty-handed.

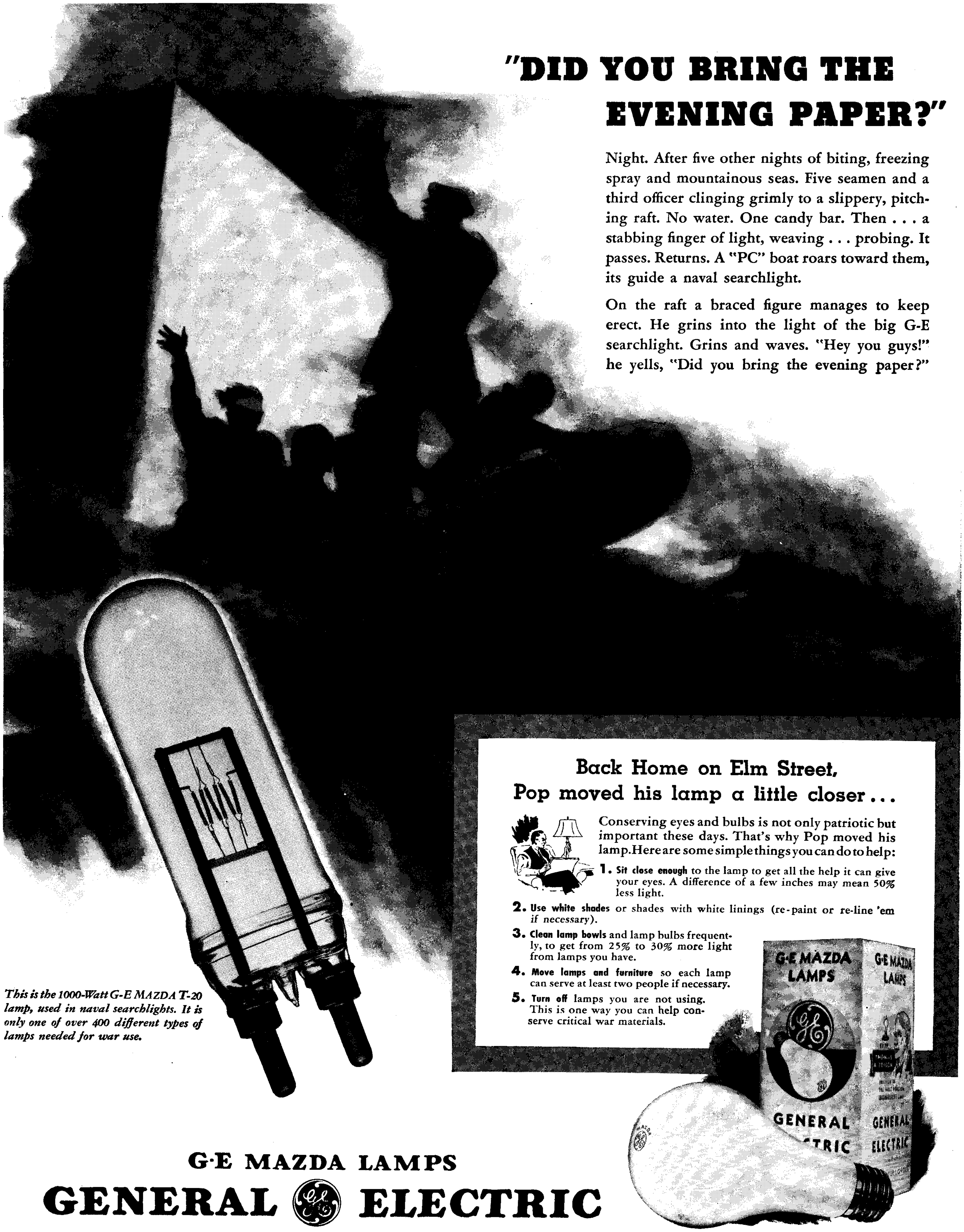
THE END



"That's in case we run short of firewood this winter!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

No. 1 . . . LITTLE STORIES TO REMEMBER WHEN A SALESMAN FOR UNCLE SAM ASKS, "WON'T YOU TAKE PART OF YOUR CHANGE IN WAR STAMPS?"



"DID YOU BRING THE EVENING PAPER?"

Night. After five other nights of biting, freezing spray and mountainous seas. Five seamen and a third officer clinging grimly to a slippery, pitching raft. No water. One candy bar. Then . . . a stabbing finger of light, weaving . . . probing. It passes. Returns. A "PC" boat roars toward them, its guide a naval searchlight.

On the raft a braced figure manages to keep erect. He grins into the light of the big G-E searchlight. Grins and waves. "Hey you guys!" he yells, "Did you bring the evening paper?"

Back Home on Elm Street, Pop moved his lamp a little closer . . .

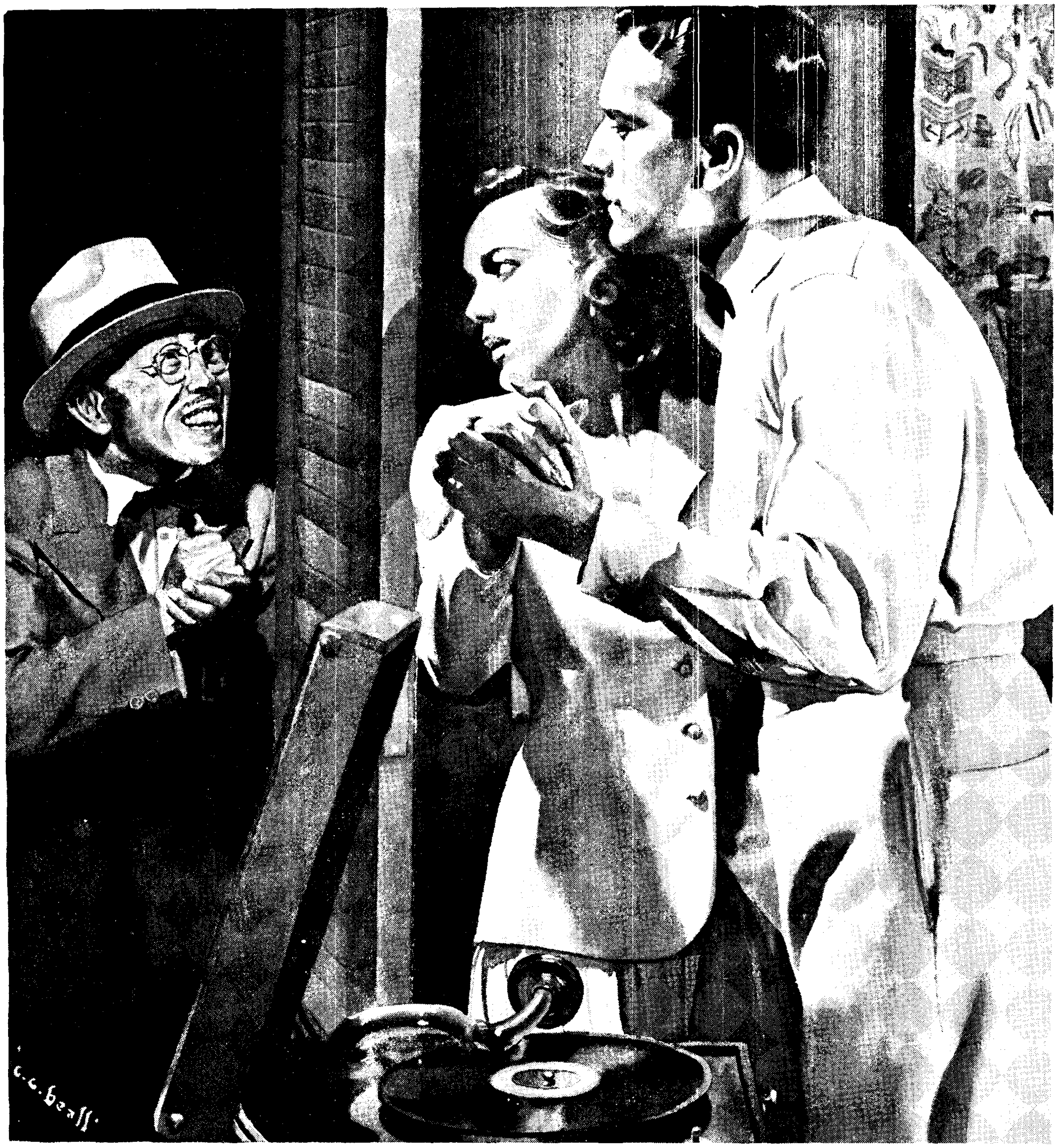
Conserving eyes and bulbs is not only patriotic but important these days. That's why Pop moved his lamp. Here are some simple things you can do to help:

1. **Sit close enough** to the lamp to get all the help it can give your eyes. A difference of a few inches may mean 50% less light.
2. **Use white shades** or shades with white linings (re-paint or re-line 'em if necessary).
3. **Clean lamp bowls** and lamp bulbs frequently, to get from 25% to 30% more light from lamps you have.
4. **Move lamps and furniture** so each lamp can serve at least two people if necessary.
5. **Turn off** lamps you are not using. This is one way you can help conserve critical war materials.

This is the 1000-Watt G-E MAZDA T-20 lamp, used in naval searchlights. It is only one of over 400 different types of lamps needed for war use.

G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC



Nick opened the door to a strange Japanese, a civilian, who smiled vacantly. "Oh, I so sorry," he said, backing away. "I go wrong room, please'

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

YEAR OF WRATH

By Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith

The Story Thus Far:

IN TOKYO, Nicholas ("Nick") Griggs, a young American journalist, loses his job with a great news service. Within a short time, however, he has another—pinch-hitting for Gregory Cogswell, a noted radio broadcaster, in Shanghai, while Cogswell (secretly in the pay of the Japanese) is in Manila.

In the great Chinese city, Nick sees much of a charming girl: Betty Gaspard, whose father (a Frenchman) is strongly anti-Vichy; and soon he and Betty are in love. . . . Gaspard is kidnaped by his enemies, taken to Saigon.

Like the Frenchman, Nick makes some powerful enemies; and a group of them—Bunshiro Yagi, a violently anti-American secret agent; Harold Makita, a Nisei from Los Angeles; Ernst Sperling, a German Nazi, and others—decide to have him "eliminated."

Obedient to cabled orders, Cogswell directs Nick to join him in Manila; and Nick prepares to sail—on the Maréchal Joffre, bound for Manila *and* Saigon. Meanwhile, Betty has learned that her father, in prison in Saigon, is to be accused of disloyalty to his country, and tried. So, when Nick sails she sails with him, hoping to reach Saigon and protect her father.

Ernst Sperling has a wife. Nevertheless, he makes frequent calls on a beautiful Indo-European—Madame Manis Vooren, who (as the German is well aware) is in love with Cogswell. In the course of one of his visits, he tells the woman that Cogswell will meet Nick in Manila—and discharge him! He says, furthermore, that, after Betty and Nick part in Manila, they will never meet again! . . .

It so happens, though, that the Maréchal Joffre does not go to Manila—it goes straight to Saigon! There Betty and Nick part; and Nick phones a hotel, asks for a room. The clerk informs him that no rooms are available. As he does so, Harold Makita, who professes to like Nick, and who has just flown in with a military mission, steps forward, orders the clerk to find a room. The clerk assures Nick of a room, after which, Makita and some Japanese newspaper correspondents examine the register.

"There!" one of the correspondents exclaims, pointing to two names. "That's a convenient room. And the officers who occupy it are now on the terrace. A couple of young pilots."

VI

MAKITA grinned. "Convenient? Good. Give Mr. Griggs room 37," he told the clerk. "Lieutenants Minami and Ichinomiya are leaving." He looked at his wrist watch. "I must keep an appointment," he said to the Domei men. "Yagi, you know, is one person it isn't prudent to keep waiting. Tell those pilots to get their stuff out immediately. If they can't find a better place, they can sleep in their squadron barracks." He signaled his chauffeur, parked in the Place de Théâtre; then he called over his shoulder to the Domei correspondents: "Say hello to Griggs for me. Tell him I'll be seeing him in a little while."

Makita had not seen Yagi since the day they were both ordered south from Shanghai, for Yagi had left earlier on another plane.

Yagi was waiting for him on the veranda of a private home set far back from the street and hidden behind a tall, neatly trimmed hedge. Coming suddenly out of the bright sun into the shaded half-light of the porch, Makita barely recognized him in his white shorts and sports shirt.

"We have our friend Mr. Griggs still with us, *ne?*" Yagi said, pleasantly. "He is almost a diversion among our more serious problems."

"The Maréchal Joffre did not stop at Manila—" Makita began.

"*Ah, sa,*" Yagi said, smiling. "And so you have provided him with room number 37 at the Hotel Continental."

Makita's jaw dropped.

"You have done well," Yagi said. "Mr. Griggs is now a simpler problem. There is no International Settlement to which he may retreat, *ne?*"

"I haven't seen him yet, but left word that I would be back," Makita said.

"He is now a simpler problem," Yagi repeated. "In fact, he may now be able to be of service to us."

"Will we permit him to remain?" Makita asked.

"For the present, do not hamper him," Yagi said. "There will soon be other duties for you, but for the moment just keep yourself informed of his activities. The cables he files, the notes he makes, the conferences he seeks, may all prove interesting." He pulled his sticky shirt away from his chest. "If he is as energetic here as he was in Shanghai, he may provide us with worth-while items."

Makita nodded.

"Now we need no longer depend on Mr. Cogswell to control his communications," Yagi said. "I will fix no time for your return, but come to me when you believe you have something of importance—or amusement."

THE climate's got him, Makita thought as he drove back to the hotel. He was almost human. And then he thought: Maybe it's because things are coming our way.

The Domei men were drinking cocktails on the terrace when Makita reached the Continental.

"He's checked in," the paunchy one said to Makita. "He will join us for a drink. He remembered me. We covered Matsuoka's return together."

"Hiya, pal," Makita called, seeing Nick step out from the lobby. "Are you going to follow me all over Asia?"

"I was wondering who was following who," Nick said.

"That's a nifty," Makita said. "But I'm practically a native here—got in two days ago. Shanghai was never like this."

The waiter brought a round of drinks.

"Here's to our Greater East Asia," said the paunchy Domei correspondent, beginning to blubber.

A half-dozen Japanese soldiers in white shorts walked down the center of the street.

Nick said, "Are these the boys you've been training all these months in Formosa? Don't tell me you don't know."

"You guessed it," Makita said. "I don't know." He grinned at Nick. "Come around for an interview tomorrow. To-night, how about dinner and a look at the town?"

"Why not?" said Nick.

It developed, as he expected, that there was more drinking than exploring. The Domei men passed out before midnight. Makita stayed on his feet but became incoherent. Nick drank warily

To a Fighting Ace of the U.S.A.

—A WORD FROM THE MEN WHO BUILD THE CANNON YOU CARRY THROUGH THE SKY—

You've got a tough job, and we know it. You had to be *good* to get in the Air Corps in the first place. You worked hard and long, learning how to bank and roll and dive and slip, until you felt as natural on wings as on your feet. You spent tedious months practicing aerial combat tactics. And now you're up there fighting in earnest! On your own, alone at the stick, it's up to you to out-fly, out-think, out-shoot any enemy who comes your way. There's a split-second in every duel when everything you're fighting for depends on your fire-power. *Your cannon must not fail!* We at Oldsmobile realize that only too well. We who build automatic fast-firing cannon for fighter planes know how vital it is to build them *right!* It's the greatest responsibility we have ever faced. We know that we've got to do our job as thoroughly and skillfully and aggressively as you do yours! And we're giving our fighting best, every last man of us, for you *and for Victory!*

SIGNED, *THE MEN OF OLDSMOBILE*

FOR VICTORY, BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS!

KEEP 'EM FIRING!

In addition to aircraft cannon, Oldsmobile also builds cannon for tanks—shot and shell for tanks and artillery.

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

★ VOLUME PRODUCER OF *"FIRE-POWER"* FOR THE U. S. A. ★

and went to bed sober. But it was hard to sleep, worrying about Betty and having to wait until noon to see her.

At a quarter to twelve, just in case Betty should be early, Nick seated himself under the awning of the Continental Terrace, on the Rue Catinat side. He ordered a beer, lit a local cigarette which made him choke, and tried to puzzle out more of the morning newspapers. On nearly every page, there were blank spaces—censored columns—and, after a while, he decided to fill them for Betty. He drew a series of horrible profiles, all facing the same way.

At noon, the terrace filled up as though by command. The Japanese officers sat with Japanese officers. The Frenchmen sat with Frenchwomen who looked as though they had all bleached their hair by command. The women conducted themselves with too much animation. They twisted themselves in their chairs, called across tables, uttered high-pitched stagy laughter and constantly powdered their ruined complexions, bleached more fiercely than their hair by the remorseless climate.

NICK turned from their vivacious voices and lackluster eyes to look at the narrow, blinding street. The keepers of the tobacco shop, the cosmetics shop, the gramophone shop and the bookstore had already drawn down their metal shutters; they would not raise them until three o'clock.

On foot and in the *pousse-pousse*—the rickshas propelled by coolies pedaling tricycles—the Annamite women showed up better than the French, he thought. They carried themselves nobly, they wore their glossy dark hair in royal wreaths. Their wonderfully colored tunics, narrower than Shanghai dresses, were slit higher to show their full fluid satin trousers. At twelve, even at twelve-ten, Nick could have enjoyed watching their slight figures move past him. At twelve-thirty, he could not watch anything but his wrist watch.

Dixon did not help, coming to the table with the tobacco man and saying, "Where's Betty?"

"I don't know."

Dixon and the tobacco man were stylish in white shorts. From their belts down, they looked the picture of how the *pukka sahib* should dress in the tropics. From their belts up, with their shirts plastered to them, they looked like miserable northerners actually in the tropics.

"What do you make of it, Nick?" Dixon said, as he and his friend sat down at the table. "Better come along with me to Singapore, what? You can't tell when the French will let another boat stop at Manila."

"You know, most of the British still here are leaving on the Faucault," Dixon's friend said.

Presently, the tobacco man lost interest in Nick, after he learned that Nick did not play golf, was tired of bridge and had never been in Hollywood. Nick did not lose interest in him. The tobacco man had a full tin of American cigarettes. It was easier to wait for Betty, smoking an American cigarette instead of a local one.

By one-thirty, he morosely consented to go into the dining room with his two companions. He insisted upon a table at a window opening onto the terrace: Rue Catinat side.

After he left them, he applied at the hotel desk. There was no message for him. He had not expected one from her, only from Cogswell. There was no note in his bedroom, and he had not expected one from her there, either; only hoped.

He took a cold bath, changed his linen and put on a freshly laundered suit. Outside, the stores were again unshuttered; a *pousse-pousse* coolie followed him, urging him to ride. He shook his head. The American consulate was only a few blocks away.

Louis Jamme

COLLIER'S "These things certainly fill you up, don't they?" LOUIS JAMME

The consul was pleased to see him. He was a plump man with moist heavy circles around his eyes. "I heard an American came in on the Joffre," he said. "I guess you were on your way to Manila."

"I still am," said Nick.

"Well, there aren't many Americans left here," said the consul. "I believe most of them will leave on the Faucault for Singapore and go to Manila from there."

"That's an idea," said Nick. "If I could only get some kind of word from my boss, in Manila."

"Did you cable him from here?" asked the consul.

"Radio from the boat."

"Oh. Then he surely got it."

"Do you think a message from him to me might be intercepted?" asked Nick. "Even here, care of the consulate?"

THE consul reached for a pillow off the lounge and, with it, smothered the telephone on his desk. Then he answered, "Anything's possible here."

Automatically Nick hitched his chair closer to the desk. "What's going to happen?" he said.

"Well, they'll take Thailand for one thing," said the consul. "The rainy season is over very soon up by the border."

"Just like that? We don't do anything to stop them?"

The consul raised his eyebrows and did not reply. He held out a tin of cigarettes; he had American ones, too.

Nick said, "I want to get out some kind of a story."

"Of course. Still, I shouldn't advise you to cable anything from here," the consul said. "Or even to make full notes. Singapore is about the nearest place from which to get out stuff safely."

"Thanks," said Nick. "I guess they really do everything here but tail you."

"Oh, there's no doubt they're following you; probably they know how many times you snored last night," the consul said. "Most of us have a crick in our neck, from looking behind."

After that, Nick started to look behind him, to halt abruptly and jerk around. But he never saw his shadower. Once he was sure he saw Yagi in a Japanese staff car. Once he thought he saw a Frenchwoman with naturally dark hair. But nowhere did he see Betty.

She said she would meet him at twelve on the Continental terrace: some day.

The following noon, he became superstitious and did not select a table until the clock struck twelve. By twelve-thirty, she had not arrived and this time he lacked the heart to scribble on the blank columns of the morning papers.

Makita joined him when he was starting, wretchedly, on his second beer. "How do you like this little burg?" he said, seating himself. "Or haven't you had time to give it a real once-over?"

"I've seen enough of it to come to the conclusion," Nick said, "that it's hot."

"And how," said Makita. "Although the French here, they know how to live. They either sleep or sit out here, drinking wine." He whistled. "The Paree of the Orient."

Nick rose and checked himself from darting forward. She was here after all. She was getting out of a *pousse-pousse*. Her hair was soft and it wasn't bleached. She had on a dress he had probably seen before, only it looked different. She looked like a million dollars.

Makita rose too. "If it isn't Betty Gaspard," he said. "I haven't seen her since once in Shanghai."

Betty did not remember ever having met Makita. She acted as though she remembered Nick but did not know him too well.

MAKITA leaned his elbows on the table and settled himself more cozily and Nick nearly groaned aloud. Until this jerk goes away, he thought, I can't ask Betty about her father; I can't ask her about herself, I can't tell her I was worried and I love her. He said aloud:

"Makita flew here. He left Shanghai after we did." He looked fondly at the Nisei. "You must be awfully busy down here. Not much time to sit around, you know, like the French?"

"Time's what I've got nothing but, today," Makita said genially.

"Then I guess we ought to have a drink," Nick said in a sour voice.

An hour later, Makita said, "How about going inside for lunch?"

Nick looked mournfully at Betty.

"I guess so," she said in a defeated voice. "We're probably all hungry."

The waiter was testy, the tablecloth was soiled and there was a continuing howl from a party of Japanese officers spilling wine on a long table in the center of the dining room. But Makita seemed to enjoy the atmosphere. Nick said once, dismally, "The Paree of the Orient."

Then he caught Betty betraying herself, her disappointment altering her face. He began to plot.

His manner toward Makita became gallant. He said: "Let's have coffee on the terrace."

It was warmer under the awning than inside under the ceiling fans; but they sat there stoically until three o'clock when the shops across the way reopened.

Nick jumped up. "Be back in half a minute," he said brightly. He looked at Betty, as he added: "Don't move."

Across the street, in the gramophone shop, he rented a machine and the first half-dozen records he could get his hands on. He was grinning as he returned to the terrace.

Betty seemed nervous. Makita looked perplexed. Both of them opened their mouths wide when Nick said, "Well, Betty and I have to go up to my room now to practice our dance steps."

He put his hand under her elbow and almost lifted her to her feet. Betty closed her mouth. Makita's was still hanging open as he followed them inside and to the stairway.

"In all this heat—" he began weakly.

Nick laughed. "Betty and I are developing a rumba that's—" he groped in the air, as though searching for the word, and then he almost stuck his finger in Makita's face—"okie-doke."

INSIDE his room, after he locked his door, he placed the machine on the table, inserted a record and started it. Under the cover of the loud dance tune, they whispered.

"They have it all planned for Father," Betty told him. "His court-martial will take place next week. Before that, he will be moved to another prison near the courtroom."

Nick shivered.

"We have a plan," she said. "It means that I'll leave on the Faucault, secretly."

"For Singapore?" said Nick, "Well, what about your father?"

Even under the protection of the music, she was uneasy and moved closer to him. "We plan to have him on the Faucault, too," she said.

"Neat," he answered. "Only, how's he going to get away?"

"Father is weak," she said. "Not disturbingly ill, but so weak that it is expected only one guard, the van driver, will transfer him to the new prison. Tonight, just after dark, not later than seven, though. The guard is with us."

"All right. And then on the ship?"

"The captain is on our side, too."

Nick's face lighted. "I'm going on that ship."

"It leaves tomorrow."

"Just when I planned to go," he said. "Even the American consul advised me to take it."

She smiled slowly. "That's perfect. Since, on the ship, we're only sure of the captain and he may need assistance."

"What about before that?"

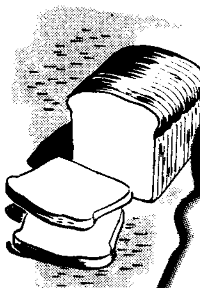
"A sampan will row Father out to the Faucault tonight," she said. "The guard is to return to the old prison with a forged receipt from the new prison. Father shouldn't be missed until the day of the trial. If everything goes right."

The machine ran down and, as Nick rose to wind it, a key rattled in the lock. Hastily he pulled Betty to her feet and

"—takes Brawn-food, these days!"

You can't wield one of these rivet-pounding babies hour after hour on ladybird food. It has to be real hunger-routing grub that stays with you and stiffens your spine and spirits.

What's good is plenty of bread. You can prove it. The records show that more bread is being eaten where brawn is building ships and guns. More bread is being eaten where engineers turn blueprints into miracles. More bread is being consumed by our Army and Navy and Air Corps—men in training and at battle stations.



What kind of bread? Not the war bread you read about—not ersatz. For here in America our bread is a lusty, nourishing, white loaf that's a champ energy-food. The white bread most bakers bake is enriched with extra helpings of Vitamin B_1, niacin and iron to help keep up your "bounce."

Eat other foods, of course. But to keep up to full war strength, go heavy on bread. Enjoy an extra slice or two at every meal. And urge the rest of the family to follow your example.

MOST GOOD BREAD IS MADE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

More commercially baked bread is made with Fleischmann's Yeast than with all other kinds combined, for reasons such as these:

1 Fleischmann pioneered the methods of yeast manufacture which make possible the uniformity, potency and dependable quality not only of Fleischmann's Yeast, but virtually all others as well.

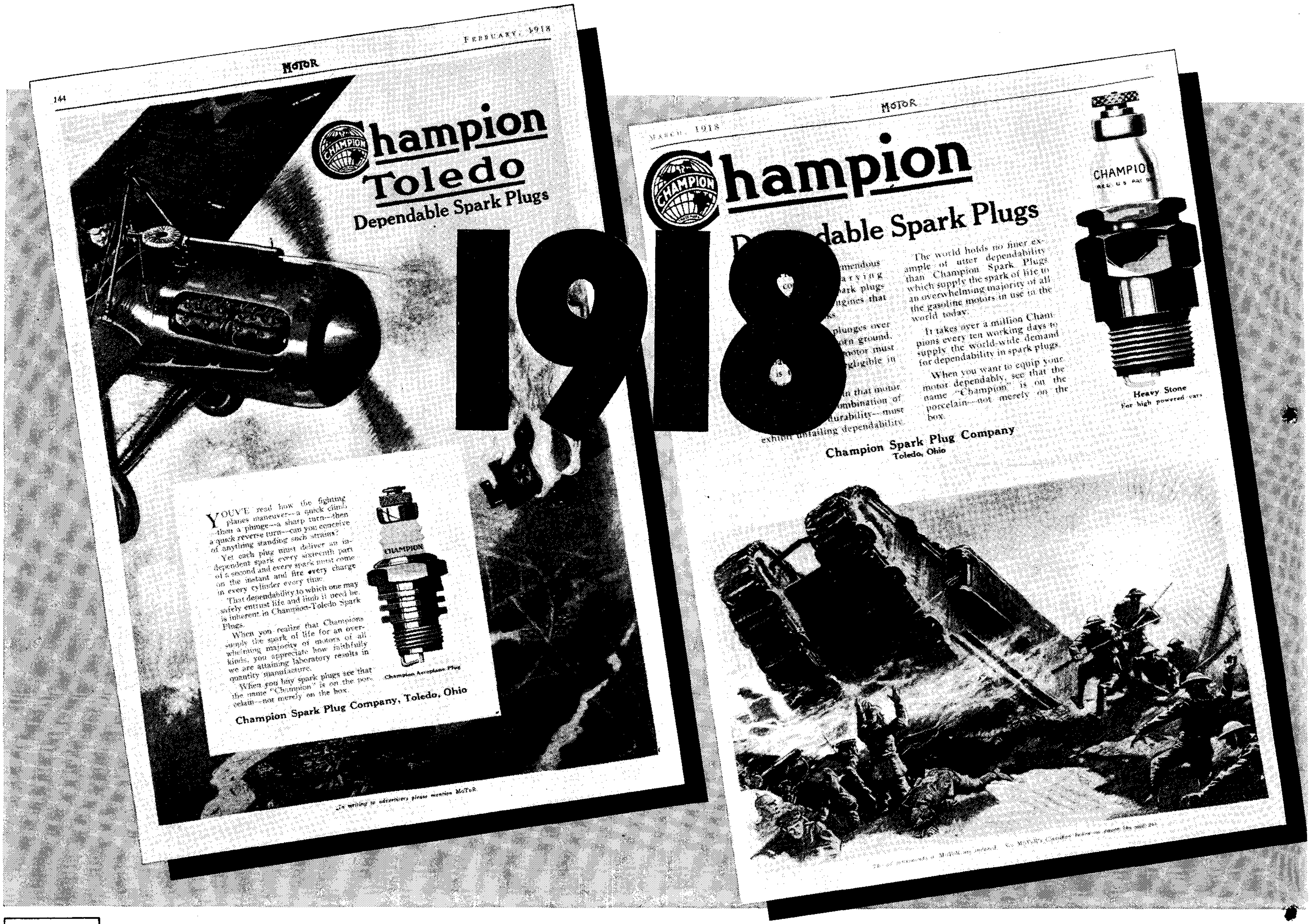
2 More than 400 different strains of yeast, selected from thousands gathered all over the world, are kept under constant culture and study in Fleischmann's laboratories. This assures bakers of the yeast best suited to American flours, methods and conditions year after year.

3 Fleischmann research on vitamins brought about the yeast method of enriching bread with Vitamin B_1.

Bread *is basic*

HISTORY

WE DID IT BEFORE...



MOTOR
FEBRUARY, 1918
144

Champion
Toledo
Dependable Spark Plugs

YOU'VE read how the fighting planes maneuver—a quick climb—then a plunge—a sharp turn—then a quick reverse turn—can you conceive of anything standing such strains?

Yet each plug must deliver an independent spark every sixteenth part of a second and every spark must come on the instant and fire every charge in every cylinder every time.

That dependability to which one may safely entrust life and limb if need be, is inherent in Champion-Toledo Spark Plugs.

When you realize that Champions supply the spark of life for an overwhelming majority of motors of all kinds, you appreciate how faithfully we are attaining laboratory results in quantity manufacture.

When you buy spark plugs see that the name "Champion" is on the porcelain—not merely on the box.

Champion Aeroplane Plug

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

In writing to advertisers please mention MOTOR

MOTOR
MARCH, 1918

Champion
Dependable Spark Plugs

The world holds no finer example of utter dependability than Champion Spark Plugs which supply the spark of life to an overwhelming majority of all the gasoline motors in use in the world today.

It takes over a million Champions every ten working days to supply the world-wide demand for dependability in spark plugs.

When you want to equip your motor dependably, see that the name "Champion" is on the porcelain—not merely on the box.

Champion Spark Plug Company
Toledo, Ohio

CHAMPION
Heavy Stone
For high powered cars

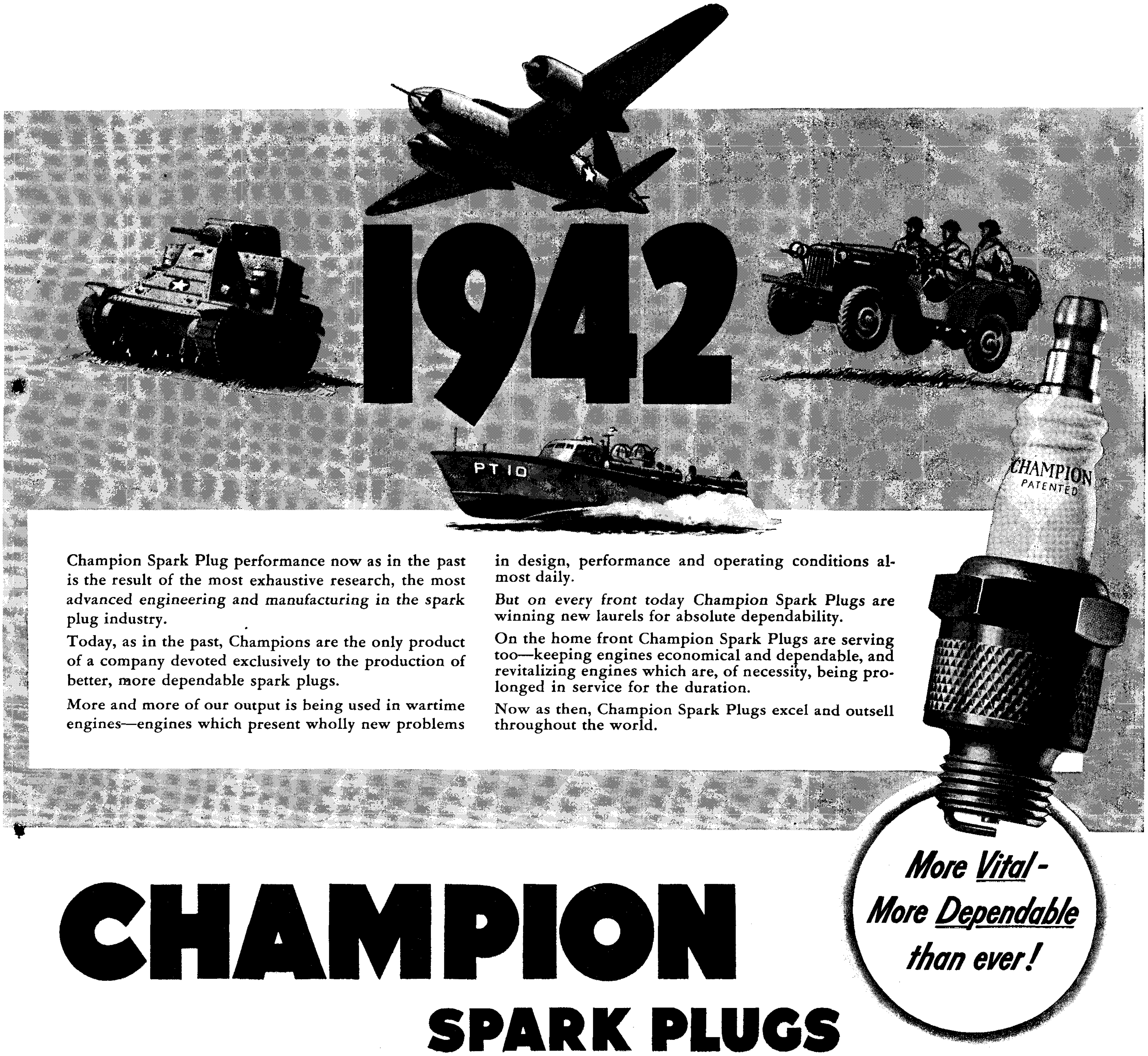
FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

Here are two Champion Spark Plug advertisements of 1918. They dramatically portray the part that Champion played in World War I and are again playing in World War II against the same arch-enemy. Time has improved the type, the size, and the striking power of the engines of war as well as the capabilities and dependability of Champion Spark Plugs.

TO SAVE GASOLINE • KEEP YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEAN

REPEATS

WE'LL DO IT AGAIN!



Champion Spark Plug performance now as in the past is the result of the most exhaustive research, the most advanced engineering and manufacturing in the spark plug industry.

Today, as in the past, Champions are the only product of a company devoted exclusively to the production of better, more dependable spark plugs.

More and more of our output is being used in wartime engines—engines which present wholly new problems in design, performance and operating conditions almost daily.

But on every front today Champion Spark Plugs are winning new laurels for absolute dependability.

On the home front Champion Spark Plugs are serving too—keeping engines economical and dependable, and revitalizing engines which are, of necessity, being prolonged in service for the duration.

Now as then, Champion Spark Plugs excel and outsell throughout the world.

CHAMPION

SPARK PLUGS

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

SOCKS TO BE THANKFUL FOR!

That's what you want 'round your ankles *now*—socks that deliver—Westminster's! Close-knit for warmth against wintry winds; full-sized for foot-action comfort—and woven the Westminster way for walk-a-lot wear! In looks, price, fit and wear they're socks to be thankful for—Westminster's!

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS

began to prance around the room. The key continued to rattle. As if he had just heard it, Nick shouted:

"Sounds like someone at the door."

He opened it to a strange Japanese, a civilian, who smiled vacantly. "Oh, I so sorry," he said, backing away. "I go wrong room, please."

"Your error," said Nick. He closed the door, rattled the key from the inside, reopened it and looked out in one swift movement. The Japanese was opening the door to the right.

Nick closed his door, changed the record and moved closer to Betty.

"I don't understand all of your plan," he whispered. "Is the guard taking your father right to the river in the van?"

She shook her head. "He stops en route," she said. "At a certain pharmacy. At the back, there will be an ordinary car, you see, and another driver to take Father on to the river."

"That's better."

"After that, it's necessary for the guard to pass through a control gate in the governor general's compound, en route to the new prison," she whispered. "And then to turn around as though he had accomplished his mission—of delivering Father."

Nick frowned. "Only he hasn't got anyone in the van when he goes through the gate?"

"We hope no one will look inside," Betty said. "He must take that chance."

"Well, so do you and so does Henri."

"It's got to work," she said. "And I've got to go back now."

"Wait a minute," he said. "I've got an idea. I'll ride in the van from the pharmacy past the compound gate."

"You can't. You're followed."

"I'll shake them."

"But how would you ever get out of the compound?"

"Easy," he said. "I was in there only this morning, seeing the governor general. What's to keep me from going back? I'm an American. The Vichy boys don't want to start anything with Americans. Not yet. Where's the pharmacy?"

The moment she gave him the address, she was troubled again. She said: "I must ask them. If they object, you'll have a call or a message within an hour and you must promise me not to go."

"There won't be a call," he said. "All that worries me now is: If something goes wrong, will you be on the Faucault anyway?"

"Only if I'm told Father's on."

"Well, then I'd be on there and you wouldn't and what would happen to you and me?"

She whispered: "It's got to work." Then she opened the door and hurried away.

HE THOUGHT, waiting for exactly sixty minutes to pass, that all he needed to do was to evade the man next door and maybe Makita if he was still around the hotel. He could do that, he could do everything—play a sick man in the van, play the inquiring reporter around the governor general's compound—but he could not insure all details of the escape or guarantee that Betty would be on the Faucault.

The telephone did not ring. There was no message. He walked out of the hotel, neither too fast nor too slow; crossed the Rue Catinat and strolled into the gramaphone shop. Then he acquired speed, darting out of the side entrance, into the Arcade, skimming through the L-shaped Arcade and jumping into one of the *pousse-pousse* stationed on the Boulevard Bonnard side. No one seemed to be following him.

The pharmacy was in the center of a row of small shop fronts that looked identical, except for their signs and their wares. Its door was closed and there were no lights within. Nick tried the doorknob. It gave. He closed the door behind him and stood uncertainly in the dark. By the time his eyes became adjusted and he thought he saw someone moving behind the counter, he heard an old man's voice:

"Wait at this side, please."

He moved toward the counter and again he waited in the dark and in the silence.

Presently he heard a car halt outside. The door opened; two men entered; one had a dragging step. The other spoke. He said, "Quick."

Nick followed him. As he got into the van, he heard the man whisper: "I will not lock the door. You will get out when I give you a signal."

The van started. Nick stretched out on the bench, his sun helmet over his face. It seemed a long time before the van stopped and he heard the driver say:

"One prisoner. A transfer."

"Proceed."

The van moved on a short distance and again halted. The driver whispered, "Now. Wait here five minutes. Then, good luck."

Outside the van, Nick could not at first identify his surroundings. Then he recognized that he was at the side of the governor general's residence. He followed the driveway past the front steps, down to a gateway.

"Your governor general's a busy man," he said to the guard at the gate. He hardly recognized his own voice.

The guard grunted and Nick walked out onto the street.

Heading toward his hotel, he thought: Now, all I have to do is to wait for tomorrow. That will be the toughest part of all.

THE Japanese driver halted the staff car before the airy, elegant three-story house where a Saigon rice broker had dwelt until Bunshiro Yagi appropriated it. Makita left the car and opened the grilled gate which still bore the French broker's sign, *Beware Dangerous Dog;* and he told himself: I hope the old fellow is still as cheerful as he was three days ago.

Yagi's secretary showed him into a small study and closed the door. For nearly an hour, the secretary did not reappear, but at last, Yagi was ready to see him. As he followed the secretary, he caught a glimpse of a general, short, bull-shouldered and bandy-legged in his creased, hot-looking boots. Makita could not identify him.

He thought: it looks like the main event is pretty near.

YAGI eyed him coldly. "Has Mr. Griggs so soon produced something of importance?" he asked.

"He bought passage on the Faucault two hours ago," Makita said.

"He has received no instructions from Mr. Cogswell?" Yagi asked.

"None."

"I did not think he would," said Yagi. "When Mr. Cogswell wirelessed me, seeking advice, I replied that he should do nothing at all. For the present."

"Griggs hasn't heard from anyone since he reached Saigon," Makita said.

"He sent messages?"

"Not a word," said Makita. "And, so far, there's nothing from him in the American consul's pouch that's going on the Faucault."

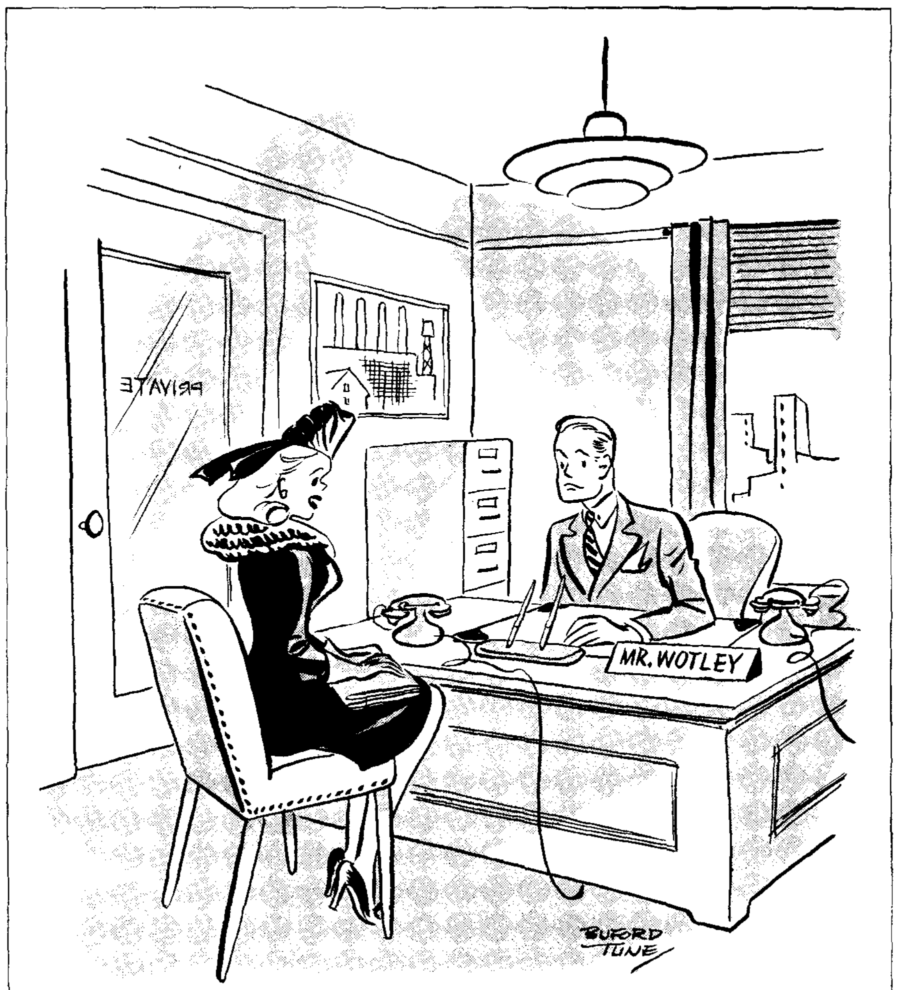
"If Griggs is leaving himself, there would be no need of sending anything in the pouch, *ne?*" Yagi said.

"I believe he suddenly made up his mind to go," said Makita. "He might have submitted letters to the consul earlier."

"*Ah, sa,*" said Yagi. "And why has he suddenly decided to go?"

"I don't know," said Makita simply, bracing himself. At this moment he decided against telling Yagi that no one knew where Nick was for several hours last evening.

Yagi motioned impatiently to his secretary. "Do not disturb me until I sum-



"Sure, eighteen dollars a week is all right to start, but if I ever become Mrs. Wotley I want you to know that's just chicken feed"

COLLIER'S BUFORD TUNE

Steel Workers Hail Health for Victory Club!

EMPLOYES CLUB OF SOUTH WORKS, CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION, STAGES GIANT RALLY AS EATING-FOR-HEALTH PROGRAM GETS UNDER WAY

Now, over 500 South Chicago women have joined the Health for Victory crusade! Eagerly, intensely, wives and mothers of workers who are members of the Good Fellow Club of the vital South Works Plant listened at their first meeting while Mrs. Julia Kiene explained the importance of good diet to health. "Eat right and feel better, eat right and work steadier," said Mrs. Kiene. "Above all, eating right means more pep and vigor to keep war production rolling at top speed."

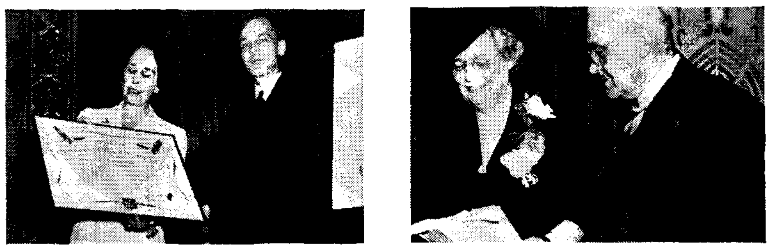
To help war workers keep physically fit through proper food, is the main objective of the "H for V" Club sponsored by the Employes Club at this Carnegie-Illinois Plant, and over 250 other war plants throughout the country. At monthly meetings trained Home Economists demonstrate "Why We Need Vitamins," "Milk in the Wartime Diet," "Lunch Box Planning" and a wide range of other wartime food subjects. New Meal-Planning Guides distributed at each meeting, suggest health-building menus and recipes for every meal in the following month.

Started by Mrs. Kiene, Director of Westinghouse Home Economics Institute, for our own employes, the "H for V" Club is rapidly spreading to war industries everywhere, through electric service companies.

War workers, as well as nutrition authorities, approve "H for V" as a sound, practical program to increase the health of our "Soldiers of Production."

NOTE TO HEALTH FOR VICTORY CLUB MEMBERS: *If your club has just been organized, the meeting this month will demonstrate a subject of vital interest—"Protective Cooking of Vegetables." If more than two meetings have been held, the feature will be "Stretching Your Meat Dollar"—a particularly timely program.*

"O'er the Land of the Free"—with swelling patriotic fervor, 500 voices join in the National Anthem, and pledge themselves to build a healthier America with properly balanced meals.

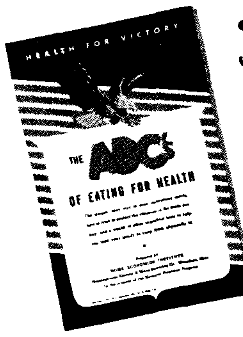

(Left) **"H for V" Club Charter** is accepted by B. M. Livezey, General Superintendent of plant, in name of South Works employes. *(Right)* **Mistress of Ceremonies,** Mrs. M. J. Devaney, talks over "H for V" program with G. P. Wardley, Assistant Vice-President of Industrial Relations, Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation.

(Left) **"Do You Pack a Lunch Box?"** and other registration card questions are used in planning future menus. *(Right)* **Women Bring Children,** rather than miss meeting.

$14 to $16 a Week feeds family of five the health-building menus suggested in Meal-Planning Guide.

Future Generations, as well as war workers, will benefit from nutritionally sound meals.

Pouring a Heat demands skill and strength. Steel workers require hearty, energy-building food, like that recommended in appetizing "H for V" menus.



Free! THE ABC's OF EATING FOR HEALTH!

16-page booklet shows easier way to plan health-building meals. Also tells how to cook foods to retain valuable vitamins and minerals, *with the cooking utensils you now own* . . . how to store foods to preserve nutritive qualities, and a wealth of other up-to-date information on meal planning and nutrition. Send for free sample copy.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.
278 Fourth Street, Mansfield, Ohio

HEALTH FOR VICTORY—*a contribution to America's war effort by*

Westinghouse

NEEDS US STRONG
EAT NUTRITIONAL FOOD

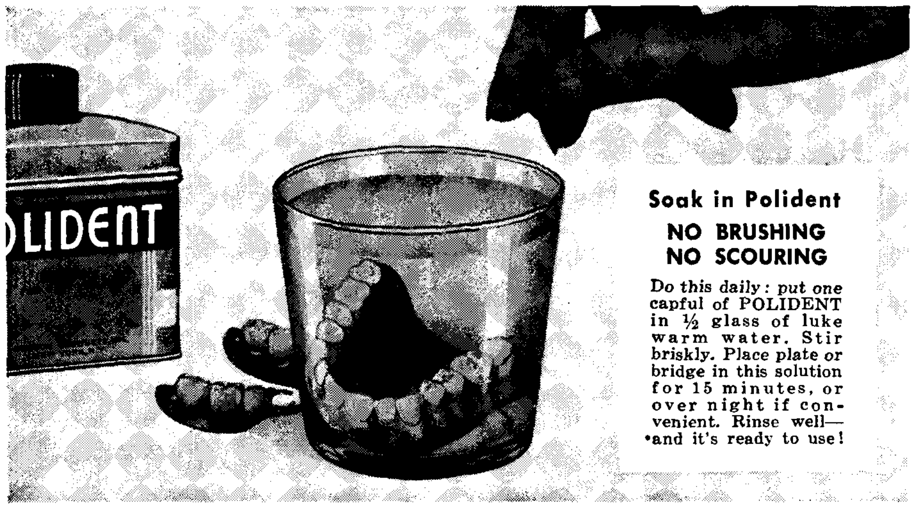
Copyright 1942, Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.

ELECTRIC HOME APPLIANCE DIVISION

BRUSHING
WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS
MAY RUIN
FALSE
TEETH

TOOTHPASTES, TOOTH POWDERS—and household cleansers are not intended for false teeth—dental plates are much softer than natural teeth. Many of these "makeshift" cleaners wear down important "fitting ridges"—scratch polished surfaces, causing stains to collect faster, cling tighter. Continued use may ruin dental plates.

DO THIS EVERY DAY!



Soak in Polident
NO BRUSHING
NO SCOURING

Do this daily: put one capful of POLIDENT in ½ glass of luke warm water. Stir briskly. Place plate or bridge in this solution for 15 minutes, or over night if convenient. Rinse well—and it's ready to use!

PLAY SAFE...USE POLIDENT

Soaking plates and bridges in Polident *dissolves* the cloudy film and ugly stains . . . *dissolves* food particles from hard-to-reach crevices and corners. The purifying action of Polident maintains the original natural appearance of dentures—without danger of scratching them or wearing down the important fitting ridges.

Soaking in Polident means less handling and therefore less chance of breakage than when old-fashioned brushing methods are used.

Plate Wearers Often Worst Breath Offenders

The dark film that collects on plates, bridges, soaks up odors and impurities. This often causes offensive "Denture Breath." You won't know if you have it—*but others will!* Yet POLIDENT quickly dissolves film—leaves plates odor-free and sweet. Millions call Polident a blessing.

POLIDENT IS APPROVED

Polident is recommended by many leading dentists and approved by the leading makers of modern denture materials.

Only 30¢ at All Drug Stores

Generous 3 oz. size—30¢; Economy size, 7 oz.—60¢. Costs only a fraction of a cent a day. At all drug stores. *Your money back if not delighted.* Today get Polident.

BUY WAR BONDS
POLIDENT
BUY WAR STAMPS

The Safe Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges

mon you." He turned to Makita: "Tell me what he has been doing."

"He has been very energetic," said Makita. "In everything except writing out his reports. He has visited Governor General Decoux, he has been pestering the press officer at General Sumita's headquarters for an interview with the general, he has been running in and out of the American consulate, once spending an hour there with the editor of the suppressed Annamite newspaper.

Yagi said, "What did General Sumita's press officer tell him?"

"We merely gave him no definite answer."

"He has compiled no reports whatsoever?"

"Only some scribbled comments," said Makita. He reached in his pocket for a pad. "After he saw Decoux he made a few notations: 'the usual claptrap—British deserted French army; democracy through, people need discipline; Japan protects France's interests Indo-China.' "

"And his notes on the Annamite editor?"

Makita flipped a few pages. "Just a few reminders: 'Educated Paris; natives detest French; Japs sucking up local Quislings; thinks U. S. and China only hope for Orient.' "

Yagi said dryly, "It is clear he has developed an unfair bias against Nippon."

Makita nodded. "Which he will spread from Singapore."

"If he reaches there," said Yagi.

Makita reflected for a moment. Then he said: "The ship leaves today."

"Would he remain here if he believed General Sumita would receive him tomorrow, or the next day?" Yagi asked.

"I will try," Makita said. "And if not?"

"Then it will be wisest to permit him to start on the Singapore ship," said Yagi. "Although it is still worth your time today to determine if he has acquired impressions of military decisions."

"I can see him to the boat," said Makita.

"Should he insist on departing, yes," said Yagi. "Then, if he reaches Singapore we can leave him to Mr. Cogswell who will know how to deal with him without embarrassing us."

"Maybe I could hold him by saying you, too, would give him an interview," Makita said.

"No," said Yagi firmly. "If he doesn't wait for General Sumita's promised audience, let him go. Your responsibility will end when the ship departs. If he goes, report to me tomorrow. I have work for you."

Makita bowed, hurried to his car and directed the driver to speed to the Continental.

HE FOUND Nick in his room struggling with the straps of a suitcase. "Trying to give me the slip?" Makita said. "And where were you around dinnertime last night?"

"Around," Nick said. He looked as though he were in a bad humor or agitated about something.

"Why didn't you let me in on your sailing?" Makita asked. "I could have told you I'm trying to fix it for you to see Sumita."

"Sure."

"I'm not trying to sell you a package," said Makita. "I've just about got an interview all set for tomorrow afternoon."

"Send me the transcript," Nick said. "Address: Singapore."

"He's been darned busy," Makita said plaintively. "In a day or so he'll be settled and able to sit down and chat."

"So the war's over," said Nick. "Interesting."

Five Annamites entered for Nick's two suitcases and portable typewriter.

"That's too much to give them," Makita said, watching Nick hand tips to all of them.

Nick counted the remaining bills in his hand. "This leaves me just enough piasters to get onto the boat," he said, and followed the Annamites from the room. He waved to Makita. "See you in the funny papers."

"Wait a minute," Makita called. "I'll take you to the boat in my car."

"Don't bother," Nick said.

"It's no bother."

Nick sighed. "Well, why not?" It was daylight, he thought, and it was only a short run through populous streets.

When they got to the river, Nick saw the Faucault moored in midstream, surrounded by cargo barges. Along the muddy shore Annamite coolies waited beside sampans, competing for the ship's passengers.

While Nick picked up his typewriter, coolies snatched his suitcases, and Makita followed them onto the sampan.

Well, at any rate, he's not going to Singapore, Nick thought as he glared at Makita. They exchanged no words as the Annamites paddled the sampan between barges to the side of the Faucault.

WHEN he climbed the badly slung ladder to the ship's only deck, Nick began to feel sick with misgivings. On board, with Makita yapping beside him, he saw Hindu deck passengers, crouched in the stern among crates of foul-smelling duck eggs; he saw the Europeans clustered sociably at the stern. And although he had not expected to find Betty and her father out on deck, he recognized now that he had taken an inescapable and irrevocable step.

In the presence of Makita, in the presence of passengers who might tattle, of a crew that might be inimical, he dared not try to learn if she was on board. Finesse it, finesse it, he told himself roughly; you'll find out when it's time to be told. Only, that would be after the Faucault was on her way to sea. If something had gone wrong between the pharmacy and the ship, if she had stayed behind, what then? He could take the boat right back to Saigon, sure, with a week, more likely two weeks lost; and all the time he would not know what had happened to her or if she would be in Saigon when he went back to find her. For that matter, he thought grimly, there was always the possibility that in the meantime the Japanese might strike. Then, he would never see her again.

This kind of dread, slippery as a dream, dilutes you. He found himself agreeing with Makita, although he scarcely knew what he was saying. When the immigration officers, seated at two small tables amidships, called to him, he halted, wheeled and approached them like an obedient soldier.

Then he saw that the officer examining his papers was Gignoux, the undercover De Gaullist, the one Betty said was her father's friend. He became himself again, alert, ready to accept a crook of the inspector's finger as a clue.

Gignoux flipped through his papers, stamped them and handed them back. Looking at him without recognition, he said: *"Voila, Monsieur."* Those were his only words.

Makita said, moving a few steps away with Nick, "Who you looking for? Betty Gaspard?"

Nick stiffened.

"Isn't she even coming to tell you goodby?"

"I don't know."

"What happened? You two have a fight when you were practicing your dancing the other afternoon?"

"Yes," said Nick. "I stepped on her foot."

Makita looked puzzled. "Okie-doke,"

he said. "We better go down and take a look-see at your cabin. You'll find yourself without baggage, if you depend on these Annamites."

Nick wiped his forehead with the sleeve of his jacket. "You don't need to bother to go below," he said. "We can say so long right here."

"No bother at all. Come on." Makita started down the steep stairway. Nick glumly followed. Below, in the long narrow saloon that was just large enough to accommodate one long narrow dining table, he thought it might give him intense pleasure to strangle Makita. He thought he would enjoy hiding the corpse in his cabin until he could push it through the porthole.

THEN he saw his stateroom and decided there would not be room to hide Makita's body. Stumbling over some worn, expensive traveling bags, he doubted that there would be room for himself.

Makita looked at the tags on the luggage. "Nifty," he said. "You're bunking with your old pal, Dixon."

"Dixon," Nick cried out happily. "Let's look for him. I forgot all about Dixon. Let's look for him quick."

Dixon, hedged in by several Britons, tall as palace guards, was standing in a triangle of slack ropes attached to the steering gear at the stern. The tobacco man, his wife, a fiddle-faced woman, their wan little boy and their wan fiddle-faced little girl, sat on a sloping covered wooden hatch. Everyone but the children held a toothbrush tumbler in his hand; and Dixon kept the mugs part filled with whisky.

He found an extra glass for Nick but none for Makita.

"I'll get one," said Makita and started away. The children tagged after him.

The tobacco man addressed Nick: "Do you want me to get rid of him?" He set down his glass. "I'll do it up properly."

Nick said: "No. He'll be leaving under his own steam."

When Makita returned with a glass, the tobacco man's wife said: "Where are my children?" She looked as though she suspected him of eating them.

"They were playing with a little boy attached to his mother with a harness," said Makita.

One of the wives said, "Rhoda Trumwine's little brat. He bites."

The tobacco man said, "Rhoda Trumwine should never have had anything but dogs."

"Her filthy dogs bite everyone," said his wife. "We never allow our children to go there."

As she spoke, her little boy ran to her, howling, his sister at his heels. "Rollie tried to bite him," the little girl said importantly.

The woman who had spoken earlier nodded briskly. "What did I tell you? Rollie learned it from the dogs."

The mother patted her son's behind. "You're not hurt," she said. "Stop whining and be my little Spartan."

Nick thought gloomily: Maybe it would help if I had been brought up to be a little Spartan. From where he stood, he could see the length of the starboard deck; by moving one foot to the left, he could see the length of the port deck. Forward, on both sides, chloroformed hogs in wicker baskets were slowly being hauled onto the deck. He wished he could be chloroformed and revived at the exact hour when he would learn if Betty was on board. Then he began to taste the new torment that would visit him when the captain said: No, it did not work. She did not come.

All the other props for a nightmare had been set up, he thought: The stench of the livestock, the flogging heat, the squalling children, the game adults overplaying their roles, outdoing Kipling. His imagination fattened and he looked wildly around for someone who looked like a ship's officer. He had seen no one but barefoot Annamites and a few unshaven Frenchmen in dirty jeans. Maybe they would start off to sea without a skipper. There would not even be a captain to give or take away hope.

THROUGHOUT the long afternoon, he stayed at Dixon's side. Makita wore down and became silent. The children flung themselves on the hatch covers and slept. The British cheer sounded more artificial.

At teatime, Makita left. By dinnertime, the ship was moving. The British washed their children and washed themselves and sat, expecting worse cooking than their own, at the single table in the stifling, smelly saloon. Nick stayed above. He did not want to eat any kind of cooking. He sat in the dark, watching the lights flicker on the Japanese ships moored in the river, wishing himself somebody else, somewhere else.

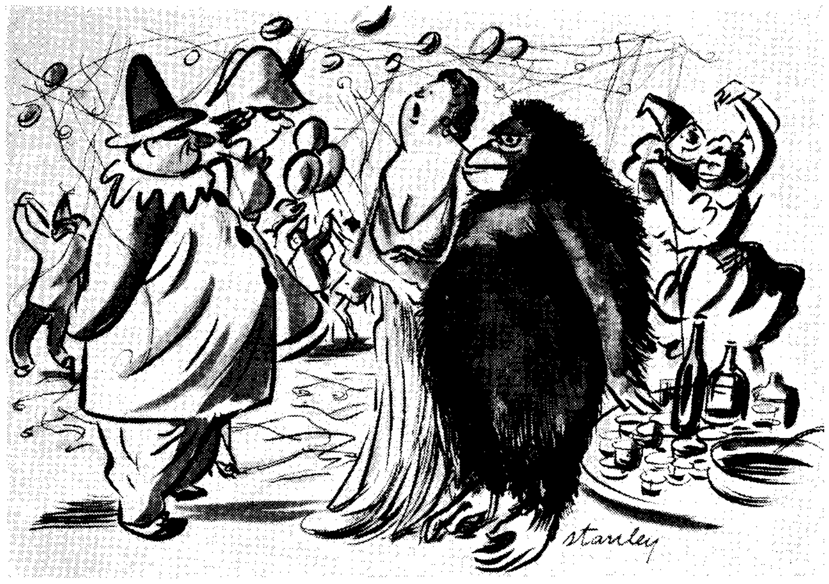
When he tried walking, he saw a man at the table on the open deck amidships where Gignoux had refused to speak. It was one of the unshaven Frenchmen, eating his dinner by a hurricane lamp. He looked up as Nick passed and, with his mouth full of bread, beckoned to him.

"You're Monsieur Griggs, aren't you?" he said, chewing.

"Yes," said Nick. His mouth felt dry.

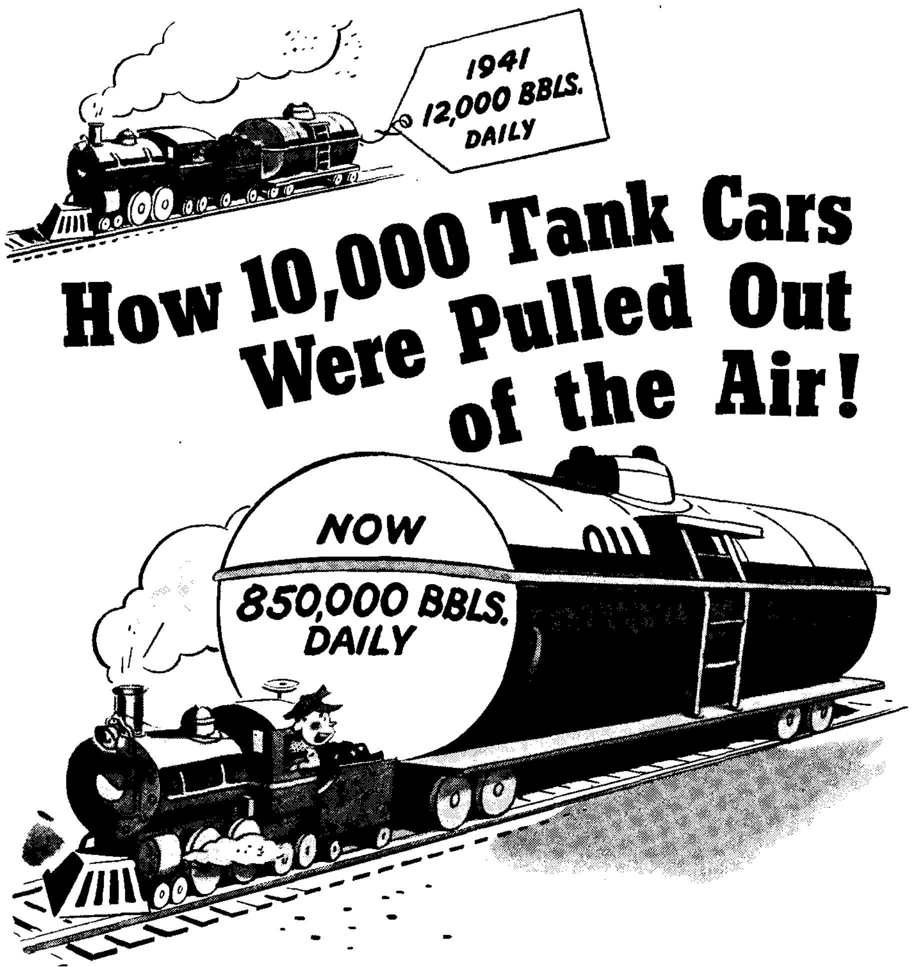
"I'm the captain." He looked around and lowered his voice and said, "They're in my cabin."

(To be continued next week)



"We thought it was someone in costume until he refused a drink"

COLLIER'S GENE STANLEY



How 10,000 Tank Cars Were Pulled Out of the Air!

This is a story of headlines.

The first headline reads, "Navy Announces Two Tankers Sunk in Atlantic".

The second headline says much the same: "Fuel Runs Low in Massachusetts". Hot water becomes a luxury in New York. Cars without gasoline stand idle in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Virginia.

What to do?

America turns to her railroads. Can *they* carry a greater share of the load?

They can and they *do.*

Starting with normal shipments of 12,000 bbls. of oil a day, the Erie together with other railroads doubled this figure. Then we doubled it again and again until we are carrying 850,000 bbls. a day. Seventy times as much today as in 1941!

It takes years of "know-how", the pooling of facilities, and the interchange of new operating ideas to make one train do the work of many—to pull 10,000 tank cars out of the air.

The wholehearted support of government agencies helped. So did the cooperation of civilian shippers and car owners. But the most important factor was a *will to serve* the American people that is present all the time.

In spite of every submarine in the Nazi navy, fuel oil and gasoline are going through.

And the last headline reads, "Threat to Comfort and Health of America's Homes Banished".

ERIE

23,578 FREIGHT TRAINS DAILY ★
1,408,964 FREIGHT CARS DAILY ★
25,000,000 NET TONS DAILY ★
AMERICAN RAILROADS AT WAR

ERIE RAILROAD

Better Men in Better Tanks

By J. D. Ratcliff

How much can a tank's crew take and still fight efficiently? That's what our tank doctors are finding out as they fight heat, fatigue and thirst; gases, noise and contusions. Their experiments are improving both men and machines

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROY PINNEY

Cpl. Stanley M. Kiern with a throat microphone, which makes conversation possible in tanks. The voice is picked up from the Adam's apple, not the mouth

Lt. L. M. Eichna tests the reaction of Pvt. W. M. James on the ballistocardiograph table, an apparatus recording momentum of blood thrust out at each heartbeat

THE tank is buttoned up. Outside, the hot wind howls. Coarse Egyptian sand blasts against the machine's armored hide. Inside, the temperature climbs past 150 degrees. The commander, drenched in sweat, traverses the turret, touches the firing button on the 75-millimeter cannon. The driver tugs at steering levers and the co-driver, eyes glued to a periscope, waits for a target to come into his gun sights. War in North Africa? No. Medical research in Kentucky.

This is the new laboratory set up at Fort Knox to study the health hazards of the tank. For a while tanks got out of hand. Engineers loaded them with performance. They got too good for the men who ran them. The new lab has the job of finding exactly how much men can take—then redesigning tanks to fit these limits. If some slight change can lift the efficiency of tank crews 4 or 5 per cent, that is more valuable than additional fire power. It gives our side a tremendous edge.

Like the plane, the tank is a product of engineering evolution. The first tanks that rumbled through the dawn mist on the Somme, September 15, 1916, were pretty sorry machines by modern standards. They were built to move with infantry—at 4 miles per hour. They carried 6-pound guns and had only enough armor to turn rifle fire.

This war brought a new concept of tank function. Hitler's quarterbacks changed the rules. They saw the tank as a fast, powerful weapon, operating well ahead of infantry. It would blast its way through fixed positions and let the infantry, trailing miles behind, consolidate these gains. But the machine which would do this work had little relation to World War I tanks. It traveled upward of 30 miles an hour, had enough armor to withstand moderate artillery fire, and carried heavy guns. It was designed by tacticians who didn't bother to consult physicians. As a result, tanks forced men up to the limits of human endurance—and sometimes beyond that point.

Making Tanks Habitable

Makeshift changes in tank design were imperative. After having numerous men gassed by the fumes of their own machines, the Germans added supplementary ventilating fans. We added sponge-rubber padding at strategic spots to reduce skeletal injuries. Better safety belts and crash helmets were added. Still, these things failed to get at the fundamental problem: How much could men stand? What changes in tank design would make them more efficient? Was it possible to reduce noise and keep temperatures within reasonable limits?

These problems worried Colonel Albert Kenner, Armored Force Surgeon. He took them to the Army Medical Corps, the National Research Council, and the Office of Scientific Research and Development. He outlined his case. There had been scattered tank research—some of it good. The British had studied the effects of concussion—by putting goats in tanks and firing point-blank at the machines. The Germans had done a lot of work on the psychological requirements for men who fought in tanks. And our men had conducted a number of studies on claustrophobia—fear of confined spaces—which washes a number of men out of the Armored Force. Still, these were minor and unrelated attacks on a big problem.

The Air Corps, Colonel Kenner continued, had faced the same situation. Planes were becoming so good that they threatened to surpass the abilities of the men who manned them. So the Air Corps set up a magnificent laboratory at Wright Field, Dayton. Work done at this lab was in large part responsible

How RCA Victor's "Beat the Promise" Campaign Helps War Production

MR. HITLER,
TAKE A LOOK
AT THIS!

The War Production Drive Committee of the Radio Tube Plant in Harrison, N. J., meeting to plan new ways of "Beating the Promise." (Left to right): G. D. Watson; J. Titchworth; W. J. Langan; Miss Martha Fitzpatrick; A. A. Priest; Miss Mildred Parks; J. N. Mayer; G. W. Crawford; Robert Youngquist; C. E. Burnett; David Sloan; W. L. Van Keuren; A. F. Watters, Chairman.

Take a *good* look. Because this little group is symbolic of a larger group of over 130,000,000 who are going to lick the stuffing out of you.

They're known as the RCA Victor "War Production Drive Committee to Beat the Promise." They represent the many thousands of determined workers of RCA Victor engaged in a common cause . . . to speed production on vital war orders.

What about results?

Well, RCA Victor, prior to the start of our Nation's Defense Program, was a substantial producer of radio communications equipment for the armed forces. But 1940 production was four times greater than in 1939. In 1941 it was four times greater than for the previous year—sixteen times ahead of 1939. And for the first six months of 1942 was 49 times greater than the average monthly output for 1939!

Now take another *good* look, Adolf, and while you are looking, note a few of the "Beat the Promise" posters below—just one phase of a complete production campaign which has been adopted in whole or in part by 141 other war-producing industries. It's this kind of activity and spirit that will bring about your final defeat!

RCA Victor invites inquiries from all firms now engaged in war production, concerning these posters or any part of its "Beat the Promise" Campaign. Address RCA Victor, Dept. BTP-1B, Camden, N. J.

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS EVERY PAYDAY!

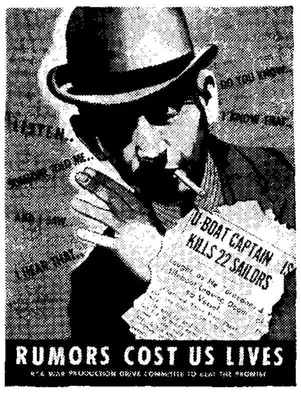
RCA

RCA VICTOR

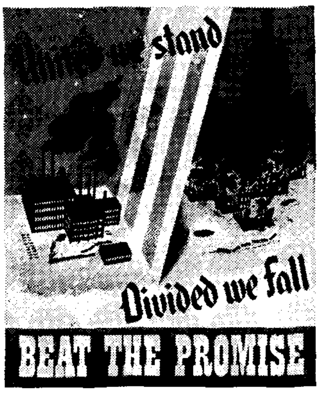
A Service of the
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Let these Victory Posters help speed war production in your plant

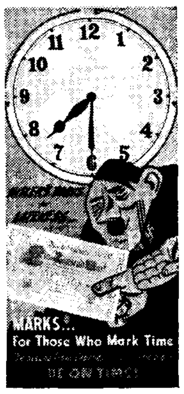
No. 1S5687


RUMORS COST US LIVES
U-BOAT CAPTAIN KILLS 22 SAILORS
DO YOU KNOW
I KNOW THAT
LISTEN
SOMEONE TOLD ME
AND I SAW
I HEAR THAT

No. 1S4807


United we stand
Divided we fall
BEAT THE PROMISE

No. 1S5734


12
1
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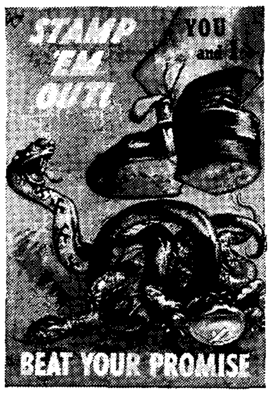
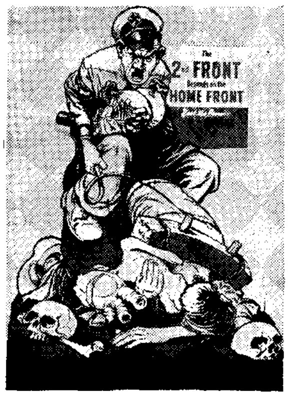
MARKS...
For Those Who Mark Time
BE ON TIME!

No. 1S5348


STAMP 'EM OUT!
YOU and I
BEAT YOUR PROMISE

No. 1S5778


The 2nd FRONT Depends on the HOME FRONT

These five full-color posters, typical of scores that were displayed in every plant since October, 1940, proved effective weapons in RCA Victor's "Beat the Promise" Campaign. The one at extreme right is a life-size cut-out of Hitler, and is being used to promote the newest phase of the campaign under the slogan "The Second Front Depends on the Home Front." All these posters were inspired by employees of RCA Victor and are available, at cost, to other manufacturers engaged in war work.

TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
Glasgow
86 PROOF

"A heelth tae ye an' yours frae th' hearts o' me an' mine"

With a toast it is sincerity that counts; with Teacher's, the Scotch for hospitable occasions... "It's the flavour"

TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow
SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Jockey UNDERWEAR "MASCULINE SUPPORT"
Jockey UNDERWEAR "NO BIND"
Jockey UNDERWEAR "EASY TO LAUNDER"
Jockey UNDERWEAR "NO GAP OPENING"

THE POWER OF A NAME

Today, when buying underwear, it's more important than ever to look for the words "Jockey" and "Coopers" on the label. They assure you of Coopers patented construction that provides masculine support . . . the convenient *Y-front no-gap opening . . . knit fabrics that free you from bind or squirm and are easy to launder. You'll still find Jockey by Coopers the most comfortable underwear made under present wartime restrictions. *A *The source of support*

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES
SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE

Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; In Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; In British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; In New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1

THE HUNTERS

BY MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

The brilliant story of a man who made many women pay for the hurt one had done him

A great new novel beginning in next week's Collier's

for the spectacular performance of our planes at high altitudes. The Armored Force needed scientific work of a similar nature.

Everyone who listened saw reason in his arguments. There was a job to be done—and in a hurry. Funds were set aside and last April, work started on the $500,000 lab. Top research men were recruited from all over the country. Lt. Col. Willard F. Machle, big and businesslike, dropped his job at the Kettering Laboratory of Applied Physiology to head the staff. Captains William Bean and William Ashe came from the University of Cincinnati; Lt. Steven Horvath from the Harvard Fatigue Laboratory; Major Theodore Brackett from the National Institute of Health; Major Theodore Hatch from the University of Pennsylvania. Altogether, a dozen top-ranking researchers joined the staff.

Colonel Machle went off to England to talk to British research groups and check on what they had done—so there would be no duplication. Meanwhile, construction men were rushing work on the laboratory, placed off in a corner of the vast Fort Knox reservation. Staff members went to the Armored Force School to learn the rough-and-tumble art of tank warfare. They learned to drive tanks and fire guns—so they would have firsthand knowledge of the problems they were to work on.

The Dangers of Sandstorms

The completed laboratory is a scientific wonderland. It is equipped to reproduce conditions the Armored Force may encounter at any spot on earth.

Temperature in the room can be held at any point up to 158 degrees. Any degree of humidity can be achieved. Blasts are available to reproduce sandstorms—and sand has been imported from all the war's major battlefields for this purpose. This is an important point. Sand may be sand to the casual observer, but not to the research man. Particles vary in size from a hundredth that of a red blood cell up to the size of a grain of table salt. One produces dust pneumonia, another silicosis, another "tank throat." Dust masks for men and dust filters for engines must be designed for specific jobs.

The cold room at the other end of the building reproduces arctic conditions. This, too, is big enough to hold a tank. Temperatures can be dropped to minus 62 degrees, and artificial snowstorms produced simply by admitting moist outside air. When lights are switched on at this bottom temperature, nothing happens. Heat is conducted away from lamp filaments so rapidly that they fail to light. But if they are switched on before the temperature dives, they continue to provide illumination.

Gases produce a host of tank problems. Oil fumes from the transmission are annoying. Nitrous fumes from explosives produce a quick-acting pneumonia. Carbon monoxide from engine exhaust is lethal. Keeping these gases below danger levels is a prime laboratory problem.

In a typical experiment, a tank engine is allowed to idle for an hour or so in a hot room. Every few minutes a researcher takes a vacuum-bottle sample of air inside the tank. Meanwhile, another worker is taking blood samples from the tank crew—to check toxic concentrations in the blood. If this work indicates danger, the tank will get a larger ventilating fan.

Fatigue is another factor of tremendous importance. A tired man doesn't function as well or as efficiently as a rested man. In the hot fury of a tank engagement a fresh crew has a big edge over a weary enemy. So one of the lab's jobs is to eliminate as many fatigue factors as possible. Take the case of tank seats. It was a strain on short men to reach for clutch pedals, or for gunners to have to crane their necks to reach periscopes. Such minor effort can be more than annoying—it can bring on general bodily fatigue. This is particularly important in a tank, where everyone must function as a member of a team. The team is only as strong as its weakest member.

Realizing all these facts, the laboratory undertook a large-scale study of sitting postures, and made sure that tanks got seats that could be adjusted to fit all men.

In the laboratory, tank crews get orders to execute maneuvers—and go through the same motions they would go through in battle. These mythical engagements may last two or three hours. Then researchers pounce on the subjects. Blood samples go to the chemical laboratory for analysis. If too much lactic acid is present, the man has been overworked. The tanker's reflexes are checked and he is subjected to standard performance tests—putting square pegs in square holes and that sort of thing. If excessive fatigue has impaired his efficiency, ways must be found to ease his job.

Ability of men to adjust themselves to various climatic conditions is another subject vital to the Armored Force. In the desert sun, tank plates get so hot that they burn hands. But the body's cooling system is such that many men can withstand temperatures which would roast a leg of lamb. Some men, that is. Not all men. Even for those who can stand it, excessive heat is apt to play hob with efficiency.

Studies in this field represent a lot of laboratory work. It is costly and foolish to train a man for tank warfare in Kentucky, then find that he can't adjust himself to the climate of North Africa. So the lab strives to determine in advance how a man will react.

Hotter than Libya's Desert

In a typical experiment, a crew mans a tank in the hot room—getting orders to execute mock maneuvers. They work just as hard as they would if they were facing Rommel in Egypt. As they work, research men check pulse, blood pressure, temperature. If a man gets feverish, if his blood pressure rises and his pulse falls, it isn't likely that he will be much good in a hot country.

Yet the scientists are finding out that it is possible to condition men for almost anything. Arctic explorers have noted this. And the Germans have provided an artificial method of conditioning men for the Afrika Korps. For ten days they do hard work in a gymnasium heated to about 120 degrees. At the end of this course, they fly directly to Africa. Our Army is doing much the same thing under natural conditions at the training center. Temperatures at this sweltering spot run, on the average, about 10° hotter than temperatures in the Libyan desert.

Similar work is going on to determine man's ability to adapt himself to cold.

Food and water requirements of tank corps men are getting a lot of thought. Under working conditions at high temperature a man may lose as much as 3 gallons of water a day—and a proportionately large amount of blood salt. If heat fatigue or heat prostration are to be avoided these must be replaced. The laboratory is working out exact data.

Work on nutritional requirements is barely getting under way—but experimental procedures are thoroughly worked out. A man is placed in a tank, equipped with a nose clamp and a mouth tube. The air expired by his lungs is analyzed to determine carbon-dioxide content. This is an exact measure of the amount of food that has been burned into energy. It provides a method of determining the calorie requirements of the men. This is important information in determining the adequacy of hard rations—used on long campaigns. If the ration doesn't supply energy requirements, the man's efficiency goes downhill rapidly.

Air-Conditioning for Victory

Besides these physiological problems, the laboratory also does work in the mechanical field. There are scores of problems here. One is a tank heater for cold-climate fighting. Engines generate vast amounts of heat, but most of it is carried away by exhausts. So far, no method has been found to harness this heat. As a result, in cold-climate fighting, tank temperatures drop to a level only a few degrees above that of outside air. And men can't do their best work at these frigid levels. If a lab can find a heater which will keep our tanks going while the Nazis are frozen up, we will have a staggering advantage.

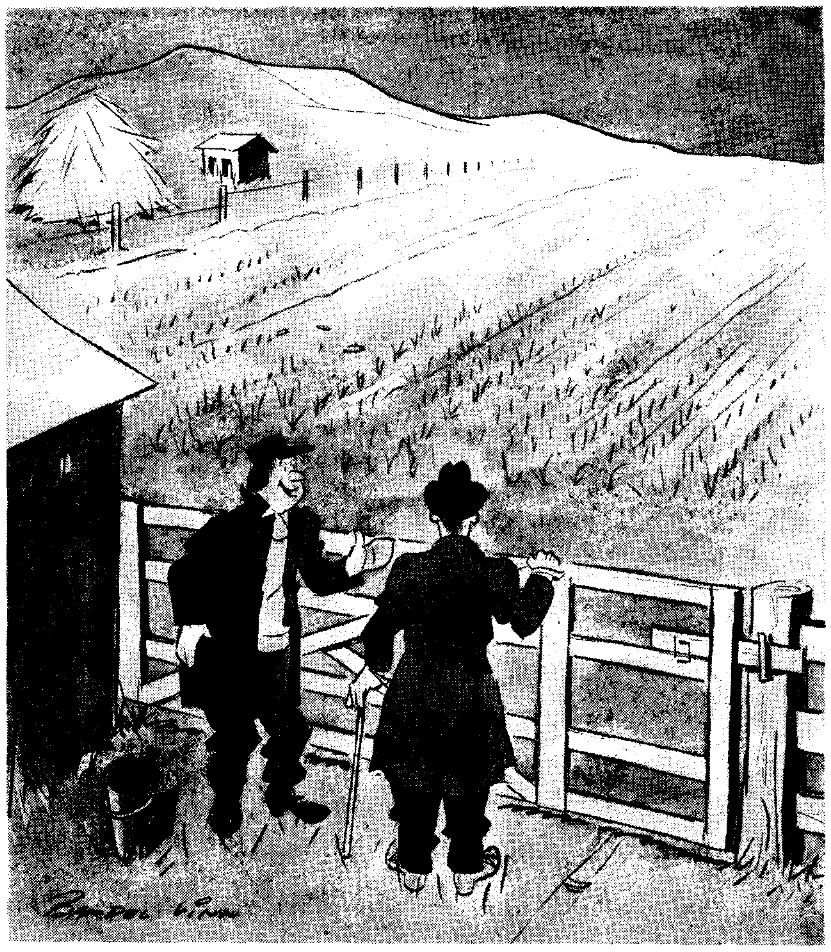
At the other end of the line, an air-conditioning system for tanks would give us a big edge in the desert. Intense heat stops most African activity in the summer. But if we had machinery to cool tanks we could keep going—with disastrous effects to the Germans. The laboratory men are thinking of a small, compact cooler which will lower temperatures only enough to make life tolerable.

Other problems crop up. Noise is one of them. In a full burst of activity, noise within a tank rises to 120 decibels—the decibel count at the base of Niagara Falls is 85. A clever device overcomes this so far as man-to-man communications are concerned. The tankers wear a dog collar with a microphone placed directly over the larynx. Thus, voice is picked up from the Adam's apple—and not the mouth. It is transmitted to others via earphone. So sound isn't a problem so far as communications are concerned. But it does have a nerve-jangling effect sufficiently troubling to suggest the study of soundproofing possibilities.

Other mechanical problems arise constantly. Steering levers on some models require a pull of 60 to 80 pounds. This is fatiguing—particularly so because cramped quarters rule big men out of tank jobs. This has been corrected by installing boosters. So the tank is gradually evolving as a weapon built to fit the capabilities of the men who run it. In essence, the job of the laboratory is to determine how much wear and tear human beings can safely stand—and see that tanks are designed to fit these limits.

Not long ago a naval flight surgeon described the ideal Navy flier as a man: "twenty-two years old, not married, not in love, broke." The laboratory is writing a similar though far more exacting description of tank corps men; one which has to do with reflexes, blood picture, metabolism, adaptability. Our arsenals are turning out tanks at an ever-increasing tempo: 45,000 in 1942, 60,000 in 1943. The lab's job is to see that we have men who can get the last ounce of performance from them.

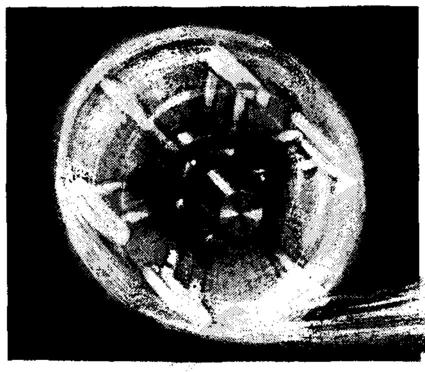
THE END



COLLIER'S "Six months ago this was just a toy factory!" BANDEL LINN

For cleaner, brighter teeth use

KOLYNOS TOOTH POWDER

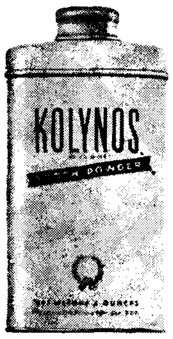


It's **SOFTER, GENTLER, SAFER** because it's **Micro-Pulverized!**

This is the Micro-Pulverizer—it grinds and re-grinds tangy flavored Kolynos until it's light as thistle-down...superfine as an expensive face powder. And, as your own dentist may have told you, a powder as soft and fine as this is sure to be safe...gentle...*really good to your teeth!*

Combines the foaming action of paste with the cleansing action of powder!

That's because the new Micro-Pulverized Kolynos transforms into bubbly foam as you brush your teeth. And this foam is so fine in texture that it gets in the crevices... helps the toothbrush whisk away those hidden food particles that often cause discoloration and decay. Ordinary surface stains disappear after a single brushing! What's more, the new Kolynos has a tangy, bracing flavor that's new and different. It's wonderfully refreshing...lingers on after each brushing.



Try Kolynos Tooth Powder at our risk. You must agree that it does a better job of cleaning your teeth...refreshing your mouth...or you get DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

KOLYNOS TOOTH POWDER

IT'S GOOD TO YOUR TEETH BECAUSE IT'S SUPERFINE!

Day of Reckoning. . .
made in U.S.A.

THE Day of Reckoning is here . . . a day of destruction . . . *made in U. S. A.*

The Axis...first to resort to the savagery of mechanized warfare . . . must now answer to an aroused, united, vengeful nation of master mechanics.

Those who sought to destroy whole cities from the air are discovering that the kind of warfare they began is now turning against its creators . . . with ever-increasing fury.

Here in America, day and night, the entire aircraft industry is working round the clock to turn out more and more planes to darken Axis skies.

To speed the day of Victory, all of us are straining every nerve to build as many as possible of *next* year's planes *this* year. And in doing so, we have accomplished something that had always been thought impossible: We are building heavy bombers by *mass-production* methods.

Battleship of the Air—the Liberator

From our huge Consolidated plants comes a 24-hour-a-day flow of heavy bombers . . . chief of which is the Consolidated B-24, known as the Liberator.

This giant 4-engined bomber — 28 tons of winged destruction — is truly one of America's most formidable aerial weapons. With its trans-oceanic flying range, the Liberator can reach overseas objectives under its own power, fully loaded, in a matter of hours.

We're sharing the Liberator

Naturally, we're proud of the Consolidated Liberator. And we're proud to share her with others, in the common cause of Victory. That's why we've turned our blueprints over to Douglas, Ford, and North American. Teaming up together, we shall put even more Consolidated-designed Liberators into the skies.

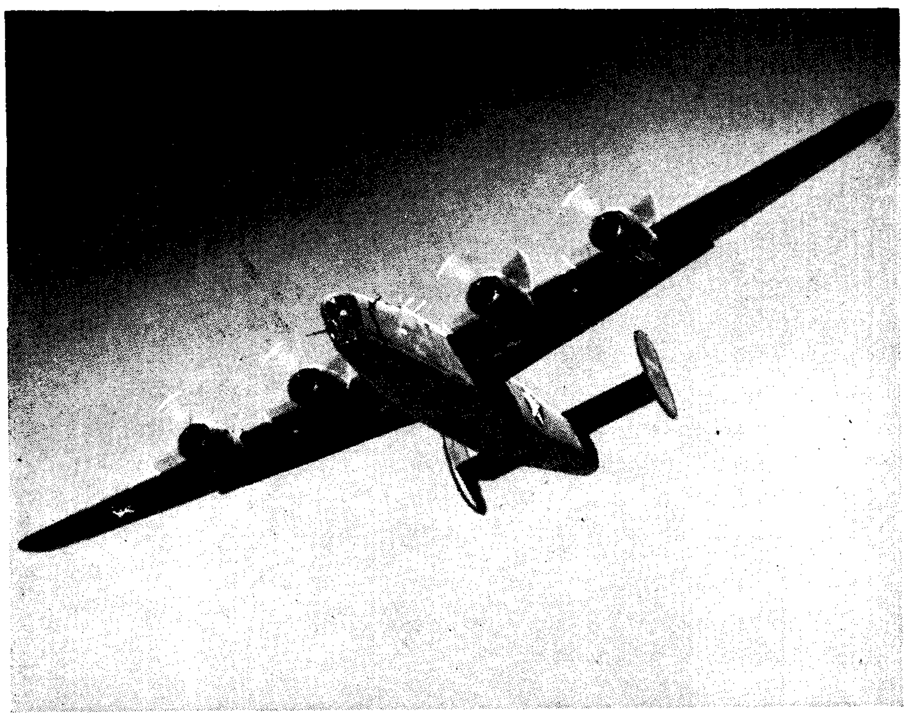
Big bombers for the Navy, too

Consolidated is also turning out huge PBY and PB2Y flying boats. Known as Catalinas and Coronados, these aerial giants have been giving good account of themselves in the work for which they were designed.

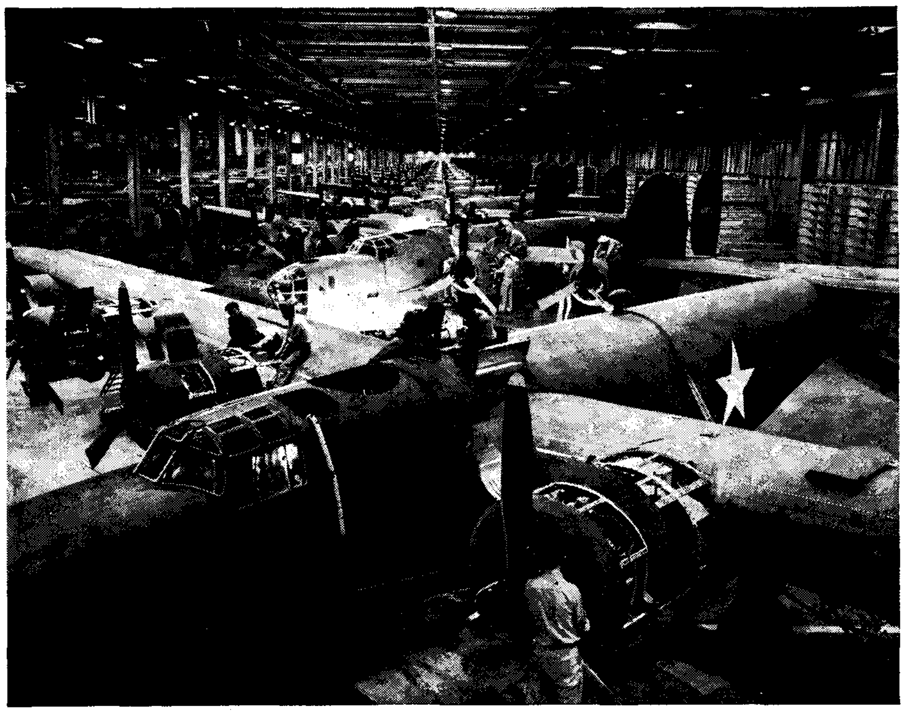
But, fine though American bombers are, you can rest assured of this: Consolidated, along with others in the aviation industry, is now developing bombers that will surpass even today's best. In the meantime, we are not forgetting for one moment that a bomber in the air today is worth *three* a year hence. *Consolidated Aircraft Corp., San Diego, Calif. Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.*

CONSOLIDATED* builds Battleships of the Air

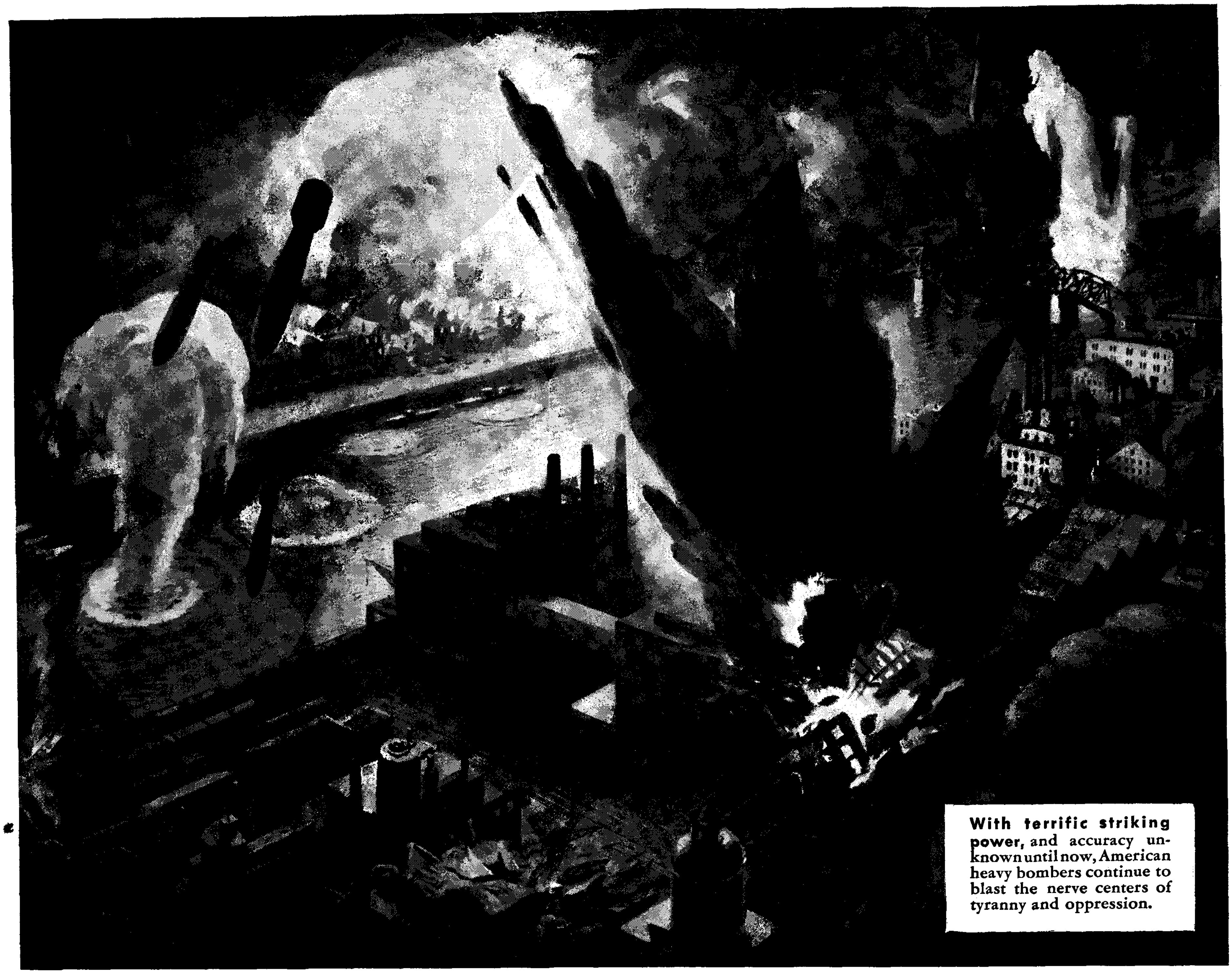
**Originator of the LIBERATOR . . . CATALINA . . . CORONADO*



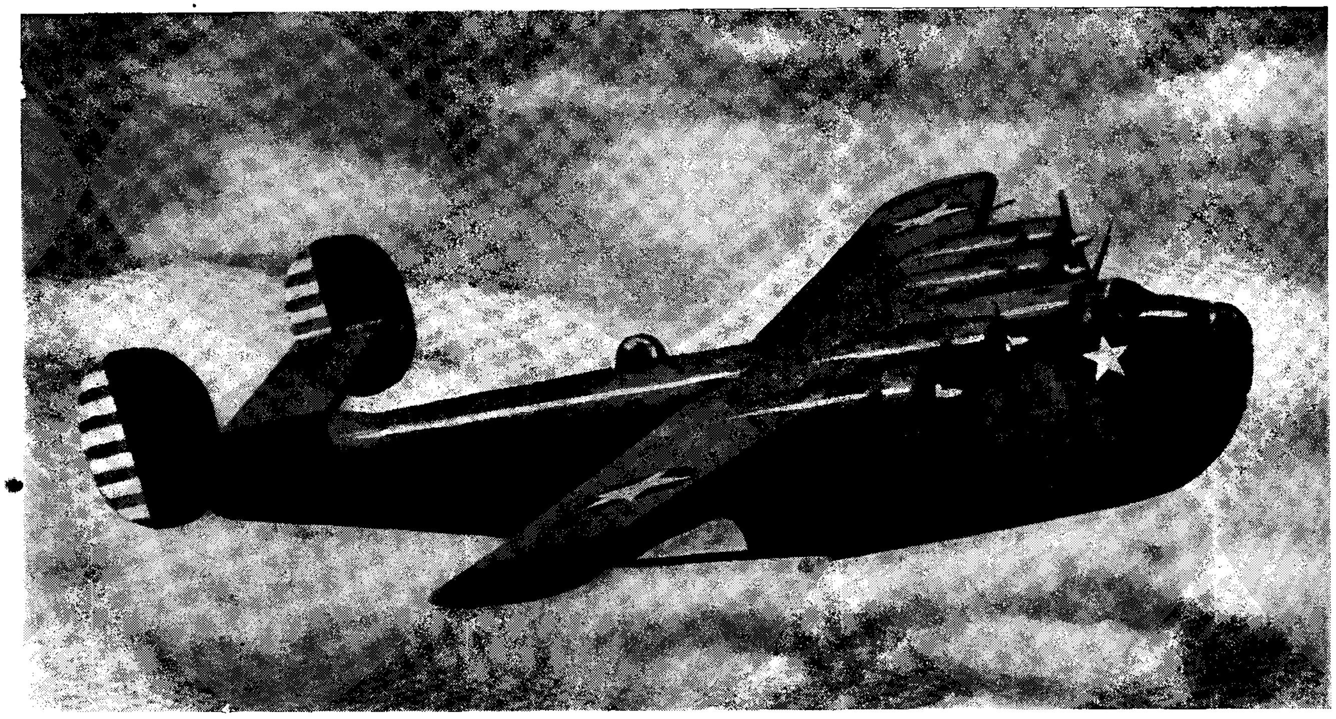
A veritable battleship of the air, the 28-ton Consolidated Liberator is one of America's ace 4-engined, long-range bombers. It can fly under its own power, with full bomb-load, across the Atlantic in a very few hours . . . or across the Pacific to Hawaii and then on to Australia.



Moving down America's first heavy-bomber assembly line, 24 hours a day, Consolidated Liberators are trundled out onto the apron into the hands of the test pilots. Cargo-transport versions of the Liberators are daily ferrying stores and supplies across both oceans.



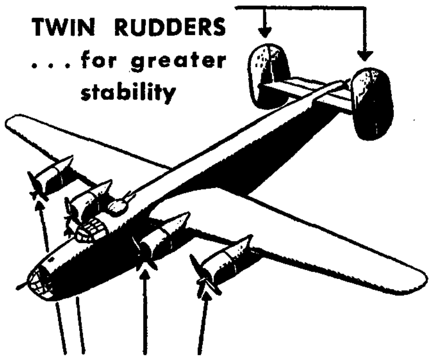
With terrific striking power, and accuracy unknown until now, American heavy bombers continue to blast the nerve centers of tyranny and oppression.



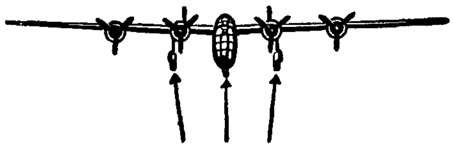
"Eyes of the Fleet"—Consolidated also builds the PBY and PB2Y flying boats, known as the Catalina and Coronado. The 33-ton, 4-engined Coronado (*above*) carries a tremendous bomb-load, is literally an aerial dreadnaught. Equipped with a complete galley and sleeping quarters for its crew, this giant patrol bomber has a trans-oceanic flying range, can stay aloft 24 hours at a time if need be.

How to spot the LIBERATOR (B-24)

TWIN RUDDERS . . . for greater stability



FOUR ENGINES . . . for dependability, range, and speed



TRICYCLE LANDING GEAR . . . for safer take-offs and landings

Virgie and the Jump-Crazy Marine

Continued from page 17

"Where you going, scamp? You'll get snake bit," he called.

"What the devil are you doing out here, Virgie?" asked the colonel. "Your mother's going to punish you good for this. Get in the back seat."

Virgie didn't bother to rise out of the reeds. She just rolled down the dune into the road. She got up, brushing sand out of her hair. She crawled into the rear seat of the little car, pushing a Thompson submachine gun off the cushions and onto the floor.

"Careful of that tommy, kid," said the captain. His name was Barry Wilson and he was one of Virgie's best friends.

"We're going to take a little trip over on the mainland," said the colonel, "and I guess, little pest, that you'll have to go along since your mother has gone for the afternoon."

The jeep fled along the road to the ferry. Once on the mainland they came to a stretch of rough road, and Virgie bounced around on the back seat. It had been two months since Colonel Grew had been transferred from the Marine Barracks in Washington, D. C., to the Corps' great new base at New River. And Virgie had changed a lot. The hot North Carolina sun had colored the little girl's face a flushed pink, which blended smoothly with her sweetly sullen, crossbow-shaped mouth and her vivid hair. Her hands were brown and her plump knees were rough, from rolling in the sand.

ALREADY she loved the wild shore country. There was the broad green river, flowing into the angry Atlantic. There were the forests of tall turpentine pines and spruce and gum and pecan.

"These are sure beautiful boondocks," Virgie said to her friend, Sergeant Michael J. "Asiatic" Donohoe.

Asiatic was at New River, too. When the colonel had left Washington Asiatic had put in for and secured his own transfer to the school for paratroopers at the new base. The Grews had been at New River for only a day when the big sergeant reported for duty at the training center. It had been like that, always, as far back as Virgie could remember.

Donohoe was a wild private with the Fourth Marines when the little girl was born in Shanghai. And when she was a toddler in Shanghai and Chungking one of the first persons she had learned to know was Sergeant (sometimes Corporal and Pfc) Donohoe. Asiatic had followed the colonel for duty in London, San Diego, Quantico, Washington and, now, North Carolina.

The jeep left the main highway and started up a side road that was gashed through the somber pines. Through the trees, Virgie could see the dark green waters of the river. A formation of amphibian tractors, like a family of ducks, moved down the stream. On the river bank, a platoon of helmeted Marines was resting after a combat problem. The platoon's rifles were stacked. The officers were sitting under a tree smoking. But the kids of the platoon were not resting. Some of them were wrestling on a sand spit, using the tactics they'd learned in the hand-to-hand conflict classes. Some of them were throwing knives, with remarkable accuracy, at tree trunks. Two of the boys had their rifles and they were practicing the exchange manual.

"There are people in this country who think our boys are soft," said the captain, with a laugh. "I wish they could watch these New River Marines for about a half-hour."

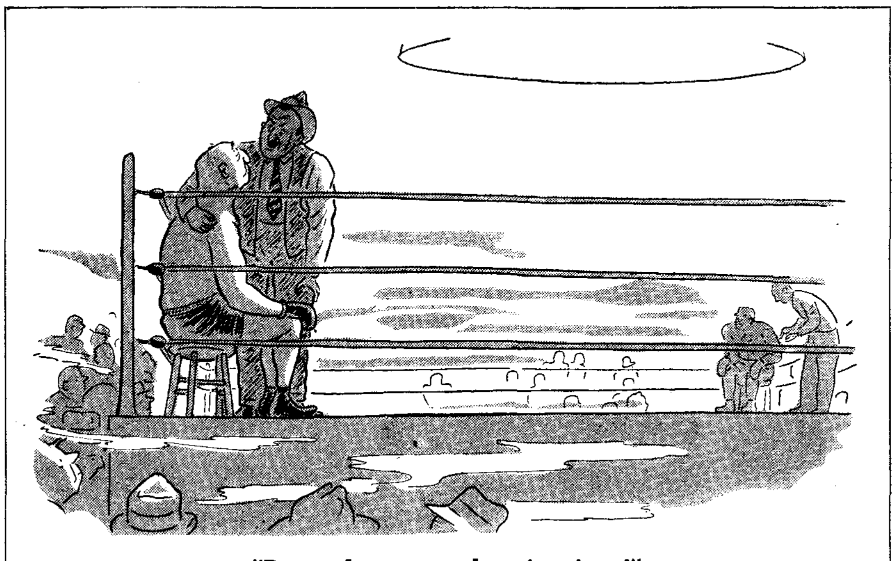
"These kids spend all their spare time beating the hell out of one another," said the colonel. "They never want to rest."

Gently, so the men in front would not hear, Virgie picked up the submachine gun and held it fondly. The gun was new, without even a scar on the butt stock. The little girl slipped out the drum-type magazine and began to field-strip the weapon.

"How's Asiatic getting along in parachute school?" the colonel asked, casually.

"Too darn' good, sir," replied Wilson. There was a serious look in his eyes. "He's so good that I'm pretty sure I'll have to throw him out of the school. And I might even have to secure him in the brig."

"I don't get it," said the colonel. "I would have sworn that Donohoe would make an ideal paratrooper. I've seen that boy in action—in China. And he can really go. I'd like to have him on my side when we go into combat."


COLLIER'S "Remember, now—be vivacious!" DAVE HUFFINE

"Did you," asked the captain, "ever hear of a guy going jump-crazy, sir? That's what we call it, anyway. Sometimes the boys get punch-drunk. Maybe, the connecting links in the shroud lines hit them on the back of the neck too much. Anyway, they get so they want to jump out of a plane every time they go aloft.

"Right now, Asiatic is supposed to have made only six jumps. But I know that he has made at least twenty. And maybe more behind my back. This is not so good for discipline among the men. Every time Donohoe sees a meadow he wants to jump into it. The other day I was taking a bunch of new recruits on an indoctrination flight. I let Donohoe go along. I didn't pay any attention to him for a few minutes. And the next thing I knew, Asiatic was gone. He landed so far out in the boondocks that he didn't get back to barracks for six hours. That almost amounts to desertion. Anyway, it was disobedience."

"Lord knows," said the colonel, "that Asiatic has always been a lot of trouble. But you'll find him worth a lot more than the trouble he causes. Maybe I can talk to him and he'll snap out of all this."

"I'm afraid it may be too late," replied Wilson. "One more slip and I will have to make an example of him. The boys are flying over to Atlanta late this afternoon for a jumping exhibition. Asiatic is going along, with a bunch of instructors. And if he pulls something today it's going to be just too bad."

Virgie was worried about Asiatic. She knew that things would be very bad for Donohoe if the big sergeant were brigged for disobedience or thrown out of the parachute school. On three previous occasions, he had been busted from sergeant to pfc.

"I've always thought Asiatic was snapping in for a bad-conduct discharge. And now it looks as if it's going to come true," Virgie thought. "He's really going to get it if he's not careful."

"What time's the flight going to Atlanta?" she asked the captain.

"You couldn't make it, honey," he replied. "They're taking off in about an hour."

Now they were in one of the wildest sections of the reservation's two hundred square miles. The colonel stopped the jeep in the smooth sand road. All around was the forest, and the forest was filled with the chorus of the swamp lands, frogs and water birds.

"Along here it's pretty swampy," said Colonel Grew, "but it's grand hunting, according to Billy Arthur, the newspaper editor at Jacksonville. There are black bear and deer and wild hogs in droves. Those hogs make the sportiest hunting of all. Some of the boars are almost as big as baby elephants and they're meaner than so many gorillas. The Negroes call them tush hogs."

"I know," said Wilson. "I was on a hunting trip down in south Texas once, and one of the Mexican kids with us was mauled and almost killed by a bunch of javelinas. They're little wild hogs."

"These here are bigger and tougher," said the colonel.

THE colonel was studying the terrain. He was planning to bring part of the battalion here the next week for a problem.

"I think I'd better have the boys bivouac on that high ground," he said, pointing to a rise in the timber to the left. "It'll be too damp to camp any place else."

Colonel Grew crawled from the jeep and the captain followed. Virgie started to get out, too.

"Stay here, Virgie," said the colonel. "We're going to scout around a bit."

Virgie said nothing. She was thinking about how terrible Asiatic would feel if he had to leave the parachute school and walk out the gate with a B.C.D.

"And he would still be jump-crazy," she thought. "Why does everything have to happen to such a good guy while some of the biggest poges in the corps do worse things and never get into trouble?"

Virgie looked at the rise and saw that Colonel Grew and Wilson had reached the crest and were standing by a huge pine. Around the men, branches in the timber began to crack. Dark shapes moved along in the shadows of the pines, rooting in the soft earth and grunting. Suddenly, it seemed to Virgie that there were wild hogs everywhere—big fellows, some of them. And there was a lean, red-eyed boar, with sharp tusks, moving up close to the men.

"Look out, Daddy!" Virgie yelled.

And just then the big boar in the lead lowered his black head and charged the Marine officers. Colonel Grew hit the leader on the snout with a piece of sandstone. Squealing his anger, the hog turned. But others were pressing in.

"It looks like tall timber for us," said the colonel.

"After you, sir," said the captain. And he gave the older man a boost up the large pine tree. He grabbed a branch and followed up the trunk, too. He was just in time, for the hogs had surrounded the base, and the lead boar was running around the tree with blood running from his snout.

"I never thought I would run from a pig," commented the colonel.

"You mean lots of pigs," said the captain.

DOWN on the road, Virgie was standing up in the jeep.

"Stay in there, honey," the colonel called. "Don't budge from the car."

"Hang on, Daddy," Virgie yelled.

"How about the jeep?" said Wilson to the colonel. "Can Virgie drive it?"

"Yeah," replied the colonel, "she has driven in my lap when my wife wasn't around. But she couldn't get through this timber in that jeep. It would take a tank to make it. There's no ammunition for the tommy gun, even if I would let Virgie use it. I guess she'll have to drive back for help. These fellows below don't act as if they're planning to leave soon."

Then Colonel Grew called instructions to the little girl:

"Drive slowly back to headquarters. Get somebody here in a hurry. I don't like this Tarzan stuff."

Some of the hogs were moving down toward the little car. So Virgie didn't have time to reply to her father. She plopped down in the front seat, started the engine, turned around the jeep in the road and headed toward the base.

About ten minutes later the little girl arrived at headquarters. She parked the jeep and ran to the guardhouse.

"Could I use the phone, Lieutenant Wilkinson?" she said to the officer of the day.

"Surest thing, Virgie," said the lieutenant. "What are you doing over here? Who're you going to call—your pa?"

"No," answered Virgie slowly. She saw no objection to telling the truth. Anyway, she liked Lieutenant Wilkinson. "No, Lieutenant, I'm just going to call Asiatic over at Parachute School. It's awfully important that I talk to him before he shoves off in about ten minutes for a flight to Atlanta."

"I'll get the call right through, Virgie," said the young officer.

Sergeant Donohoe sounded pretty puzzled over the phone.

"What are you calling me for, honey?" said Asiatic. "I got things to do. I'm lia-

Wine—*friendly as holiday fun*

Over good food and moderate glasses of wine, people find it easier to be good companions

As the war goes on, we need to gather friends about us more often. We discover we want to sit down at table together. Want to share food and moderate glasses of wine. Want to relax and rest up.

During many lifetimes, wine has been this kind of companion—a companion of free people gathered at neighborly tables.

You sense an invitation to a cheering dinner in the natural fragrance and bouquet of wine. You realize more fully, as you sip from your glass, that wine is made on purpose for friendship.

We've a new booklet which tells about wines and wine serving — and also about ways to use wine in cooking. This booklet is free. If you would like to have it, write to the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco.

Your wine merchant's shelves now hold many excellent California wines. They are sound, well-developed and true to type. And not expensive! Your dealer will be glad to help you select from among them.

FOR VICTORY
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To gather friends around your table actually improves your dinner. In much the same way, wine makes "turkey-and-fixings" even better eating. Choose a red table wine like Burgundy or Claret or a white wine of the Chablis type. Serve the white wines well chilled — the reds at cool room temperature

LADIES PREFER PIPES IF...

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What a difference, mister! So delightfully aromatic the ladies *cheer!*

And mild? Just compare it to the finest custom blend! Smooth. Sweet-smoking. Bite-free. Moreover—it doesn't lose its flavor.

Bond Street contains a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in any popular priced mixture. Notice particularly—it leaves no stale pipe odors in the room. Make this Indoor Test today... and see!

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Most discriminating pipe smokers stay with **Bond Street** "forever after"—once they try it. It's *that* good! Economical, too. 15¢ for large pocket tin. Pouch, 10¢.

BOND STREET
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ble to go off without my spare if people start bothering me just before a flight."

"Take off your pack, Poge, and listen to me," said Virgie sternly, "you're going to be in the brig on P. and P., waiting for a B.C.D., if you don't quit jumping out of planes when Captain Wilson tells you not to."

"I ain't really jump-crazy, like the scuttle butt that's going around," replied the sergeant. "But sometimes I just get curious about what's down there on the ground—and I just heave out of the plane. But I'll try my best not to jump too previous on this trip—if that's what you're calling about."

"This time only," said Virgie, "I want you to jump before you get to Atlanta. You know where Cavalier Point is, on the north side of the river?"

"Yeah," said Asiatic. "Hurry, Virgie, I got to go."

"Well," continued Virgie, "you peel out at Cavalier Point. I know Captain Wilson will be glad to see you, because he's waiting up a tree with a lot of wild pigs for company."

"I get it," said Sergeant Donohoe. "Goodby, honey."

Lieutenant Wilkinson looked up from his desk. He had been only half listening. "What are you reading off Asiatic about now?" he asked. "And what was that about Captain Wilson being up a tree?"

Virgie ignored these questions, and said, "Your wife is really pretty, Lieutenant. I guess she is the most beautiful fi-fi on the base."

And then Virgie asked the officer about his training with the commandos in England. And the little girl didn't have to answer any embarrassing questions.

It was twenty minutes before Virgie, suddenly, broke off the conversation and announced:

"Lieutenant, I've got a jeep outside. I believe you had better let me have a couple of supernumeraries with rifles and let them go up the road with me. My dad and Captain Wilson are kind of in a little trouble."

BACK at Cavalier Point, in the branches of the big pine, the two Marine officers were still clinging and looking down at the backs of the wild hogs. The big boar with blood on his nose still moved excitedly among his fellows. And the colonel, wearily, thought of a war dance he'd once seen in the Dutch East Indies.

"This isn't getting funny fast," said the captain. "Those fellows are liable to root down this tree if they keep on messing around down there."

"I don't know what could be keeping Virgie," said the colonel; "she should have been back long ago. I hope nothing has happened to her."

"Don't worry about that one," said the captain; "she'll always make it." He tried to move out on his perch but he found that his thigh and leg muscles were numb. So he clung tighter to the tree trunk.

From far away, they could hear the roar of a plane's motor. And then it was very near.

"That may be the boys going to Atlanta," said Captain Wilson. "But they'll never see us here in this thick shinnery."

A big transport plane came over the treetops and into their vision. It was flying at about six hundred feet, but it looked closer. Something hurtled from the plane. The canopy of a parachute opened and a form floated down toward the hilltop.

The plane passed quickly out of sight. And there was nothing in the sky but the parachutist. He was coming down fast, tugging at his shroud lines. He landed about thirty yards from the crest of the rise. He rolled over once and sprang to his feet, snapping off his harness.

The parachutist was Asiatic. And he was carrying a Reising submachine gun, cradled in his arms.

"Good afternoon, sir," said Donohoe to the colonel. The sergeant raised his steel helmet for better vision and inserted a magazine in the gun.

"Good afternoon, sir," said Donohoe to the captain, and he adjusted the folding steel stock and took aim at the hogs.

Then .45-caliber slugs started flying around the base of the big tree. The boar with the bloody snout charged Asiatic. But a few rounds from the wicked little gun knocked over the hog. Donohoe inserted another magazine and he started picking off the biggest of the boars.

"We ought to open a slaughterhouse here on the river, sir," said Donohoe, speaking to either the captain or the colonel. But Asiatic's fun stopped after he had killed the boars. The other hogs turned and started moving off down the hill into the swamp.

THE two officers climbed stiffly from the tree. Donohoe gathered up his parachute tenderly. And the three walked down the sandy road, wordlessly for a while.

At last Asiatic said to the captain:

"I'm sorry, sir, that I didn't make it to Atlanta. I'm not really jump-crazy like they say. I just like to jump—some. The country always looks so pretty down there."

"It doesn't matter," said the officer. "It was just an exhibition over there at Atlanta, anyway. And you'll be graduating this week. You'll have lots of fun when you join a combat outfit and learn about demolition and sabotage."

"Yes, sir," said Asiatic, and he drew a long breath.

They'd walked for more than a mile before they met Virgie and the supernumeraries in the jeep.

"Good evening, Sergeant Donohoe," said Virgie formally. "What are you doing in these parts?"

The supernumeraries, two tough young Oklahomans with hunting knives strapped to their hips, crawled from the jeep and gave the officers rifle salutes.

Colonel Grew groaned as he brought his arm up to return the salutes. He regarded his daughter for a few moments and then said, "What in the world kept you, Virgie? Did you go to Norfolk—"

"I had trouble with the jeep," said Virgie, frowning at one of the supernumeraries, who seemed on the verge of saying something.

"How are you, honey?" said Asiatic to Virgie. He took a ramrod and some swabs from the back seat of the jeep and started cleaning the bore of his submachine gun.

The colonel got in the front seat of the little car and continued to question his daughter: "You didn't look very surprised when you saw Asiatic with us."

"That poge is liable to turn up anyplace," said Virgie.

"Don't read her off," said the captain, "she went for help as fast as she could. After all, an eight-year-old girl driving a car—"

"Hurried, yes," replied the colonel, "to the nearest telephone. Virgie, how can you do things like this to me—?"

Virgie couldn't answer that. She sat contentedly in the back seat of the jeep with Asiatic, for a while. And then the little girl realized that she still had plenty of worries. She knew that her mother had returned from the shopping trip by now.

"And I was supposed to be in my sack taking a nap," said Virgie to Sergeant Donohoe. "I am really going to get read off this time."

THE END

We'll Have to Feed the World Again

Continued from page 12

was paid for in goods, gold and services. As the credits (our war "loans") were only about 6 per cent repaid, the balance of that item can be written off as a gift also.

Of the 11,000,000 tons from other quarters, most of it went to the neutrals and our allies and was paid for in gold and foreign trade. The allies and neutrals also furnished $200,000,000 worth of food on credits to the more desperate countries. Of this, the British furnished about $100,000,000; the French, $30,000,000; the Italians $30,000,000; and the balance came from the neutral nations.

To fight these famines and their inevitable companion of pestilence, we shall need to have great preparedness in supplies. I will deal with this very serious question of supplies in the second of these articles. In the meantime, we must lay some foundations of organization in advance.

It's Not Bread-Line Work

After the present war, the organization, the tactics, the strategy will not differ much from the last one. Advance preparedness in 1918 was placed by the President in the hands of the United States Food Administration. We not only had great reserves prepared but we had accurate knowledge of all the other possible supplies in the world. In October, 1918, with the Armistice in prospect, we were able to lay before the President an estimate of such world supplies. It showed a total of about 30,000,000 tons of essential food available for overseas shipment, and as 27,000,000 tons of it was delivered, the estimate was reasonably accurate.

Ten days after the Armistice we had cargoes at sea headed for the famine areas and we had arranged to turn over several hundred thousand tons accumulated in France as a reserve for our armies as insurance against submarines.

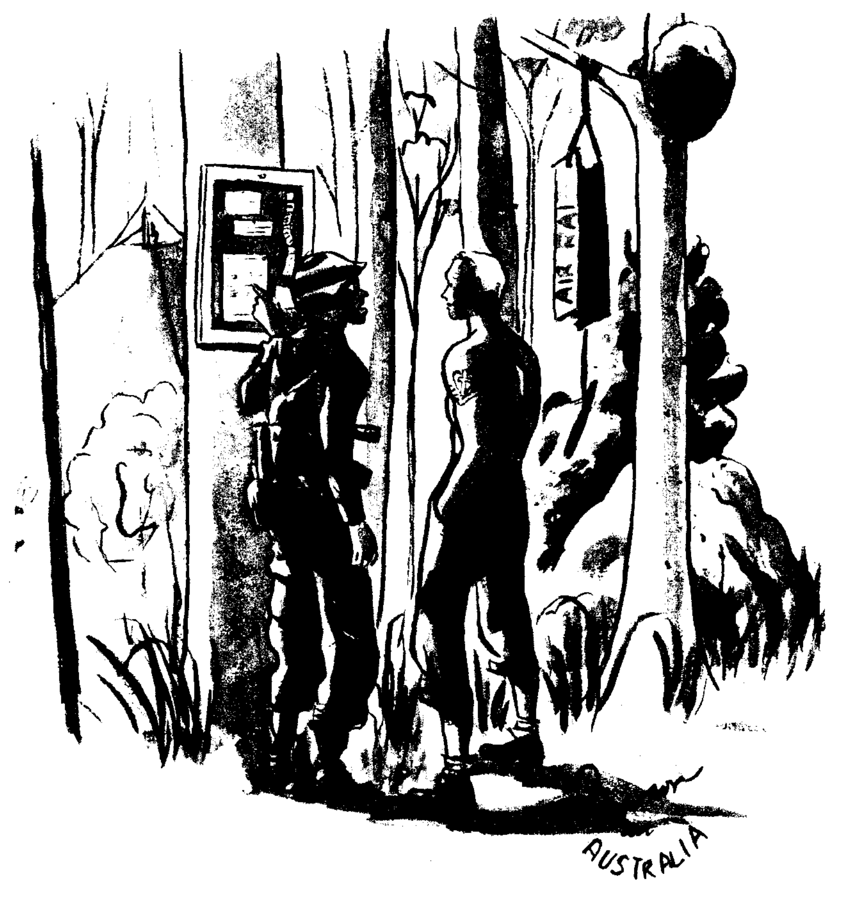
During the last war we demonstrated certain fundamentals in organization that will repeat themselves again.

The first of these was that fighting famine is a gigantic economic and governmental operation handled by experts and not "welfare" work of benevolent bread lines. There must be no waste, no inefficiency.

The second was that when this mass of hungry people add their demands upon world food supplies, there will not be enough meats and fats to go around on a normal basis of consumption for everybody. There will again likely be a shortage in shipping. Therefore, the division of food among nations must be controlled, during the emergency period. To do this, a large part of the purchase, the overseas transportation and the distribution must be in the hands of governments. And with the economic prostration of the famine area, the food must be largely financed by the allied governments. Restoration of commerce is too slow to meet such emergencies.

The third fundamental which developed was that the problem divided itself into two periods—the Acute Period and the Reconstruction Period. The Acute Period lasted about twelve months, from the Armistice in November, 1918, until after the harvest of 1919. This is a period demanding fast work and complete controls. The second, or Reconstruction Period, last time extended from the autumn of 1919 until the harvest of 1921. Peace having been made, the harvest of 1919 being in hand, the situation relaxed. Industry, exports and private credits revived somewhat, and we abandoned control of shipping and control of distribution.

The European shortage of food during this second period was of great dimensions but was largely overcome by the initiative of European governments themselves. We were able to confine our activities in this period to the aid of those governments still economically



COLLIER'S "Can they put a Commando on K.P.?" PVT. CHARLES PEARSON

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It doesn't pay to go on month after month without taking steps to make sure that the brakes on your automobile are in good working condition. For safety's sake, and in order to conserve the life of your car, act today.

It won't take long for a brake expert to determine exactly what's what. His inspection may disclose wear and minor faults which can be corrected before serious trouble occurs. He may find that the brake wheel cylinders and parts need attention, or that the brake lining is badly worn. In checking the master cylinder he may find all that is required is a small additional quantity of No. 21 Brake Fluid—or he may find nothing is needed because everything is okay. There is an expert serviceman near you. Better see him now.

★ **LOOK FOR A WAGNER SERVICE SIGN.**

Drive in the shop or station displaying this red, white and blue sign. Ask the serviceman to check the brake system "the Wagner way."

We use GENUINE LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKE PARTS & FLUID
For Safety and Maximum Brake Performance

When your car needs additional brake fluid--FOR SAFETY'S SAKE specify WAGNER LOCKHEED No. 21 HYDRAULIC BRAKE FLUID

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No. 21 is recommended for *all* hydraulic brakes. It retains its highly efficient qualities under all driving conditions. It completely and properly mixes with all other approved fluids, furnishes necessary lubrication for working parts of the hydraulic brake system, and in general, preserves the essential characteristics of the entire system.

Behind this quality product are seventeen years of Wagner development and research. No. 21 is recommended for the service needs of *all* cars and trucks having hydraulic brakes.

For safety's sake—why not have your car checked TODAY! There is a station near you. Automotive Parts Division, WAGNER ELECTRIC CORPORATION, 6400 Plymouth Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A. (In Canada: Wagner Brake Service Company, Ltd., Toronto).

H42-31

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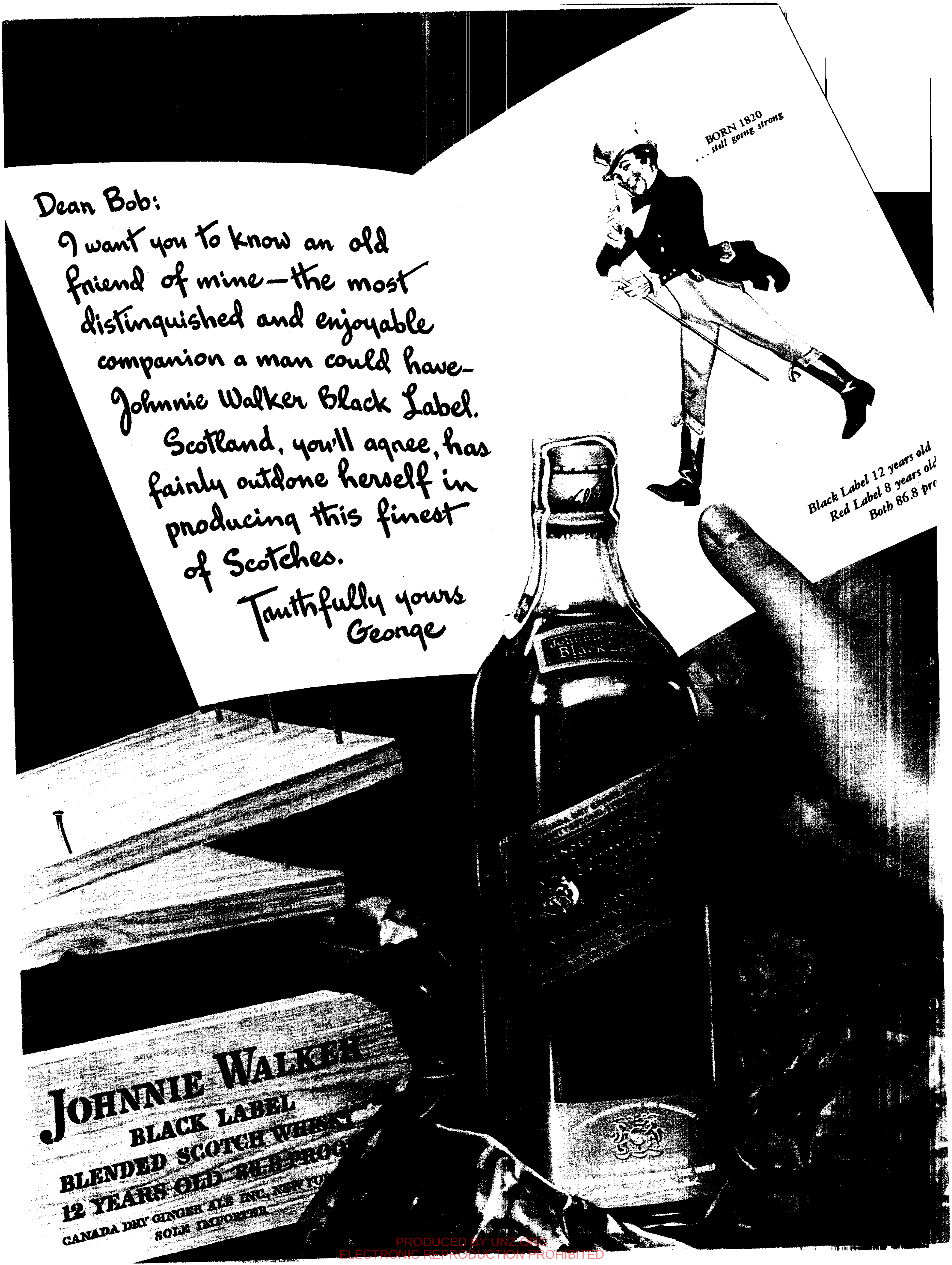

Dear Bob:

I want you to know an old friend of mine—the most distinguished and enjoyable companion a man could have—Johnnie Walker Black Label.

Scotland, you'll agree, has fairly outdone herself in producing this finest of Scotches.

Truthfully yours
George

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. . . still going strong
Black Label 12 years old
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destitute or to groups of destitute children and others which weak governments were unable to protect.

The fourth fundamental was that the problem of undernourished and diseased children had to be separated from all other questions and handled directly and independently of local governments.

The fifth fundamental was that some individual with great powers must direct and co-ordinate all this. Such an operation would be hopeless in the hands of international commissions or committees. In the last war, by the appointment of the allied governments and with the willing co-operation of all the countries short of food, I occupied the position—which is my justification for speaking on the subject.

Having been appointed by the allied governments to direct and co-ordinate these matters, I set up headquarters in Paris within two weeks after the Armistice.

For the American staff, I brought to Europe some key men from the United States Food Administration and in time added to them—through the co-operation of General Pershing and Admiral Benson—a magnificent staff of some 1,500 American officers. They were mostly prewar civilians who had special skills, courage and singlemindedness. Aside from clerks, no civilian received a salary; some received expenses. The Army and Navy officers and men received pay and allowances from those services.

To save time and to avoid duplication and red tape, we made as much use as possible of our existing American organizations, that is, the United States Food Administration, its subsidiary, the Grain Corporation, and the Belgian Relief which had functioned during the war feeding 10,000,000 people in Belgium and France.

Simplifying Complex Problems

We created only one new organization—the American Relief Administration—which dealt largely with the charitable problems, chiefly children. We used the European branches of the United States Shipping Board, the Treasury and the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. We set up branches of combined organizations in each of the twenty-eight countries short of food and in eight countries which were major sources of food supplies.

Co-ordination with the other allied governments was worked through the Allied Food Council, of which I had been a part during the war. This council comprised the food ministers of the allied countries. We cleared many problems through the Allied Blockade Council, the Allied Shipping Council and the Supreme Economic Council.

In order to co-ordinate the division of world supplies and to simplify the whole administrative problem, we divided countries short of food into four groups. That is, the Allies, the Neutrals, the Enemy nations and the Liberated nations. We further separated out the special problem of undernourished children.

The Allied countries—Britain, France, Italy, Greece and Portugal—comprising about 132,000,000 people—drew part of their supplies from the Far East, the Southern Hemisphere and Canada, and part from the United States. For the supplies from outside the United States, they did their own purchasing, shipping and finance. We furnished their American supplies through the United States Food Administration as we had done before the Armistice.

Our European allies provided the shipping for their American food, and we financed their supplies through loans from the United States Treasury. The allies restored their consumption to not far below normal. Their total overseas supplies during the acute period amounted to about 17,000,000 tons, of which some secondary part was feed for animals.

The Neutral group of six nations—Denmark, Holland, Norway, Spain, Sweden and Switzerland—comprising about 43,000,000 people, were assigned their supplies partly from the United States, but mainly from other parts of the world. They furnished their own shipping and finance. They co-operated splendidly with us in co-ordination of sources of supply and in chartering their surplus shipping to us. On many occasions, they diverted cargoes and their own stocks to us, with which to meet emergencies. We replaced these supplies to them later on. This group restored the consumption of their people to near normal by importing during the Acute Period about 4,300,000 tons of food.

In the Liberated and Enemy groups, our administrative problems were enormously greater than with the other groups. This was the area not only of acute famine but of economic prostration. Our organization had not only to procure the food, finance and ships, and organize the distribution, but we had to do it amid the chaos of revolution, suspicion, hate and conflicting allied purposes.

Jefferson Machamer

"It's the postwar situation I'm concerned about!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

The Liberated group of thirteen nations with 98,000,000 people embraced Albania, Armenia, Azerbaijan, Belgium, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Czechoslovakia, Finland, Georgia, Poland, Rumania and Yugoslavia.

The Enemy group comprised Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, Germany and Turkey, with a total population of about 102,000,000 people.

Hunger Versus Revolutions

During the Acute Period, our organization brought about 4,000,000 tons of food from one quarter or another into the Liberated countries and about 3,000,000 tons into the Enemy countries. This food, added to domestic supplies, lifted the ration for adults to an endurable level.

Prior to the Armistice, all the peoples under enemy domination—Liberated as well as Enemy—were being rigidly rationed. At the Armistice, the people in the thirteen Liberated countries at once set up their own independent governments in democratic form. Most of their ministries were formed of revolutionaries who had been active against the old empires. In the shrunken enemy areas of Germany, Austria, Hungary and Turkey, the old governments collapsed in revolutions and also emerged in democratic forms. They likewise were controlled by men of revolutionary type. Hungary, in fact, went through four revolutions while we were trying to feed her. Most of the former officials of all these nations were driven from office.

In these revolutions, the disciplines, such as rationing food, either collapsed or near-collapsed, and thus control of distribution was weakened or nonexistent. Thus the poorer people of the towns and cities were for a time much worse off than they had been before the Armistice, when there were rigid food controls.

Thus a considerable part of the 200,000,000 hungry people in the Liberated and Enemy groups were suddenly governed by men with little or no experience in administration, whose minds were more fixed upon political and ideological ideas than upon the hard toil of government housekeeping. Added to all the other growing pains of these new democracies was the fact that the Communists were stirring up more revolutions and they found so receptive an audience among hungry people that Communist revolutions at one time or another seized a dozen large cities and one whole country—Hungary.

Our major purpose was to save hundreds of millions of lives. But food and restored employment were the foundations upon which order could be preserved and the completion of the peace made possible. Moreover, we sought to sustain the feeble plants of democracy which had sprung up in all these countries. We had hope that they would bring not only freedom to men but that they would make the firm foundations of lasting peace.

A weak government possessed of the weapon of food for starving people can preserve and strengthen itself more effectively than by arms. Therefore, in our major operations we sought to work through these governments, even at the price of some lost efficiency.

In consequence, one of our first necessities was to stiffen or set up a Food Administration in each new government. To secure the proper working of distribution, we had to furnish experienced Americans as advisers to many of them. These new Food Administrations took control of agriculture and all domestic food stocks, plus the imports which we furnished, and they rationed their populations anew. We set up machinery to check constantly, to see that food reached the people equitably and sufficiently.

I believed that the problem of restoring the acutely undernourished children was of such importance from a humane point of view and so vital to the future, that we organized it as the American Relief Administration independently of all local governments, but in co-operation with them. We set up in each country a national committee, principally of women who, with the assistance of our staff, extended their organization into every ward and village. We selected the initial staff from Americans who had already had experience in Belgium.

The plan was to give, under medical supervision, one meal a day to undernourished and undeveloped infants and children in addition to the national ration. This food and clothing for the children was a gift, partly American private charity and partly from our government. We delivered the supplies to seaboard, and these devoted women raised the money locally to transport it, to equip and conduct the canteens. Schoolhouses, public buildings, and any other structures available were turned into kitchens and eating places. Some twelve or fifteen million of these children, enemy and friend alike, were thus fed until they were restored to normal.

Gifts of Shoes and Clothing

We handled some 175,000 tons of secondhand gift clothing, made over by workrooms which we organized among women in the different countries. Mostly for the waifs and undernourished children, we furnished millions of yards of new materials and new shoes to the value of several millions of dollars.

The total of our American charitable outlays amounted to about $325,000,000. The expenditure of the local committees for transportation and equipment amounted to at least this much again. We continued this work for over two years. The local organizations were strong enough to carry on thereafter.

Originally it had been intended that problems of pestilence should be met by the Red Cross organizations of the different countries, assisted by the American and Allied Red Cross organizations, but typhus developed on a fearful scale along the line of the old Russian front and began to spread over Europe.

The health authorities of the infected countries reported to the Supreme Council in Paris that there were one million cases and a mortality of 125,000 every week. It was not the province of my organization, but of the Red Cross societies. Finding themselves unable to cope with it, the job was assigned to us by the President and the prime ministers.

As typhus is a louse disease, our job was to quarantine a huge area and then delouse the population in it. We secured a staff from the Army Medical Corps, some 8,000 carloads of delousing equipment of the British, American, French and German armies. The job required many months of steadily pushing back the invasion, but we completely succeeded.

This is the first of two articles. In his second article Mr. Hoover will deal with further problems of organization and with preparation of supplies for the future.

TREAT YOURSELF TO A PERFECT HIGHBALL!

Tonight . . . take home a bottle of Fine Arts and introduce yourself to the matchless flavor of the **"multi-blended"** whiskey! Golden-smooth whiskies skilfully united with other deep-flavored whiskies . . . **"multi-blended"** to perfection for rare flavor and aroma. And all whiskey—all 5-years old!

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THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE FIVE YEARS OLD

FINE ARTS

THE BLEND OF 5-YEAR OLD STRAIGHT WHISKIES — 90 PROOF

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The Rabbit Goes To War

By Shirley Alexander

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

Even the rabbits do their part; wool from these Angoras ends up in fliers' gloves, suits and helmets

HIGH in the stratosphere, the soft, fluffy Angora wool that used to be reserved for the fluffiest sweaters is doing its part in winning the war. The crews of our bombers and fighting planes are wearing specially designed helmets, suits and gloves of Angora combined with sheep's wool, for maximum warmth and minimum weight. And the chances are that the Angora that is keeping our boys warm and comfortable came from a back-yard rabbitry somewhere in your neighborhood. There are now approximately 3,000 of these little establishments, run by smart people who are getting in on the ground floor of a potential $2,000,000 industry. At least 10,000 more breeders are needed if we are to meet our wartime requirements of 250,000 pounds of rabbit wool a year.

Before the war, England and France shipped us from 70,000 to 100,000 pounds of Angora every year, while another 60,000 pounds came from Japan. When we entered the war, nearly all of these imports were cut off, and America, with no native production, was in a fair way to find itself out on a limb as far as Angora was concerned. The fact that we aren't is due to the efforts and foresight of a few American breeders—people like Mrs. Betty Johnston, who lives on Long Island.

Late in 1939, Mrs. Johnston succeeded in importing a few Angoras and, as a hobby, started to raise two does and a buck in her back yard. Later, she acquired more stock, both by purchase and by natural processes, and now has forty-two pedigreed rabbits.

It is not difficult to raise Angoras; in fact, they are easier to raise than chickens. Anybody who has a fair-sized back yard or a bit of vacant lot can go into the business.

"All you need," says Mrs. Johnston, "is a little time, a little patience, and a little space about 25 by 16 feet. That is plenty of room for from forty to fifty rabbits, allowing two feet square for each wooler and a space 4 by 2 feet for each breeder. They should be housed in individual hutches, with a floor of fine-mesh hardware cloth, and their feet should never be allowed to touch the ground. If they don't, the rabbits won't learn to jump.

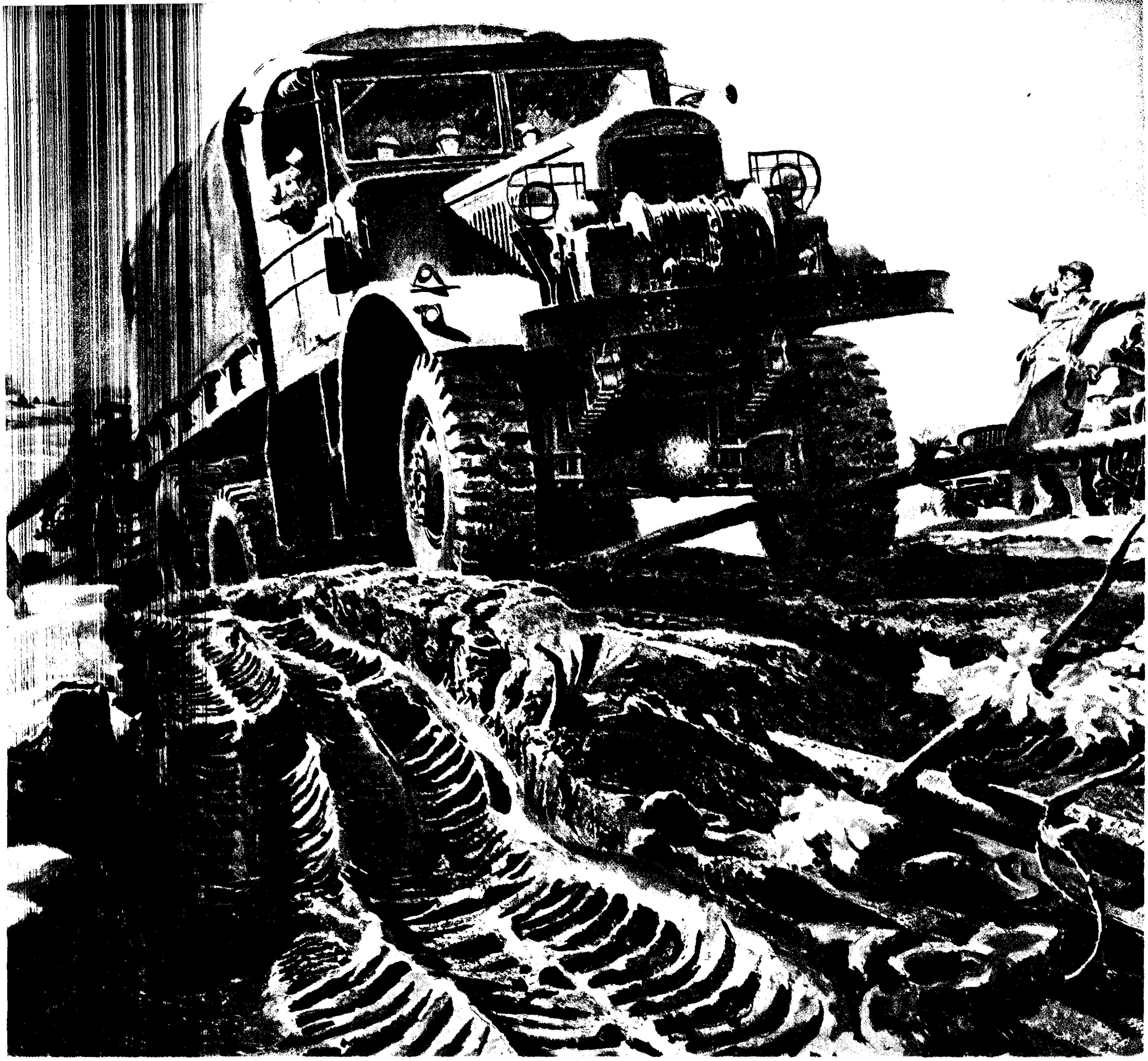
"They are easy to care for, and you'll be surprised how quickly they will increase in numbers. The gestation period is only from thirty-nine to forty-two days, and they multiply rapidly.

"Each adult rabbit will produce from one and a half to two ounces of wool three or four times a year, and you can sell it at from about $5.70 to $7 a pound. It is seven times as warm as sheep's wool in proportion to weight, and will not shrink or irritate the skin. Blended with silk, rayon, sheep's wool and other fibers, it can be manufactured into the warmest garment known.

"But to be successful in raising rabbits you must get rid of your notions about what they eat. Angoras cannot eat lettuce leaves, for instance. If they do, it results in a nasty liver condition often fatal. I use a special diet of oats barley, wheat and soybean meal. Occasionally, I feed my rabbits broccoli and beet leaves."

Harvesting Angora wool is much easier than shearing sheep. You simply pluck it out with the first two fingers and the thumb of the right hand, holding the rabbit lightly with the left. You won't hurt the animal, for the Angora has two skins. The wool can then be stored for an indefinite period and will not deteriorate if kept away from moths and moisture.

If one of your Angoras turns out to be a poor wool producer and an indifferent breeder, it can be killed and eaten; and they are delicious, much tastier than any other species of rabbit. Because the Angoras are closely confined and are usually fed on special diets, their flesh is extremely tender. It is all white meat like the breast of chicken, and its nutritive value is high. The government rates chicken at fifty per cent, beef at seventy-five per cent, and rabbit at eighty-three per cent. ★★★



The Axis started this war of machines...but Uncle Sam's Army is coming up fast with the weapons to finish it! One of the newest and most effective is this giant Mack Army Prime Mover.

Made-to-Order for the World's Toughest Customer...

The Army's newest and biggest prime mover is probably the best single job in truck history. ost of its details can't be made public . . . but you can see for yourself that it's *big*. And we an tell you that it hooks up to a whale of a big gun, takes on a terrific load and goes almost anyhere except straight up. We're proud of it, at Mack, and with good reason. Proud that the Army alled on Mack men and facilities to develop and build it. Proud, as Americans, that ur fighting men are getting fighting equipment so fine. And proud that this, too, is "built like a ack truck". . . with all that phrase has stood for in ruggedness and reliability for forty-two years!

ARMY E NAVY

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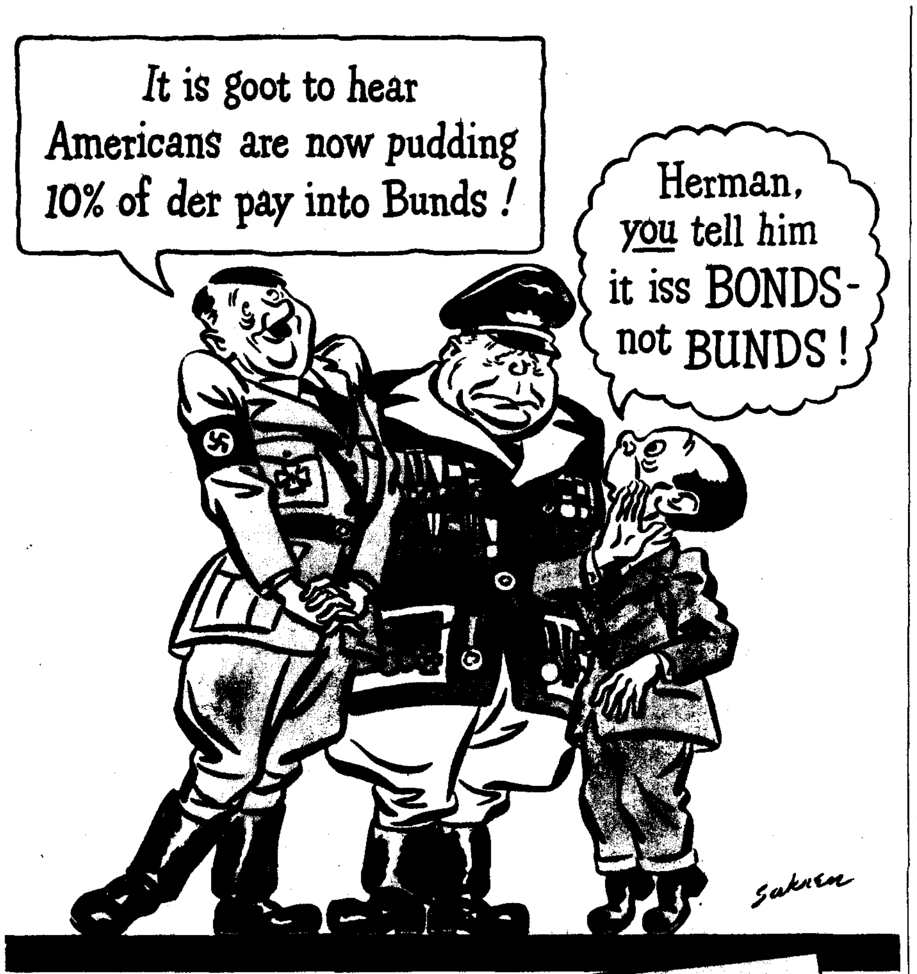
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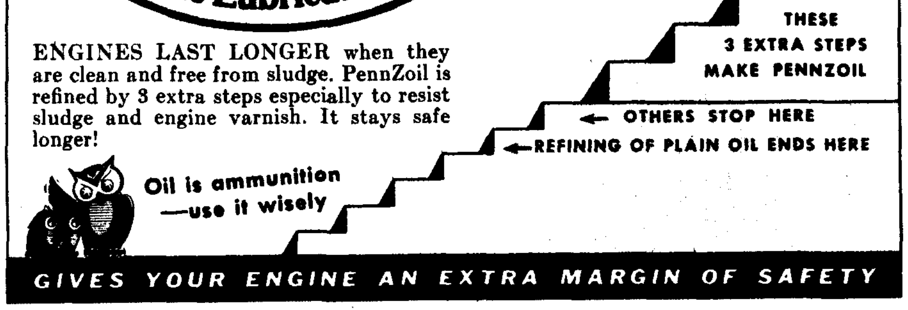
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← OTHERS STOP HERE
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Oil is ammunition—use it wisely

GIVES YOUR ENGINE AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

Uncle Sam's Seminary

Continued from page 18

At the Stage Door Canteen one night I met two little numbers, one from the Navy, the other from the War Department, who were thrilled to death at their luck in being picked as hostesses for thousands of lonely service men.

"I'd never have believed the things would happen to me, that have happened since I've been in Washington," said one.

"And they really happen, too," put in Number Two.

"For instance?" I asked, and prepared myself for a tall, dark lieutenant sending orchids. At least.

But that wasn't it.

"The other morning I saw the President when he was coming back from his trip," said Number One. "Imagine! I just happened to be there!"

"And one of my best girl friends," said the other, "was sent up last week with five other girls to do some special work, and it was right in the same office with a general!"

A small-town coziness, which persists in spite of everything, makes Washington seem less strange. When somebody from Oregon meets somebody else from Oregon, believe it or not, it's an event. Or take the girl from Nebraska, who met another girl from Nebraska. Now Nebraska is a big state; you wouldn't think that merely to come from there would be the same as blood sisterhood.

Nebraska Unites

But it was, in this case. Both girls immediately moved, so they could room together. Pretty soon they met three boys, also from Nebraska. They moved again, this time all five of them, and all took rooms in one house. The girls lived on the top floor and the boys in the basement, where the girls visited them evenings and played the phonograph. They played of all things, Tchaikovsky.

As in college, everybody goes without a hat, summer and winter. As in college, everybody dresses alike. Last summer it was bright cottons, with two-piece seersuckers leading the field. Right now it's suits, suits and more suits. When Washington has one of its little spells of fall rain, like the one which recently caused a flood on the Potomac, the whole town goes to work wearing tan gabardine raincoats.

Washington's summer climate is so obviously unsuited to stockings—or to any clothing whatever—that the first hint of a stocking shortage was promptly seized last spring as an excuse to stop wearing them. But working all day in an office is not conducive to a sun tan, and white legs aren't pretty. So every known variety of stickum, invented to make a bare leg look stockinged, received the greatest mass tryout in history.

Remember the dear old days when girls were cautioned against wearing too much lipstick and red fingernails in offices? Alas, alas! They are sometimes mourned in private by government executives who last summer learned to give dictation without batting an eye at red toenails.

It was generally felt that one old sourpuss of a congressman carried the boarding-school idea too far, when he proposed a curfew for government girls, so they would get to work bright and efficient in the morning. But when the public rose up and howled at him, he retracted all he had said with the greatest good nature, allowing that by him it was all right if they went to bed any time they wanted to.

For thousands it has been very gay, very exciting, this coming to Washington. But it does have its difficult side, largely in connection with such matters as budget and living conditions. For a few frenzied weeks last spring the new arrivals were coming in at a rate of 1,300 a week, and the question was where to put them. It has been moderately well solved. Thousands of families are taking in girls as roomers—though, unfortunately, more families hold out for men, for technical reasons connected with laundry in the bathroom and a generally higher mess-and-nuisance rating pertaining to the female. From August 20th to September 20th, for example, the Defense Housing Registry had 5,084 rooms listed (this often meant, however, merely the half of a double room), as against 4,983 applications for rooms received. Today, while houses and apartments are painfully scarce in Washington, there are just about enough accommodations for the single and unattached.

Washington has become a city of boardinghouses and rooming houses, and they, more than any other type of residence, typify the home life of a government girl.

Some are for girls only; some are for girls and boys, with the girls, however, usually predominating. The co-educational boardinghouses are lots of fun and work well if there are enough bathrooms (well, two); and if the boys and girls are not on the same floor. If they are, the more fastidious girls don't like it. And the bathroom problem looms large all over Washington. I met one girl who lived in a house where thirteen girls and five sailors shared one bath, and she insisted that there was never any trouble. But there are always optimists. And sailors do get up early.

There are good, indifferent and bad rooming houses. And a girl who wants to be on the safe side in finding a place to live is advised to stick with the Defense Housing Registry. But some of the old, well-established, co-educational "clubs" are among the most desirable places to live in Washington, with long waiting lists. They are also such notorious hotbeds of love and matrimony that when one girl took a cab recently and told the driver to go to Scott's club, his riposte was: "Oh! You mean the romance club!"

Lonely-Hearts Myth Exploded

So much has been written about the lonely women of Washington, their preponderance in numbers over the men, and the frustration of the white-collar female, that it seems a shame to explode the myth. But it has to be done. To begin with, it just ain't so that Washington is a town of women. Cold Civil Service figures reveal that there are about thirty-two civilian employees of the government in Washington who are women, for every thirty-seven men. And this takes no account of the uniformed boys in the Navy, the War Department and the Marines.

But do they meet, in those great government offices? Aren't they segregated at their work?

Well, yes and no. There is a certain cute redhead who sits on the end of the OWI stenographic pool—one of those vast beehives where forty or more girls sit typing, row on row. In her fortunate position, the redhead catches the eye of young men of the War Production Board and the War Shipping Administration, as they pass back and forth. They edge up to the supervisor. "Hey, who is she?" She has lots of dates.

Even a mild pickup isn't frowned on,

in the tolerant atmosphere of Washington. Uncle Sam himself may be said to provide a hazy sort of introduction. Anyway, it goes.

So government girls are a problem? Well, maybe so. At any rate, there is more maternal fussing and clucking over them in Washington than the majority ever received at home. The federal government, the churches, the USO, the District of Columbia, the Travelers Aid and a dozen other welfare agencies are all trying to do things for them in one way or another, not to mention recreation divisions and entertainment committees and housing associations and Heaven knows what else besides. Among other things, they are all working like beavers, devising ways for Girl to meet Boy. And Girl does meet Boy—with special reference to the thousands of service men stationed around Washington.

Dates by the Truckload

The Women's Battalion of 6,000 members—mostly government girls—sends truckloads and busloads of them to dances at Fort Myer and Fort Belvoir and the Marines' camp at Quantico on Saturday nights and several times a week. The USO, working with various personnel chiefs in the government agencies, runs another series of dances at Fort Meade. To go to one of these dances, all you have to do is sign up. There are church sociables and lunches and suppers and Sunday afternoon drop-ins, all well besprinkled with uniforms, and there is nothing old-fogy about the way all this is conducted. It really takes—which is not always the case with manufactured entertainment.

The conclusion is inescapable, that anybody who suffers from lonely-heart trouble in Washington would suffer from it anywhere.

But with all the entertainment and all the effort to keep the girls happy on their jobs, they do leave for one reason or another. Civil Service figures show an enormous turnover rate, though the figures are confused by transfers out of town, and other factors which have nothing to do with ordinary quitting. Yet quit they do, a good many of them, for reasons some of which stand out.

There is budget trouble, for one thing. That salary of $1,400 a year, the usual sum paid to a beginner, looked enormous from Sauk Center, but how it shrinks when it's stacked up against the cost of living in Washington, when War Bonds and Social Security payments are taken out.

"Why, I could save more on $15 a week back home than I can here," said one disillusioned girl who spoke for a large number.

There is also plain, old-fashioned homesickness and plenty of it. "If I could have this job and be near home," the same girl said, "I'd be in the seventh heaven."

There is, above all, the little matter of laundry. The laundry problem is a by-product of the housing problem first, and second of the conflicts and contrariness of human nature. If Uncle Sam runs short of office help in this war it will be, more than for any other one reason, because women want to wash their clothes in the washbasin, and landladies won't let them.

Not all landladies are as bad as that, of course. In lots of houses the girls are allowed to do washing—and those that aren't do it anyway. But there are ironing problems, and telephone problems, and hot-water problems, and you've-left-the-light-on-again problems and all the other problems that come from too many people living in too little space. And a general lack of privacy.

Yet the happiest, prettiest, gayest, best-adjusted and most-satisfied group of girls I met in Washington were living four in a room, in a shabby house where eight people used one miserable little bathroom with a washbasin the size of a soup bowl and thoroughly stopped up at the time of my visit. Which is worth mentioning to show that nothing ever proves anything, and that those who worry about girls, like those who argue about religion, wind up back where they started.

But the lack of privacy does get them down, especially the kind of privacy that is so welcome now and then when one is entertaining a boy friend. If the girl lives with a private family, the family uses the parlor too. If she lives in a boardinghouse, there is also a mob. The result is that too often there is nothing to do and no place to go except out—and that, kept up week in and week out, puts an unfair strain on the admirer's pocketbook. What the soul craves now and then, or the two souls, is the chance to be alone and talk. And in young Washington, the only way to do that is by walking.

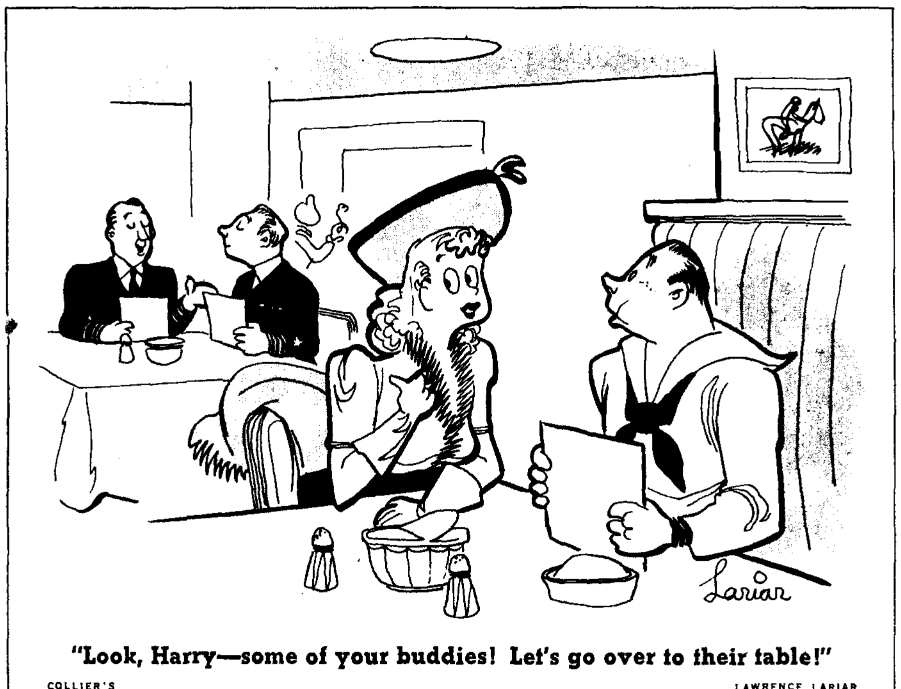
"I walk a lot," said one pretty girl.

Every so often, the walking gets them somewhere.

"A man told me the other night," said another pretty girl, "that he thought girls came to Washington to get husbands. Imagine! The idea!"

The idea, indeed! But somehow quite a lot of them do.

THE END

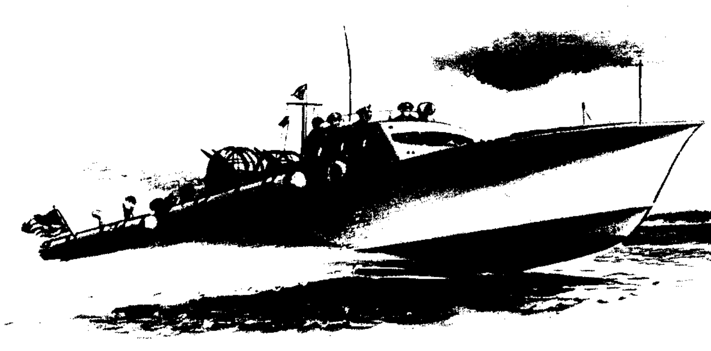


"Look, Harry—some of your buddies! Let's go over to their table!"

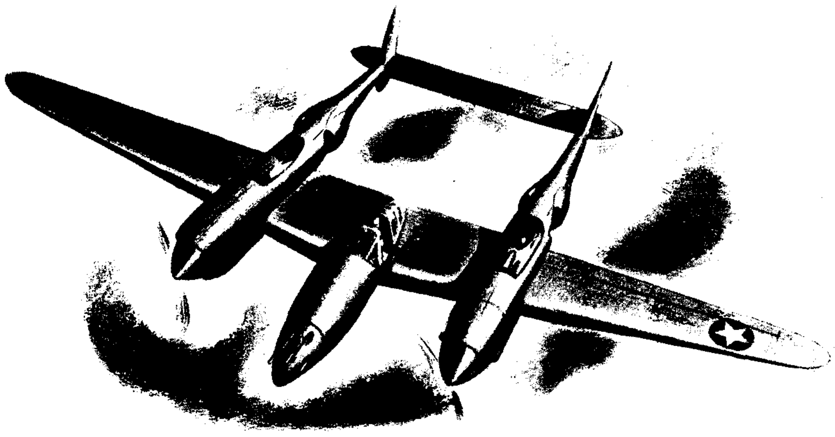
COLLIER'S LAWRENCE LARIAR

How L-O-N-G is a minute?

HALF A MILE IN A MEDIUM TANK—



A MILE IN A MOSQUITO BOAT—



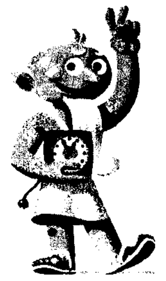
SEVEN MILES IN A "LIGHTNING"

THE split-second speed of modern war makes minutes more important than they have ever been before!

Minutes are just as important in turning out the *tools* of war. A tank can't roar against its target *on time* unless it comes off the production line *on time.*

One workman, doing the right job *at the right time,* can help to tip the scales toward Victory.

Fortunately, America has *the world's most accurate time*—thanks to thousands of Telechron Electric Clocks, synchronized by the silent pulse of the power-house.



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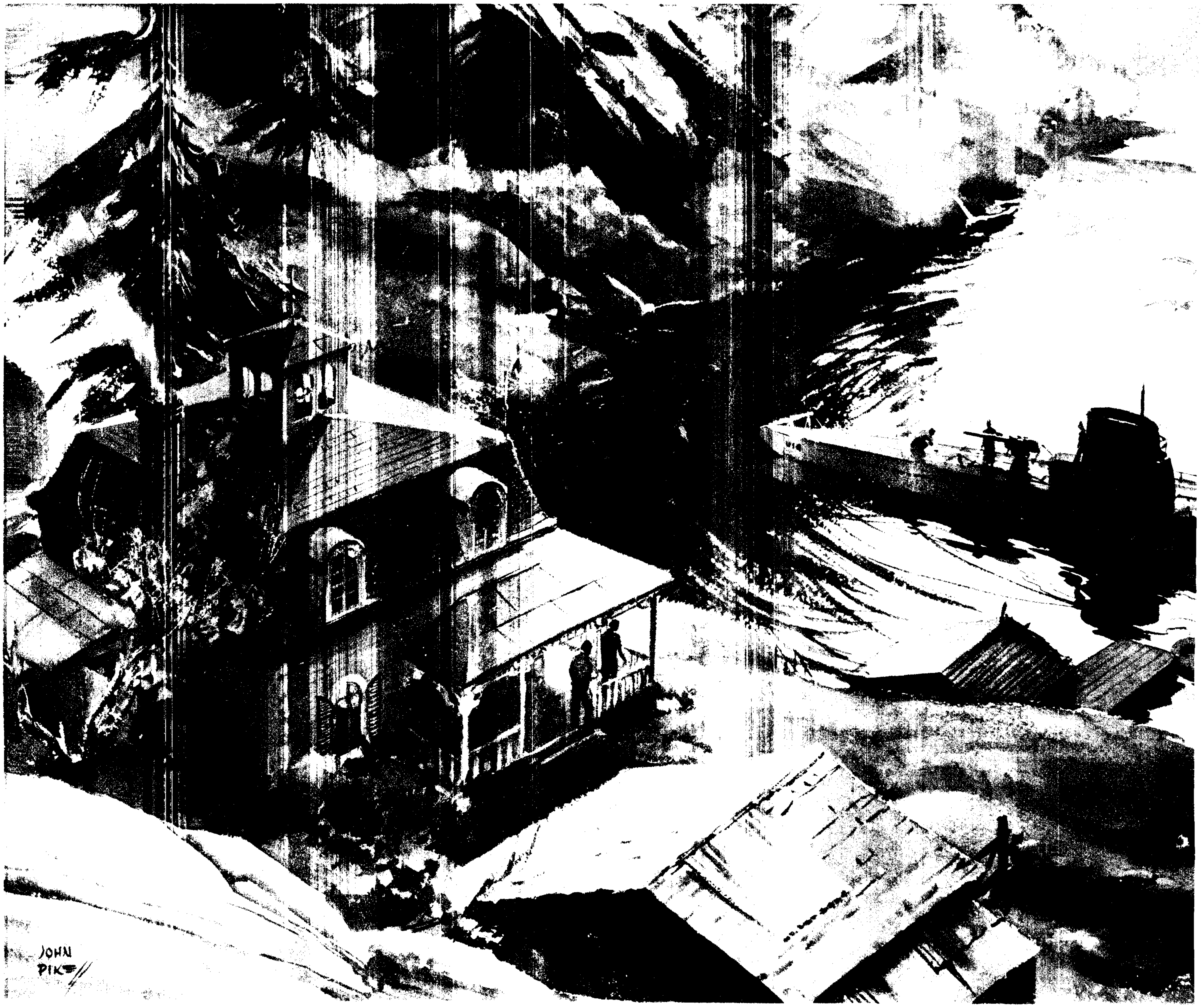

There on the deep green water of the cove, Brent saw a long, sleek craft, motionless, silent

The Scorched Earth

By Henry Meade Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

No man is helpless against the invader as long as he has a home to defend

WHEN Caleb Brent heard the sound of heavy gunfire far out to sea, he stopped the team on the south edge of the hayfield, and looked out across the blue water. All afternoon the deep rumbling had moved up and down the coast line—now near and loud; now so far and faint it seemed to be the very birth of sound.

Brent stood there, a lean, thoughtful man, and idly rubbed the neck of the off horse. For the moment there was quiet. Then the guns rolled again, like summer thunder, and Brent shook his head as if dismissing them—as if they were of another world.

Vic Strout, loading the wagon with hay, came up beside Brent. The little, ruggedly built man looked up at Brent's face with eyes big in wonder. "That's nearer," he said. "Sounds as if they might be down Campobello way."

Brent did not turn, nor did he speak. To him Strout's interest seemed exaggerated; and he thought: *What has that battle out there to do with us here, on this isolated island?*

"Sounds like the whole fleet," Strout said. "What you want to do, Caleb? Unhitch the team and let the wagon stay here till tomorrow? We might get some news on the radio up to the house."

Brent looked away from that vague ominous horizon, and there was a hardness in his voice when he said, "We'll make this load." Then he jerked a thumb toward the sea upon which he had turned his back. "Isn't that sound news enough for you?"

FROM the brow of the hill the big house brooded over this field and the men working on it. It was a fine house with a mansard roof, a cupola, and lightning rods, and it was freshly painted yellow.

"Caleb," Vic Strout said, as they worked their way across the field, "did you ever think this country could be invaded?"

Brent gee-yapped the team and wiped the sweat from his forehead. He stared ahead of him and said, "No. What would they want with this place?"

Strout smiled. "I don't mean your island. I mean America. Did you ever think of that?"

"It's not likely."

"Well, if it ever happened," Vic Strout said dryly, "you'd probably never know about it, living the way you do."

The harness jangled and the load swayed as the wagon rattled on up the road to the barn. "We'll hoist this in," Brent said, "then you can call it a day and go home."

Occasionally under the thunder of the guns, Caleb Brent heard, or rather felt, a deep throb, a heavy vibrating in his chest. And as he approached the house, on the path from the barn, he heard the windows rattle, and he hurried to the big pane in the front room, and pressed his hand against it, feeling it, as a doctor feels the pulse.

"Depth bombs," Vic Strout said

It's good to know there are some things which the pressures of war have not changed, and one of them is

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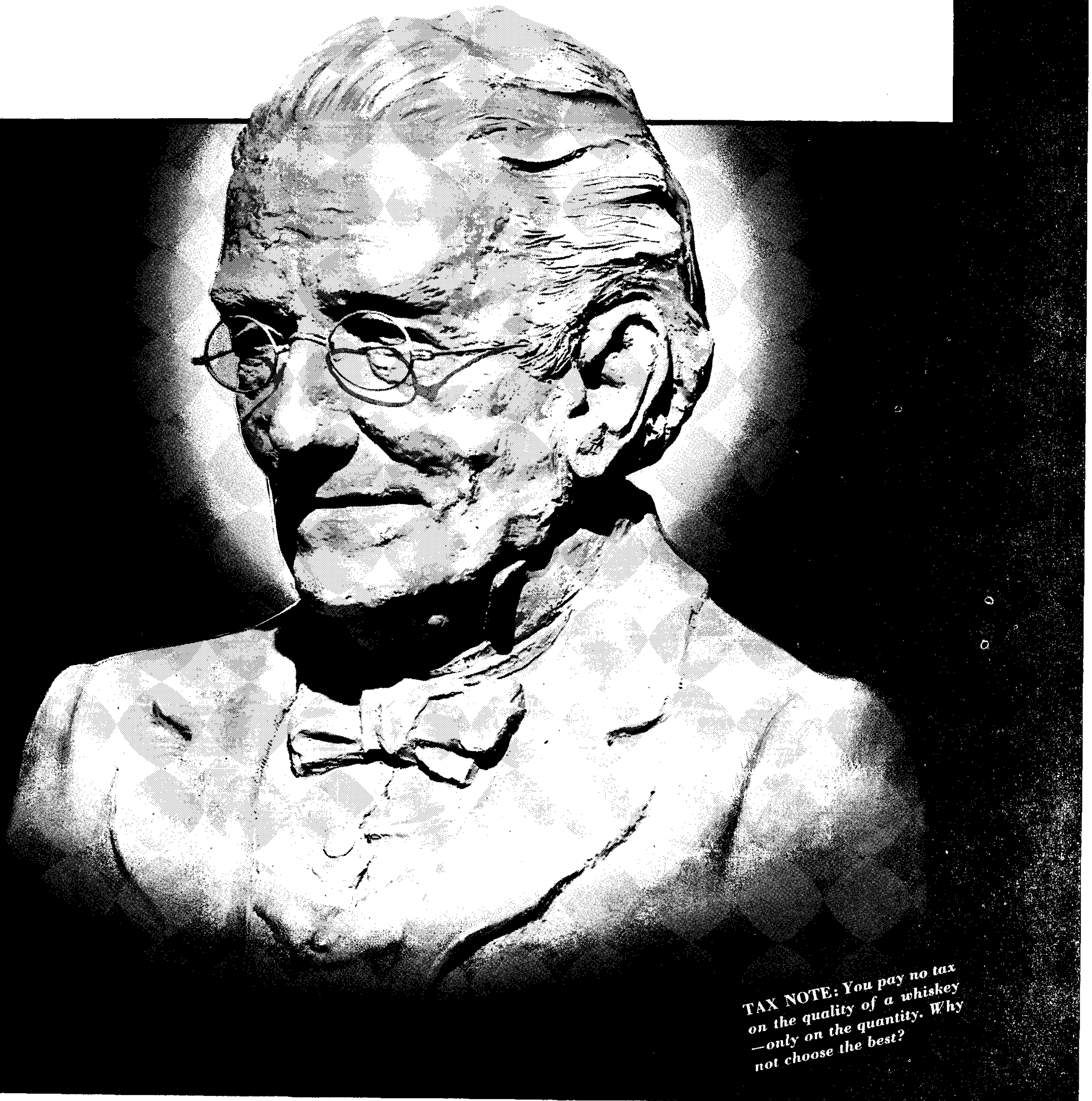

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Developers of Duraglas* — the improved technique in glassmaking knowingly. "There'll be dead fish floating in with the next tide."

Brent, concerned over the window, said without looking up, "Fetch me two boards, some stout rope, and padding. We'll brace this glass before she gives."

Brent walked around his house as a skipper inspects his ship before a storm. Under his pride in his place, under the owner's privilege to build in his mind additions and improvements for his castle, a small voice was warning him, a voice heard seldom except by those who live far from others. Aloud he said stubbornly to himself, "They'll never come here."

From the house he could see the hay meadow sloping gently down to Deep Water Cove. Above this cove which cut so deeply into the island were bare granite hills which rose as a protection to the cove. Here and there a lone spruce silhouetted its pointed top against the eternal bank of summer fog, far out to sea. There was nothing else here but sea, and evening sky, cornfields and meadow land—and all the land he could see was his land, and he loved it.

His grandfather had built the house on this island, as seafaring men will come back to the sea. His grandfather had held his family together, a self-sufficient unit. For weeks at a time the Brent clan would remain, complacent, secure and aloof on their island home. The white-bearded giant, who was his grandfather, used to say of this house, "She's built to stay, with oak beams and birchwood floors. She's as stout as a vessel, and she'll stand up to any gale."

But Caleb's own father had let the place fall of its own weight, had spent his friendly life on his friends, and in Lunk's Bar in North Fork, and on the white-water trout streams in the north country. When he died the house was raw, unpainted, the fields were fallow. He had left this broken place to Caleb, and the boy, at twenty, took on a man's job, rebuilt it, timber by timber, field by field, until it was more a part of himself than the heritage it had been before.

A MAN who lives alone with his family grows to think of the world divided, not into nations, not into races, but into two parts: one, his own unit; and the other, the rest of the world. It was that way with young Caleb Brent. Here on this island, three miles from the mainland, he had built for himself all that he needed, all that he wanted, and he had put into this place all that he had ever made from the soil of this place. But a man who is a builder, who has strongly in him the instinct for completeness, is only half of himself, alone. Six years ago Brent looked up and down the homes of North Fork for a wife, and found India Coleson, and brought her here.

She was standing on the porch when he returned from his tour of the barns and sheds. He had seen Vic Strout start for home in his motored dory, and he had watched him send the little boat into the sea, heading for the mainland, three miles away.

Sometimes, seeing India suddenly this way, he realized how beautiful she was, and he had to readjust his thoughts to the reality that she was his, and as much a part of him as was this place.

She turned now when she heard his step on the porch. With the back of her hand she moved her dark hair from her forehead. There was warm greeting in her eyes.

"It's so quiet now," she said, "after that awful noise out there. You can hear the waves on the ledges." She slipped her arm through his, and they stood there together for a moment, neither speaking the things in their separate minds—the fears stirred by the sound of the guns.

"Supper is ready," India said. "The boys are ravenous."

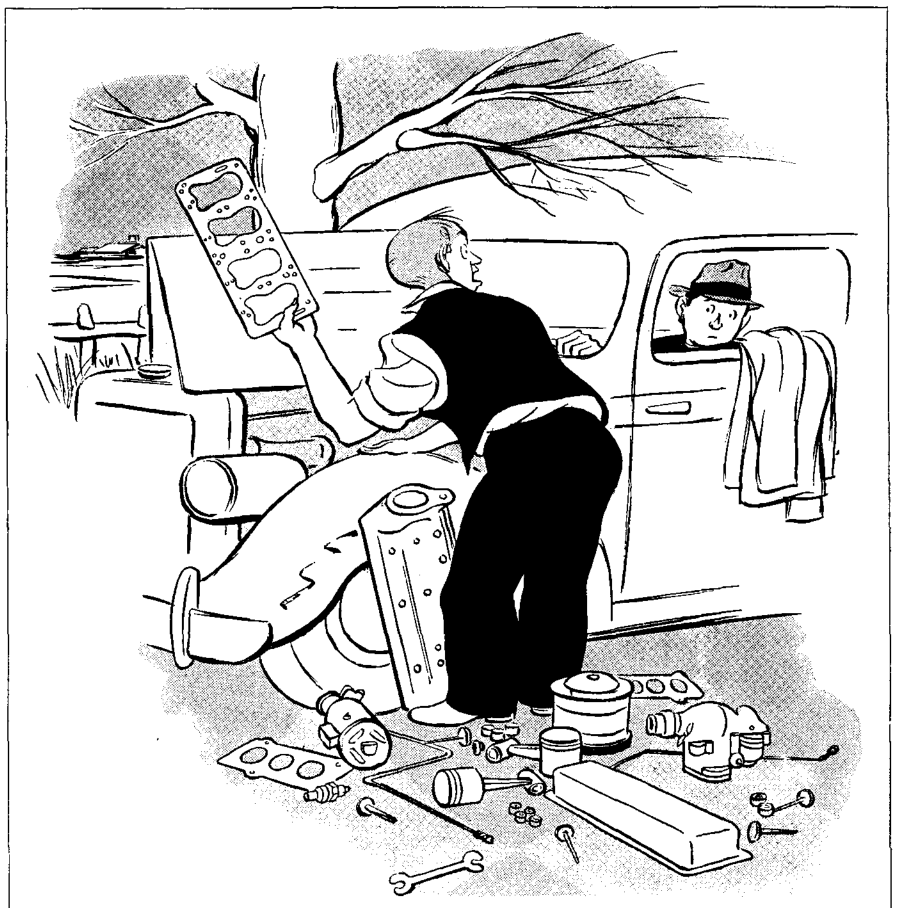
They turned and walked into the house together.

IT WAS the peremptory tone in the man's voice that brought Brent to his feet. The knock on the front door had been, in itself, startling—people so seldom came to the island—and Brent had heard no boat, no voices. India had gone to the door.

The man said in a clipped, crisp voice, "How do you do? I'm Lieutenant Reid—is there a man on the place?"

Brent didn't hear India's answer. The clipped voice spoke again: "How many people live here?"

Brent walked quickly, leaning into his own direction, his head thrust forward. Reaching the door, he said, "Just a minute. I'll speak with him, India. You go back with the children."



"I can't find anything wrong with the motor. Let's check up on the gas and oil"

The northern twilight's golden color was another sun. The man stood on the porch in the amber light, an erect, stocky, powerful-shouldered man in oil-stained dungarees and dress shoes that seemed too big for him. He wore an officer's cap from which the insignia had been torn. A gun in its canvas holster hung close to his right leg.

"Well?" Brent said.

"Good evening." The man made a short bow. "Reid is my name, second in command, U. S. submarine."

He turned his short neck to the cove, and Brent followed his glance and saw there on the deep green water, a long, sleek craft, motionless, silent. There were two men on her forward deck, four men aft, and one man on the narrow bridge forward of the conning tower.

Reid asked, "Have you a telephone?"

Brent shook his head.

"Where is the nearest one?"

"Ashore, four miles up the road."

"How far to the mainland?"

"Three miles."

"You say there are five of you here?"

"I didn't say."

"Well, come, man—how many are there?"

Brent looked the man over, feeling restlessness growing under his skin. His voice dropped, and his voice came out slowly, deliberately: "Mister, are these questions minded? Do they have to be asked?"

The man's face set. "Unless you are hiding something. This is war. The U. S. Navy cannot afford foolish formalities. We cannot submerge—the valves were hit and our rudders have been damaged. People on the land might be working for the enemy."

Brent said, "There are four in my family. My wife and the two little boys. Is there anything else, Mister?"

The man's eyes lifted and held Brent's. "Anyone working for you?"

"He's gone home."

"Good. Then we'll set to work." The man turned and raised his right hand, holding it up for an instant. The man on the narrow bridge returned the signal.

Brent waited but the man didn't go. He walked a few feet along the porch, turned smartly, and walked back. He stood for a moment, stiffly, listening.

Brent had heard the planes before Reid did. The man instinctively ducked his head, and at the same time, looked upward. Then, recovering, he glanced casually at Brent.

"You see many of them?"

"Some," Brent said.

"Don't they patrol quite regularly?"

"I never thought to check them."

THE planes were flying low, a half-mile from the island, five in formation. To Brent they were no novelty. Almost hourly, day and night, for the past few months, these or others cruised over the bay, beyond the island, sometimes high, sometimes low.

The man watched them closely, but since that first instinctive gesture, his interest seemed controlled. "How often did you say they flew over?" he asked.

"I didn't say," Brent said. "What part of the country do you come from?"

The man's eyes narrowed. "From the South. Why?"

"You don't sound like the South," Brent said.

Reid turned and, as if he had thrown off a hampering cloak, said, "Let us make this situation quite clear. I am an officer in the Germany navy, and I wish to inform you that you and your family are our prisoners. First—I will inspect the house for any possible means of communication between here and the mainland. You will proceed."

Brent made no move. He said, "What if I should say no?"

"It would not be discreet." The man touched the canvas holster. "Our vessel is in need of repair. It is convenient to make these repairs here. You can do nothing to hinder our operations—in which fact lies your safety. I have studied this coast for many years. This island has not been unknown to me. I was uncertain of telephonic connections—that was the reason for the brief and distasteful role I had to undergo as an officer in your Navy, wearing these clothes of a dead man. Now let us be direct."

Brent looked this man over. He could, he was sure, stop him, before he could even touch the gun's holster. But even if that were possible, what good would it do? If any suspicion grew in the minds of those on board the boat, they would put ashore. He could not, would not, endanger the lives of India and the children.

The man was smiling. "I read your thoughts," he said. "I am not alone."

"All right," Brent said. "What do you want?"

"That is sensible." The man took the gun from the holster and leaned it casually toward Brent. "Go within the house. And then bring your family together. It is better that we have you all in one place."

Brent turned and walked through the porch door.

THE room in which Brent, India, and the two little boys were locked, was a windowless storeroom in the back part of the house. India had been grateful to him, for the children's sake, when Brent had made no protest at their imprisonment. But when the bolt clicked behind them, Brent had whispered, "As soon as he is gone, we can get out. There used to be a door in here—behind the shelves."

"Oh, please," India said, "don't try it, Caleb!"

It had been hard for a time to keep Peter and Jack from crying, but by making them believe it was a game, India induced them to hold back their tears. In the dark, Brent felt India close to him, heard her even breathing, and the restless shuffling of the boys' feet as they sprawled at her other side. Brent listened for the steps of the man, but for many minutes now the house had been silent.

"He's gone out," he said.

They said nothing for a moment. Then Brent heard the steady drone of the planes, heading east from a base somewhere up Portland way. They passed, as usual, to the south, over the bay's wide entrance.

"It must be eight o'clock," India said. "They flew over at seven."

"He said it would take them two hours to make repairs."

"Then what, Caleb?"

"I don't know—they'll be gone."

Even through these walls they could hear the deep hammering in the cove, and once a man called from somewhere outside. The German had said, "When we finish we will go. It will do you no good to go ashore and inform the authorities, otherwise we would be forced to dispose of you for silence. We will be able then to submerge. There are many things we must do on this side before we return to the fatherland. After that—we come back." He had smiled. "Maybe for a longer visit."

Brent kept thinking of the sleek gray hull lying there in the safety of his cove,

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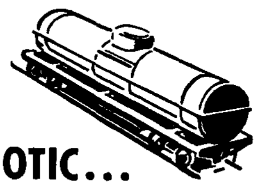

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the heavy guns mounted forward and aft. And he thought of those guns and their purpose. The hammers beat through the walls, steel on steel. Each stroke meant that the job was nearer completion. That boat would leave, head southeast for six miles until it cleared the Mackerel Shoals. Then it would be on the high seas, alone, and ready for its work.

He turned to India. His voice came out, slow and thoughtful, in the dark. He was talking to India, and he was talking to himself:

"Remember the way that fellow bragged? He said their marksmanship was so good they could pick off the crew in the lifeboats after they had been torpedoed—one by one. That's what they did, India. And that's what they'll do again."

"Don't think about it. Those men who were killed that way were men we don't know, Caleb. We mustn't think about them now."

"No, we don't know them. They're men doing a job, and taking their own risks."

But he went on thinking about them—those unknown men. . . . And his thoughts fell into place deeply, softly inside him, and began to make up a pattern. And he began to see that this place was only a small piece of the mosaic that was America. The island in the township, the township in the county, the county in the state and the state a part of the whole.

SOMEHOW that boat must be stopped from ever leaving this shore.

But Brent knew now that he was thinking along lines that were impossible. There was nothing he could do. He was on an island three miles from the mainland, with the only available boat a few feet from the submarine. No one could swim those three miles—the tide would kill you if the cold waters let you live long enough to reach the tide.

And yet there grew in Caleb Brent's mind that native defiance to all things impossible. It had been impossible, they had said to his grandfather, to build this house on this island. It had been impossible for the early settlers to live in this wilderness. And yet these things had been done.

This defiance was strong in Caleb Brent. It smoldered now, as he sat there, locked in a room in his own house. But until now defiance had ended at the edge of his island—the limit of his world. What went on beyond had been none of his business.

A man, working alone, day after day in his fields, seldom talking, seldom hearing any voice but the whisper of the waves on the cove's sands, grows the capacity for imagining, for planning. A whole week's work will be laid out in his mind, carefully, to each detail.

Brent finally said, "It's dark out now. There is only one way to let those planes know that that boat is here in my cove. Fire."

"What, Caleb?" India's voice trembled a little. "What would you fire?"

"Stay here," Brent said; "keep the children quiet." He got up and felt his way around the room.

"Caleb," India said, "what are you *going to do?*"

"I'm going to find that door into the woodshed."

Brent ran his hands along the back part of the shelves until he touched the hinge of the old door. He felt for the nails in those shelves, and inched them out with a pocketknife. After that he had to work five screws out of the door itself. Then he forced the door, little by little, until it opened into the woodshed.

It was as dark in there as it had been in the storeroom. He felt his way along the aisle between the stacks of spruce and birch. He could hear the gnawing of the borers, and could smell the perfume-like odor of bruised birchbark. He slid the shed door back quietly and saw the streak of light still in the west.

He moved to the left toward the grove of spruce, and when he came to the corner of the house he stopped and looked up and down the path. Something moved on the path, and he saw a man there—his face white in the late light.

The man was staring at the house and he stood very still. Then he turned and walked a few paces along the path, halted, and returned to his post.

Brent went back to the shed. India was standing there, waiting.

"You and the boys will go up to the ridge behind the house. You will hide there in the old quarry. You'll be safe. I'll give you five minutes to get there. Then I'll go to the grove of spruce to the west of the house. The trees are dry at their bases, and there's brush."

"Caleb—they're so near the house."

"The wind's from the east."

"You'll be careful."

"I've got to be."

India called Peter and Jack. They came out on all fours, like rabbits from a hole. She took them by the hand, then turned to Brent. "I don't know why I'm doing this, Caleb. But there is something—that makes me feel that you're right—that you're doing the right thing."

"Take it easy," Brent said. "Don't run for it. The house will hide you all the way there, if you keep to the east. Stay there until I come."

India leaned close to him for a moment. Then she took Peter and Jack by the hand and walked quietly into the dark toward the ridge.

BRENT went to the back porch and picked up the half-full five-gallon can of coal oil and, keeping close to the house, walked back to the corner nearest the grove. In his mind he had built up the brush in the thickness of the trees, and was mentally pouring the coal oil on it, when he saw the man not more than ten feet from him, between him and the spruce. He was a square, squat man, and he stood there, motionless, like a tree stump, the revolver in his hand. His head was turned in the direction taken by India and the boys. He was listening.

Brent leaned in the shadow of the house and waited. He could hear talk coming from the cove, guttural syllables of a foreign tongue. Then the sharp, rapid strokes of a riveter broke all other sounds. When the noise stopped, the stumplike man moved and, without taking his eyes from the ridge, spoke quickly within his throat. He was answered by a harsh voice a few feet below him on the path. Whatever the words, they satisfied him, and he looked away from the ridge toward the house.

With two of them, it was impossible to get through to the spruce stand. To jump one would warn the other—and such a failure would be the end. It was impossible to get around them—the curving path commanded both sides of the trees. Carefully, as if he were planning his day's work, he considered the hay meadow, but the burning stubble would look like an unimportant grass fire to a plane overhead. He thought of the barn. With that thought came a quickening of the heart, but he pushed it back. The barn was too near the men, and there was no way of getting around by the shore.

Through the walls of the house he could hear the beating of the old chime clock in the hall, and he listened for the quarter hour. He guessed eight-thirty. It was quarter of nine. Time, which had been uncounted, suddenly took on importance.

From the cove he heard the metallic rumble of the Diesel engines—a sputtering of churned water—then quiet. The guards spoke to each other apprehensively, but did not leave their posts.

Brent pressed his shoulders against the wide clapboard sides of the house, his right hand still holding the kerosene can. And as he felt the bulk of the house so near him, its solid walls, its safety, he knew why he had considered the hay field, the spruce grove, the barn. He had tried to close the door to this thought. His mind raced from one point to another, trying to avoid the decision. But under this milling, there was the cold knowledge that he had no choice.

Brent's lips were stiff, and he moved stiffly back, back to the wide door of the woodshed. He stood still for an instant—a soft, weakening instant. Then he turned into the shed, and in its safe darkness he built the pyre for his house.

THERE was no beginning to that fire—it was born a high yellow flame which licked the walls of the shed, and turned the white paint to the black of burned sugar. He opened the house door and saw the draft pull the fire into the back hall. He forced himself to remain in the shed until he saw through that door that the stairwell was burning. Then, and not until then, did he stumble out into the fresh night and turn toward the ridge.

Once he stopped behind a boulder and let his eyes be pulled to the orange glow of the house—the frightening light of fire through upper-story windows. He saw one guard run to the kitchen and the other to the cove. Neither had seen him leave the house.

He didn't stop again until he found India and the children. They were crouched behind a ledge, and he knew by the way India spoke she had not guessed the source of the fire.

"Caleb," she said, "we were afraid—when you didn't come."

Peter said, "See the little lights on the big boat in the cove." Brent turned and saw the lights moving rapidly, and he guessed the panic of the men who held them.

India was looking toward the fire. "It looks so near the house," she whispered.

"It is near, India."

She put her hand in his, and he felt it suddenly cold. He felt a tremble pass along her body, and he knew then that she knew.

EPITAPH

They write an epitaph tonight
In some dark, bloodstained Paris street;
In sweat that runs on Libyan sands,
In faith that fires the calloused hands
To toil, to carve with rhythmic beat,
The light upon the stone.

They're writing it in quiet tears,
In prayers that come from tents at night;
In music played by factory wheels,
In throbbing guns and meager meals;
In silver wings that flash in flight
And cast their light upon the stone.

They're writing it in calm retort
To churches charred by wanton lust,
To laughter choked by sudden fear,
To faces drawn when death is near;
To souls that sing beneath the dust
And cast their light upon the stone.

This is the epitaph they write:
"The wrong ideas of men lie here—
The hate, the greed, the selfish will;
The crown of thorns, the need to kill,
Buried by truth, shining and clear,
Which casts its light upon the stone."

WILLIAM HOWLETT

Brent moved to the ledge above them. Now he had a clear view of the house. The sight struck him like a physical blow. The whole north and east ends of the house were sheets of flame. Through the kitchen window he could see the reading lamp, still lit. He came down from the ledge and took India's hand again. Neither of them spoke.

Brent wasn't sure, but it seemed many minutes later that he heard against the distant crackle of fire the drone of planes. They came quickly now, and although he had never heard it before, he heard now the sound and rush of wind against them. The little lights on the cove disappeared. A man ran out from the direction of the house, carrying a load in his arms. He looked up into the sky, dropped the load, and ran down the path. Other men were shouting. Brent recognized the voice of the man who had called himself Reid. He was shouting orders, but his voice sounded high and futile now, and after he had stopped, Brent heard the anchor chain grate across steel.

A plane zoomed low over the house and left a curve of white smoke which soon mingled with the fire's smoke. The light was brighter now and here and there a bush, a tree, stood out sharp and clear on the path to the dock. Then Brent saw plainly the shining side of the submarine. She was moving out of the cove, moving slowly, but the light of the fire was on her.

Another plane banked and was a white moth in the night as it dipped low over the boat.

"They've spotted her," Brent said. "They're not sure yet whose she is."

THE boat had reached the cove's entrance and was cutting the point close. The plane maneuvered above her, and then something was dropped, something which flared in a brilliant white light, paling for a moment the light of the fire. Under this slowly descending glare, the submarine and its crew were caught, like a stage set and its actors on whom the curtain has been raised too soon. Then both guns were fired together, streaking orange into the sky. For the moment no plane was visible, but the sound of them filled the sky, swelling full and rich.

The boat had given herself away now and was trying desperately to find water deep enough to submerge. From behind him Brent heard a plane, and turned just in time to see its metal flash as it dived for the boat. The water around the boat swelled into three hills. The fourth bomb struck the boat full in a red flash, and the noise of the explosion hurt.

Both boys were crowded close to their mother, their heads buried against her, and she was comforting them with softly spoken words. "That's all," she was saying, "that's the end of it. " Their little bodies shook, and their voices sounded thin and small against the echo of the bombs.

India looked at Brent. There were tears in her eyes but when she spoke, she seemed to be unaware of them.

"You had a job, Caleb, and you did it," she whispered. "I'm not sorry—now. I'm proud." Then she added, "Your grandfather would be proud of you, too."

He looked back toward the house. There was little to see now but the fire and the black smoke rolling into the sky. And yet at this moment, strangely, he had no more sense of loss than he would have had looking at the empty, blackened shell of a bullet that had found its mark.

His grandfather had built that house because he had had a strong sense of family. He had built it to provide shelter for those who had not yet been born. And now he, Caleb Brent, had destroyed it for the same reason—for the security of generations to come. He had a feeling that these smoking ashes would mingle with the earth and enrich it.

Above him he heard the planes returning to their base, and he thought of them as a bridge between this island and the mainland.

THE END

A Man's Wife

Continued from page 15

The plot went into the air and he loved it, identifying the plane models, checking fine points in the piloting, spotting beefed-up airport ships disguised as Army busses in the dubbed-in ground action. He was having fun and then the plot came back. An Army instructor was suffering mentally over the problem of his rival in love, who was a flying cadet, and who could not get the hang of it all. If he washed the lad out, would the girl ever understand?

Rowan snorted out loud and several people in the row ahead looked around at him. A few minutes later the hero and the heroine stood looking at each other, floated gently together and kissed softly like two puppets in waltz time.

ROWAN snorted again and this time it was for keeps. Men just did not kiss women like that, not Rowan's kind of men. He did not believe that any woman should be kissed like that. Stark unreality flowed out from the screen and engulfed him. He heaved out of his seat and strode up the aisle.

There were colored posters in the lobby and a sticky cloud of moist heat that hung just beyond the range of the air-conditioning system. The posters swam in the heat and he did not know what they were all about. He lighted a cigarette, conscious that sweat from his fingers had soaked through the thin paper. It would not draw well. He looked at it, then raised his eyes and looked through the smoke into the eyes of the girl.

She was half smiling, a trifle embarrassed, holding her cigarette in the half-helpless, half-apologetic manner of all women without matches. "Do you mind?" she asked.

He snapped a match and held it, observing how she held her head forward, the length of her lashes when she dropped her eyelids protectively against the flare, the soft firmness of her lips. She raised her head suddenly and saw him looking at her. Their eyes dueled in that split second and hers carried the warning: "This is not a pickup!"

Something inside of Rowan said, silently: "What will you bet?" Aloud, he said, "Did you walk out on that terrible opera, too?"

She took a long time to answer him and he did not care. He was settled into cruising speed and he knew where he was. The girl took two puffs from the cigarette.

"I thought that it was a very good picture," she said. "Thank you for the light."

She turned away and he liked her grace of movement, the distinction which she imparted to a simple summer dress. She moved out of the lobby with her heels clicking on the tile and she seemed to have forgotten him. He liked that, too. When she turned the corner beyond his range of vision, he followed her. Within a quarter of a block he caught up with her.

"Get mad and get it over with so that I can talk to you," he said.

She looked at him calmly and she did not break step. She did not register alarm or fright or indignation. There was no smile, no coquetry, only a quiet poise.

"You are invading my privacy," she said.

"I know it. And you've sized me up correctly by expecting me to understand what a woman's privacy means."

"Well?"

"I respect my own privacy, too. If you had turned around or looked back, I would have walked the other way."

They continued to walk and there was a rhythm in their walking, an instinctive keeping in step. They were like two dancers who have danced often together, adapted to each other, sure of each other in the sense of inner timing. Rowan felt it and so, he was sure, did she. He had a strange sense of lightness, of release from care. This was riding the red airway through a velvet night, clicking off the markers at regular intervals, concerned only with the sensation of flight, released from its cares and responsibilities.

He could walk on like this indefinitely: not speaking or needing to speak, feeling her there beside him and leaving all initiative to her. Eventually she would have to break the rhythm. They would reach some place and she would have to make a decision, or contend with him for the decision. That would be pretty cowardly, though. After all, he had initiated this flight: he had to be the skipper.

There was a big hotel on their left. He glanced at it and looked at the girl. She was looking straight ahead: not stern or righteous or indignant, simply withdrawn and living within her own privacy. She had regular features and she carried her head proudly. Her hair curled prettily over her ears and there was life in it that caught the light from lamps and windows that they passed.

"I would like to buy you a drink," he said. "That is a respectable place and you can get help in a hurry if I try to bite you."

"I was never afraid of your biting me."

"Well, can I buy you a drink?"

He was looking down at her, noting that the top of her head came just above his shoulder exactly where it should be. She raised her eyes to his: candid eyes, dark and unafraid.

"Yes," she said.

THEY crossed the street to the hotel. The lobby was crowded and uniforms predominated. A buzz of conversation with a few noisy overtones came from the cocktail lounge. They found a secluded corner niche with a half-moon seat of red leather that arced around a small table. They ordered a Tom Collins each and the girl let him light another cigarette for her.

"We might as well be properly common about this," she said, "and give each other false names."

Rowan nodded. "Okay. Mine is Bart Rowan."

She smiled and there was mockery in her eyes. "Mine is Emily Proctor."

He reached solemnly across the table and shook hands with her. Despite the bitterness in her suggestion, he believed that she was really Emily Proctor, that she knew that he was Bart Rowan. They

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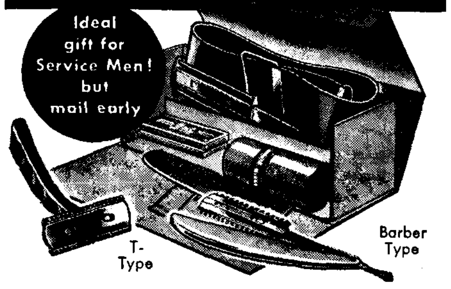

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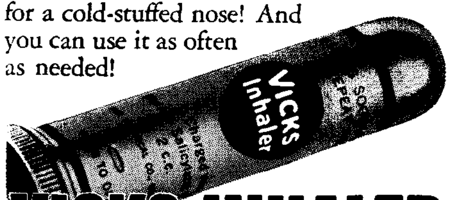

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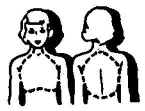

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were honorable opponents in the oldest duel in the world: not phonies conspiring in a corner.

"You are used to getting what you want, aren't you?" she said.

"I try very hard."

She looked away from him, out across the crowded, dimly lighted room. She would, being a woman, feel the impact of his hardness first; later, inevitably, she would detect the weakness in his armor: his longing for the soft and the beautiful, for the spoils that only the strong can win but that the weak are forever counterfeiting.

"You do not care if my name is Mabel or Bertha or Jenny, or Smith or Jones or Robinson," she said at last. "You had time on your hands, you were bored with a picture show and I would do."

"If you believe that, we will take our drink quietly and I will put you in a cab outside. You can give the address to the driver yourself."

"Thank you. It is a nice drink."

She tipped the tall frosted glass toward him in a gesture of salute. He touched the rim of her glass with his own and drank deeply.

"Emily does not seem right," he said, "not as a name for you."

She laughed softly. Her teeth were even, very white. She had a trick of laughing, then biting the corner of her lower lip momentarily. "You do not know anything about it," she said. "Emily is a very appropriate name for me."

He shook his head and let the question go. Emily sounded like someone's wife, but he did not want to say so. He did not even want to think about it.

They finished their drinks and walked slowly through the lobby. "Do I call a cab?" he said.

She did not look at him. "What alternatives do you have to offer?"

"I would like to dance with you."

THE words slipped out without conscious thought behind them. He did want to dance with her. The idea seemed inevitable when they walked together. Her forehead puckered thoughtfully.

"You can call the cab," she said.

He nodded and raised his hand. There was a cab at the curb and the driver stepped down holding the door open. The girl looked up at Rowan.

"Tell him 'Hillside,' " she said. "It is an amusement park, but they get the name bands on tour."

Rowan did not change expression. He had known, somehow, that it would be like this. He was riding the airway, everything in tune. The girl sat close to him in the cab but not too close. He did not put his arm around her or back of her.

They talked about the band that was playing at Hillside and Emily seemed to know a lot about it: Rowan did not. He liked to dance but he was not a fan type. He did not know bands or band leaders by name. He did not even like their music for listening purposes: it was good, in his book, only for dancing.

Hillside was like its thousands of counterparts throughout the country: lights and rides and concessions. At this, the fag end of the season, it had a tired, run-down, worn look. There were uniforms everywhere, the grim reminder of a nation at war, but the atmosphere was one of conscious gaiety: people swarming after amusement, forcing themselves to be amused. The dance floor was housed in a circular building at the end of a boardwalk. Music flowed from it out into the night and Rowan felt his pulses quicken.

They moved out on the dance floor and, from the very first second, they were a single person, obeying the music with a sure instinct, needing no intricate steps, heedless of the fact that this was a big-name radio orchestra, which some people came merely to watch in action. This was simply music, wafted to them on an impersonal breeze from a source entirely unimportant, music that became their own medium of expression, that did not have to be discussed or reduced to a name.

Their feet caught the fast time and moved to it, their bodies relaxed to the dreamy languor of waltzes—and a mood built up. There was sex in it, but sex suspended, floating on a cloud, demanding no expression save this: that the music flow on forever.

Then the music stopped.

It was intermission time and they looked at each other like two people awakening from a shared intimacy: hazily remembered, scarcely believed. Rowan had known a moment much like this a week ago when his engine died above the Wasatch range. Death had been the reality, then; life the hazy dream. He had come down with the engine weirdly hushed and only the soft sighing sound of the air flow. It had not been in the cards for him, or for anyone else, to get down but he had made it by inches over the tops of the tallest spruce, settling gently at last upon the valley floor. There had been music in that, too, of a sort, and a sudden awakening when the music stopped; a feeling that it could not have happened, that an experience was completed which could not come again to a mortal life.

"Do you want to walk around a bit?"

His voice sounded harsh in his own ears and the girl looked at him strangely. He saw her bite the corner of her lip and he had the feeling that she, too, had accepted a reality from which it was difficult to return.

They walked down the boardwalk and she commented on the number of uniforms. Officers and enlisted men were woven together into a pattern and none stood out. Rowan wondered a little that she had never commented on his wings. People usually did. Rowan had grown accustomed to that and he scoffed privately at the halo of glamor that had been hung upon those who fly. The only thing about flying that was worth a layman's envy was the something that the layman could not know about and that no flier could explain; all the rest was tinsel glory and very seamy on the inside. Still it bothered him to have the girl ignore it. His mind admitted the lack of logic in that, but it was there.

"I would like to throw balls at the bottles."

She said it simply like a child and he turned her toward the concession where six bottles stacked in a pyramid created a target for nickel baseballs. He bought baseballs for her and she threw wildly but enthusiastically, exclaiming with disappointment when she missed and triumphantly when she scored her lone hit.

"You try!" she said.

Rowan felt slightly ridiculous but there was a challenge in the expectant way that she looked at him. He did not knock them all off, because they were designed not to be knocked off, but he did not score any misses and he felt an absurd species of pride in his prowess.

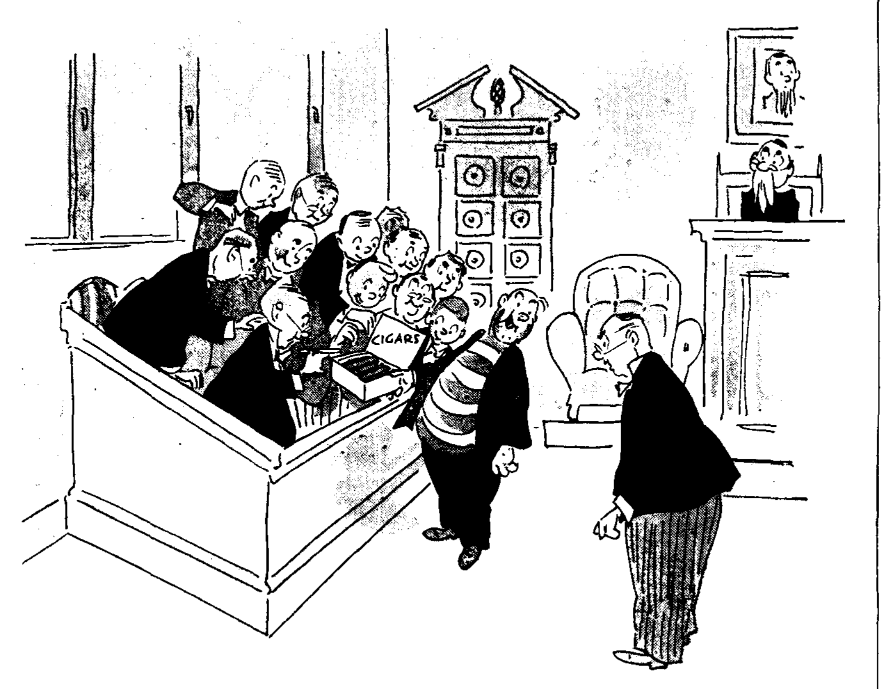
He felt something else, too: the sensation of great speed again, the frightening speed of that ride east from Cheyenne tonight with the fastest product of American airplane plants under him and a forty-mile tail wind behind him. He had suffocated a little, then, and he suffocated now.

EMILY was becoming alarmingly real: a girl who had stepped suddenly out of a dream clothed in flesh and blood. The reserve of early evening was gone in the haze of illusion that had wafted with the music above the dance floor. She had just done something that was old when the world was new; pitting her own mediocre skill in a physical game against his masculine prowess, admiring him in his preordained superiority. That had been done to him when he was a boy without deceiving him; but he had liked it then and he liked it now.

They rode in a trick automobile that was designed for collisions with similar automobiles, took chances on prizes that neither of them wanted—and rode on a roller coaster where he very nearly kissed her. She drew her breath in and screamed when the tiny car took the long drop and she buried her face against his shoulder when they faced the next one. He felt her softness and her warmth and her feminine helplessness and his blood was faster than the racing car on the high curved tracks.

The physical force that drew them together then was stronger than the arm with which he held her close. Surreptitious kisses would not do, however. They would change the mood. He knew it without reasoning why.

This was a flight that was going somewhere. He was feeling rush and roar and hurtling speed: power beyond that of the biggest engine he had ever throttled. It was building up, flying away from the beams and the airways and the



"Keep asking me questions—I'm listening" marked airports. The night would end sometime and somewhere, and the day would be a new reality that would make a dream of all that was happening now; but this moment lived for itself and was timeless.

They rode the roller coaster twice more and when they alighted, Emily was flushed, attractively disheveled. Her dark eyes had little glowing flames deep inside of them and she pressed his arm when they walked.

The music had started up again over in the building that housed the dance floor but neither of them made a move in that direction. Instinctively they both realized that the magic of that other hour was over, not to be recaptured and not to be marred by the risk of anticlimax. They went instead into a garden beyond the merry-go-round, a garden all but deserted now that the music was calling the couples in. They found a bench that the bushes screened, and sat there. Rowan lifted the girl's hand, absurdly small in the palm of his own, and looked at it.

"Bart!" she said. "That is a very masculine name, isn't it?"

"I don't know."

HE LOOKED up and saw the excitement glowing in her. She had been stirred tonight as she had not expected to be stirred, nor wanted to be. It was the possibilities unrealized, probably: the power for a breath-taking dive that will wring the screams from you, there under your hand in a cockpit. Hold the throttle where it is, whip up on one wing and go down! Rowan had known that urge in fast ships on quiet nights over a route as straight as a highway: the urge to break away from sanity and abandon himself to the buffeting power of forces that would all but break him in two. He had felt that urge tonight here in the park, the same urge in a different guise. Emily had been feeling it, too. He knew when he looked at her. His fist tightened and he could feel the skin tight across his knuckles.

"You are really a very decent man, aren't you, Bart?" she said softly.

Bart Rowan did not know and he said so. He was not accustomed to putting such questions to himself and he did not see himself against such yardsticks. He merely flew his course, taking the weather as he found it.

Emily looked away, then suddenly she was crying—crying with a strange, hard bitterness. Rowan looked at her aghast. "Because you are so decent," she said, "I feel despicable, like a cheat and a dirty spy. . . ."

Her voice choked off. Rowan did not touch her but his forehead was puckered. "Why?" he said.

She seemed not to have heard him. "There you were, all alone in a picture show," she said, "being decent and trying to find something for yourself out of what the country got you into. I was sitting right behind you and I knew you were a pilot because of the places where you leaned forward and the places where you got impatient. Then I had to know for sure."

Rowan was staring at her. This was no longer a smooth flight to anywhere: there was turbulence and rain. He could feel himself tightening up.

"I followed you out," she said. "I lied about seeing all of the show and liking it. I had matches, too, and you were a married man in a strange town, not looking for women, not even seeing me. I . . ."

"How did you know that I was married?"

Rowan's voice was husky. The girl waved his question aside with a gesture as though the answer was perfectly obvious. "Any woman would have known that," she said.

She sobbed quietly for a moment. "My husband is in the Transport Service, too," she said. "I haven't seen him in two months and I've been worried and my imagination has been torturing me—and so I used you as a—as a guinea pig."

This wasn't the disembodied spirit who danced like the incarnation of music itself, nor the girl who threw baseballs at bottles and screamed on the roller coaster. This was merely a woman named Emily. Rowan lighted a cigarette and she reached for one without looking at him, like a creature obeying mere reflex action. He gave her the cigarette and lighted it for her.

"In a way I was spying on Clark, my husband, through you," she said brokenly. "I was feeling bitter for no reason except I was imagining things with him flying to other cities. It wouldn't prove anything if you were—were—as you weren't, but I kidded myself that it would. . . ."

Rowan stared at her. She was the wife of another pilot like himself—of some poor devil who would not get into the fighting but who would take all kinds of ships into all kinds of god-awful places. Nearly fifteen hundred miles away there was Marion. Marion was prettier than Emily, better built than Emily. Suppose that this Clark Proctor, or someone else, met her coming out of a picture show? It could happen, of course. Women and men, they were all human.

He had not been thinking of Marion tonight. He had been a man in a dream, a man who had flown a very fast airplane right through the hazy unreality of a lighted airport into a town that did not matter, a man who kept on going deeper into the dream and the unreality, liking it and responding to it with all of his senses but not thinking about it as any part of his life. Emily was drawing upon the cigarette, her eyes staring straight ahead.

"I love him," she said, "and I used you as an experiment and . . ."

Rowan drew a deep breath. "I do not believe a word of it," he said. "You were simply being a woman and you frightened yourself to death."

It was like throwing a glass of cold water into her face, but he did not look at her and he did not see the shock register. He stood up and extended his hand to her. There was a taxi at the gate and they rode back as they had ridden out, close together but not too close. He walked with her to the door of her bungalow and she stood proudly, slimly erect, facing him.

"Thank you for everything," she said softly. "I want to say it again, Bart. You are a very decent person."

HER lips were trembling but her eyes were brave; clean and level, not hiding anything of which she was ashamed. He took her hand and looked at it.

"I did not hurt you, Emily," he said.

His voice was husky and he spoke as though reassuring himself rather than as addressing her. She shook her head.

"No. And I did not hurt you."

They stood there for a moment with the touch of their hands between them and nothing else whatever in all of the world. It was no more than if the hands had simply waved in passing. Their eyes met and neither of them looked away. They had not hurt each other because they could not; they rode good ships, their wings spread to marriages that were more than words in a service. Rowan bowed stiffly.

"Goodnight, Emily," he said.

He turned on his heel and he did not look back. There had been a bit of weather but he had made his landing. Emily had made her landing, too. It was all right. The measure of a pilot is in how he brings them down.

THE END

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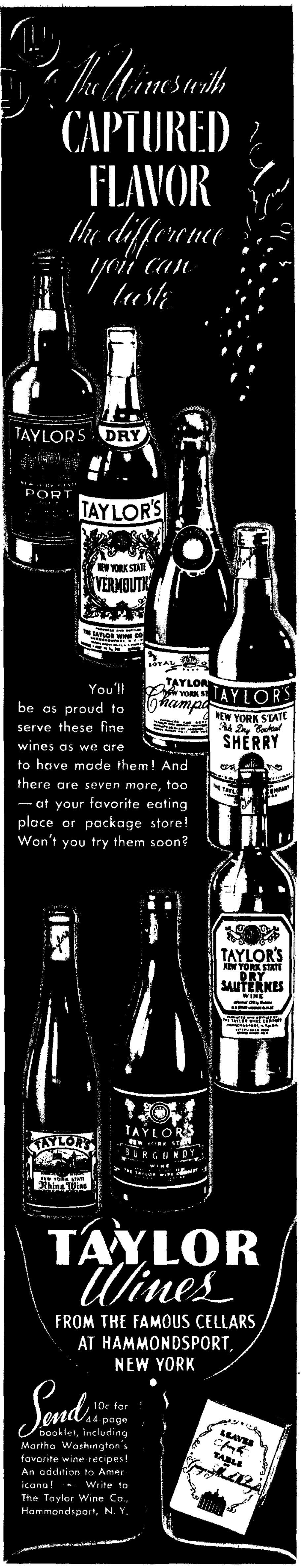
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The Time of His Life

Continued from page 14

each field a product good enough to kindle a spark of unspoken admiration even in the hearts of those who appreciate him least.

His recent fiasco has been followed by multiple success and accelerating fame. Money is pouring on him from new and larger channels, but he can neither spend it this time nor give it away, because his kaleidoscopic nature is being regimented to the consistency of Army life. Draft officials decided last month that his generosity to relatives had rendered him devoid of dependents. Unmarried, he was inducted as a private. His earnings will accrue, which is for the best, since he will owe something like $40,000 next March on his 1942 income.

Just what the Army plans or hopes to do with him is still a mystery, even to Saroyan. He will be a good and co-operative soldier but the fact remains that he holds his art and talent above all else.

Mr. Saroyan at Stake

"I honestly believe," he declared before climbing into his uniform, "that now more than ever, our own country as well as the world at large is urgently in need of the kind of writing I do. If good writers do not hold their integrity and talent aloof, then the disintegration of decency in human lives will have become utterly complete and consequently extremely difficult to re-establish.

"To feel that physical force alone shall cancel the enemy forces is a tactical, if not a military, misconception. We are seeking to establish a normal world, but a military world never has been and never will be normal, and a military point of view in art can never be anything but negligible.

"I don't know what they'll have me do. I'll be happy to drill with a gun, peel potatoes or do anything except write plays for the Army. I simply cannot write anything on order."

As he departed, the site of the defunct Saroyan Theater, the Belasco, was shining anew with another Saroyan triumph, Hello Out There, a short play starring Eddie Dowling and Julie Haydon. The better part of a two-play program, produced and directed by Dowling, it drew rave notices on opening night and plenty of customers subsequently.

Another Saroyan victory came with the release of a controversial short film called The Great Job, which he wrote and produced for M-G-M and which caused many of the mutual insults that followed his indignant exodus from Hollywood last spring. The experimental film was given a swanky première at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, went into first-run theaters, and was heralded as a probable winner of the Academy Award for short subjects.

Not far in the offing is his novel, The Human Comedy, adapted from the movie script. Whether good, great or disappointing, the new long work threatens to be the most exciting literary event of the season.

On the heels of the book will come the M-G-M picture version of the same story, starring Mickey Rooney and Frank Morgan. It's a tale which Hollywood conservatives have called "the greatest piece of literature since the Bible."

Were this amazing young man like the average creative genius, he would be more understandable, but outwardly he seems unbelievably average, handsome in a Mediterranean way, with even a zoot in his well-tailored civilian clothes. He has an explanation for this discrepancy:

"No good writer of our time has anywhere near as much fun as I do, or is anywhere near as amusing as I am—generally at my own expense, which I can afford. Most writers are so on guard about themselves and their talent that they don't dare kid themselves. By kidding myself, however, I am able to kid everybody, because few others happen to be my equal."

When Dr. Ernest Brennecke, Jr., of Columbia University, contended in a magazine article that such a work as Saroyan's Seventy Thousand Assyrians could not properly be called a story, the daring young man said:

"What the hell difference does it make what you call it, just so it breathes?" He clarifies his question with, "Once I tried all day to write a great story and couldn't, so I sat down and knocked out a letter of explanation to the editor, telling her how cold it was, so cold that I could hardly think. It was a long letter, and, as I read it over, I realized that it was more than a letter. It was great feeling. So I added a few hundred more words and mailed it as the story I wanted to write. It was published by the magazine and later in my first book."

Public enthusiasm for that first volume, The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze, was exceeded only by his own. Belief in its worth drove him to ply the San Francisco ferries with copies, which he sold to voyagers as the craft skirted over the bay.

Confidence in his work and himself has never dipped below the maximum. It was at an annoying peak early this year in the office of Louis B. Mayer, president of M-G-M, where his greatest financial struggle took place. Mr. Mayer had lured him to Hollywood with an offer of $25,000 "for any kind of Saroyan story." The author, unable to write on order, had countered with an offer to work for nothing until he had established his value. Bored with studio details, he had returned to San Francisco and there written The Human Comedy script in eleven days—280 pages, 80,000 words. For this he wanted $300,000.

"But that's more than a third of what we'll spend on the whole picture," they gasped.

"When you get through hacking it down, and the agent is paid," Saroyan explained, "I'll be lucky to have a fifth."

The Gambling Spirit

Despite prolonged and spirited haggling, they remained a fortune apart. The offering price had reached $50,000.

"This comedy has gone far enough," the author announced suddenly. "Get a deck of cards for Mr. Mayer and me. We'll cut to see if he pays me a hundred grand—or nothing!"

Shocked almost beyond recovery, the M-G-M executives went into an adjoining room for a conference. They returned presently and said, "In fairness we can't do that. You might lose."

"Don't worry about me," Saroyan laughed. "*You* might lose!"

But they couldn't see it that way and the deal was stalemated. Saroyan finally asked and received $10,000 more, which was the commission he had promised to pay his agent, Stanley Rose, a former bookstore proprietor who had gone broke. After all, back in 1934 the fellow had devoted an entire window display to that first Saroyan volume. Such confidence in a new author simply had to be rewarded and ten grand was little enough.

The way he gave away the remaining $50,000 to his friends and relatives contains the key to Saroyan's true nature. He dislikes nobody, not even his severest critics or his top sergeant. He has known all the misery and pain that falls to plodding authors, yet nowhere in his writing or life can you find ugliness or hatred.

Were he "European-minded," you could understand his somewhat pixilated attitude toward truth and beauty, but he is thoroughly American, despite two Armenian-born parents. His father, a teacher and preacher in Armenia, did janitor work upon reaching America at the turn of the century. Then he moved to California and became a vineyard expert. He died in 1911 leaving four children, the youngest of whom was William, aged three. His mother put them in an orphanage at Alameda and took a job as maid in San Francisco.

Fleet on the Feet

Bold William emerged at the age of seven and began selling newspapers because his older brother, Henry, had sold papers. When Henry went to work for Postal Telegraph, William went there also, and the Saroyan boys were the fleetest messengers on the Coast.

Saroyan's earliest ambition was to be a musician, for he worships music of any kind. He writes with the radio playing—and is never without a portable phonograph and plenty of records. He alternates Brahms and Zez Confrey, feeling that too much of one of them might influence his literary output. None of his plays is without some type of music, even if only from an off-stage harmonica.

As he worked and attended school (until he was fifteen), Saroyan loaded his being with so many acute reactions, opinions and conclusions that they were bound to explode through some channel of expression. Lacking lessons in music or painting, the outburst finally came through words. First they were conversations with himself, and then conversations and thoughts placed upon paper when they passed through his conscious mind.

Since he wrote as he talked and thought, he was never bridled by form or rhetoric, which made composition easy. The pages simply fly from the typewriter when he gets going. His devotion to work is sacred and his enormous output is limited only by physical exhaustion.

His literary career was peculiarly complicated at the very outset when, after sending salable pieces to Story Magazine, he also dispatched some material under the name of Sirak Goryan to the late Edward J. O'Brien, short-story connoisseur, in England.

"My work," he wrote to O'Brien, "although different in substance from the work of my cousin, William Saroyan, is, I believe, not greatly unrelated to his work. As a matter of fact, except for him, I do not suppose that I would be trying to write at all. . . . I thought that writing was some very mysterious process until Saroyan showed me how and what to write about."

From England, O'Brien wrote to Martha Foley, co-editor of Story Magazine, announcing his discovery of a new Armenian writer, Sirak Goryan, just as Miss Foley was writing to O'Brien in praise of her new Armenian writer, Saroyan. They argued back and forth over which Armenian was better, and the daring young man stewed in his juicy canard while the battle raged. He confessed finally, but O'Brien always claimed that Goryan was better than Saroyan.

To date, Saroyan has yet to find any topic more important than the dignity of man and the beauty of the human soul expressing itself through creative work. He holds hate and evil to be thoroughly a fable, a transient state in the dignity of man.

The secret of his tremendous output—two books a year for the first five and then a cascade of brilliant plays—lies in his ability to regiment his energy. After selling his first story in late 1933 for $15, he pledged himself to one story a day for the next month. He maintained the schedule, occasionally writing two a day and once three. At the end of the month he had written thirty-six, all but one of which were fresh and new, and not from his stock on hand, as has been rumored. All thirty-six were published.

When Eddie Dowling, actor and producer, told him at a banquet that he would buy any Saroyan play, sight unseen, the effervescent young man holed up in a New York hotel and regimented himself again. He wrote an act a day and emerged with The Time of Your Life, which has been called one of the best ever seen. He sent $500 to his mother and used the other $500 for a trip to Ireland.

Again in Hollywood, after the picture people had "discovered" him, he performed a miracle in completing The Human Comedy in ten days of actual writing. It is the story of a little boy and the human forces which make him good. He wanted to produce and direct it. They pleaded with him to stick around a while and learn. He could be an assistant to King Vidor at $1,000 a week.

"I don't want to assist anybody," he argued. "I don't want to learn anything. How can you have a fresh viewpoint if you do?"

And then he countered with his usual proposition: "Give me a crew and I'll make a two-reeler. If it's good, I'll take over The Human Comedy. If you say it's bad, I'll withdraw."

They agreed and he went to work in a fashion that confounded his veteran cameraman, astounded the electricians, but delighted the grips and sound crews. They'd never seen anything like it. He used no formula, no rules, but simply shot footage—too much footage, the stockroom complained. His relatives were always visiting him on the set. He directed from stepladders and sitting on the floor and actually drew an audience. When things got dull, he would play the races with the studio bookie.

New Technique for Hollywood

The star of the two-reeler turned out to be an unknown, a face not even on the cutting-room floor. He was Peter Der Hagopian, one of the many Armenians who always manage to find Saroyan. He struck up a conversation on the strength of having an ancient shield supposedly worth a half million dollars. He wanted fifty dollars for it. Saroyan refused, but since the fellow was strictly from hunger, he put him on the pay roll as an actor at twenty-five dollars a day.

For four days the Armenian, now fed, waited in vain for his career to begin. He inquired at regular intervals about the matter, only to be put off. Finally on the fifth and last day of the shooting, Saroyan sat at a typewriter and wrote the part, rehearsed him on the spot and shot a heart-rending piece of symbolism: An Armenian spending his last few pennies for figs that have just arrived from his beloved homeland.

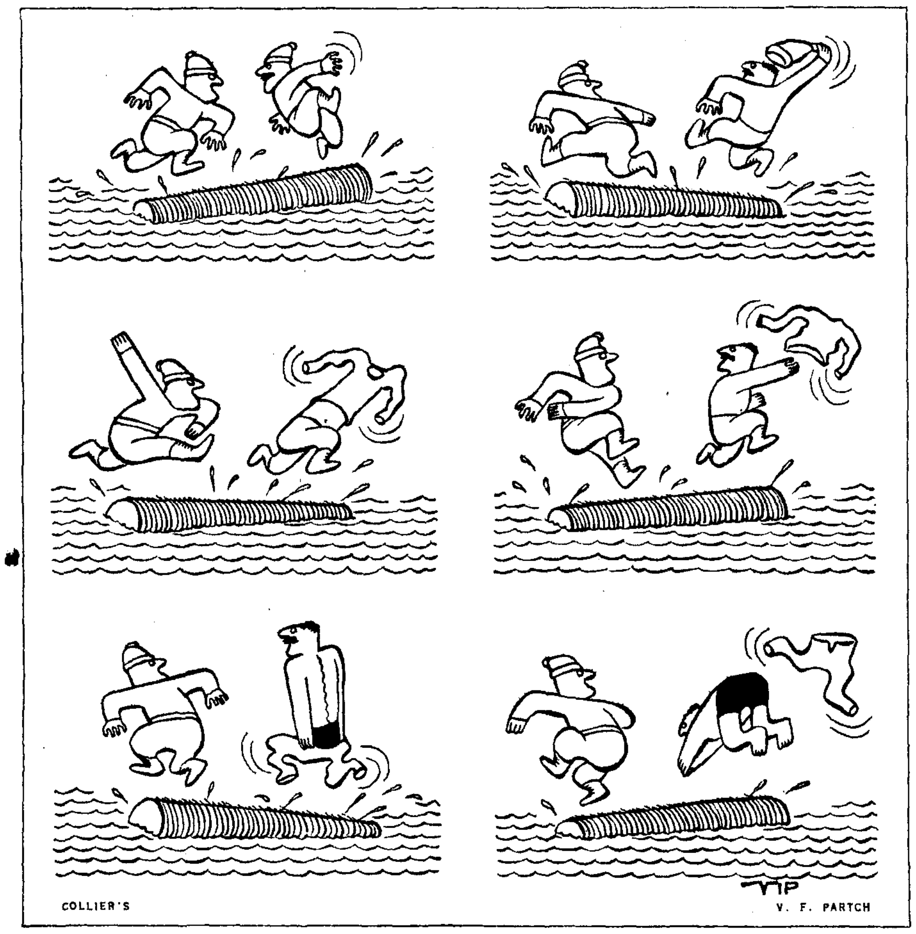
"The picture is lousy!" said an M-G-M executive after viewing only the rushes.

"Okay," Saroyan replied with a shrug and for once was without a counterproposition. "You don't want me to do The Human Comedy. I see. Well, I quit. But I'll pay you twenty-five grand for this short, and I'll even buy back The Human Comedy for eighty thousand bucks!"

Words, statements and rebuttals followed. Saroyan wrote a classical denunciation for the Hollywood Variety entitled, Why I Am No Longer at M-G-M, or The California Shore Bird in Its Native Habitat, or Brahms' Double Concerto in A Minor. It might be noted that the California shore bird lays its eggs in the sand for the sun or some other bird to hatch.

But all is peace and harmony now, and M-G-M has only one fear. The technique of the short film might catch on and alter or even revolutionize the whole technique of picture making. Army publications please copy.

THE END



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Bullfighters Can Read

By I. G. Ziegler

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

THE schoolteacher of North America carries poison, not blood in her veins," said my old friend Don Martin over his third rum tonic down at the old place on the Cinco de Mayo. Don Martin spoke with as much bitterness as a man too fat to fight knows anything about.

Every newspaperman and every bullfighter in Mexico has a speaking or nonspeaking acquaintance with Don Martin. He's the man who plans the fight cards. He's the man who makes life happy for the fight writers at the bullfighters' expense, and he's the same little potbelly who fixes things up for the bullfighters at the writers' expense. He can't lose.

"What dealings have you had with North American schoolteachers and their blood?" I asked him amiably, knowing he was going to tell me all about it.

"You will recall to yourself with facility," began Don Martin, polishing his glass on his sleeve, "the lad Esmero, the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, the garden of four-leaf clovers, the Grand Prize of Sunday lottery, the bullfighter I could not have improved had I put him together myself, limb by limb—the boy with the heart, soul and body of the worst enemy of the best bull ever raised on Avila Ranch. Yes?"

Although I had spent the past two years in the States, I remembered the lad Esmero, of course. A bit smaller than most of the *espadas* who killed bulls in the arena on Sunday afternoons, Esmero was built like the blade he invariably placed in the neck of the bull, killing him skillfully with a single thrust. Slim and beautiful he was, and tough as steel.

He was the dream child of any bullfight impresario, all right. He had the desire to be the greatest bullfighter of all time, and he spent his life to that end. He kept his heart and soul free from women, his body free from alcohol and bad living, and, incidentally, he kept his mind free from learning. He was that happy man who couldn't read a newspaper headline or endorse a check, and all he knew about the newspaper accounts of his work was what the writers told him they wrote.

"And it was then he fell in love with a schoolteacher from the States?" I prodded Don Martin whose eyes were becoming smaller with sad thoughts and rum tonic.

"Yes, with one of those audacious ones who come alone to the arena and talk to men not of their acquaintance. This one came and remained to talk to Don Esmero, to make photographs of him with the cape. The other fighters that day were, alas, no more than cowpunchers."

"Pretty?"

"As a fresh gardenia."

"Plump?" Don Martin's gesture indicated satisfactory hips and bosom.

"Blond?"

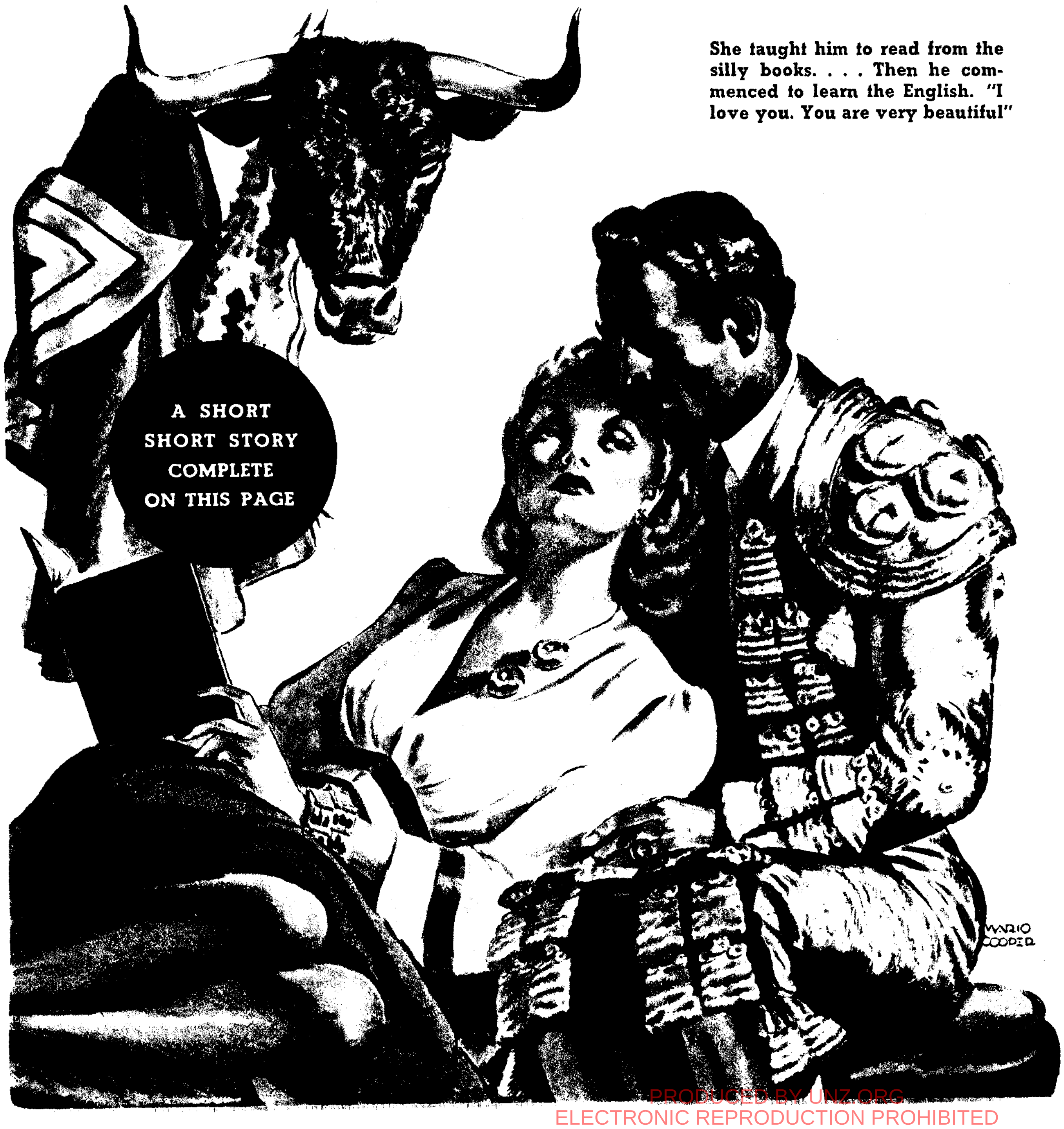
"Like the morning sun on Popocatepetl. It was an immediate consequence that they fell in love. What girl, even with poison in her veins, would not be enamored of the greatest bullfighter in Mexico? Even had he resembled one of the bulls?"

"Love shouldn't have hurt Esmero any," I suggested. "Ought to have made a keener fighter out of him."

"So it was in the beginning. All went from good to better for the first several weeks, and things would have arranged themselves to perfection, had not the misfortune happened that the girl Lucy—she was called by that ridiculous name—wanted to present Esmero to her friends. Her friends were, alas, the kind of people who read books and make much conversation about what they read.

"Esmero discovered quickly that of what these people talked about, he knew nothing. Even when they spoke Spanish, he did not know the meaning of the words. He became injured in his vanity, for after he had answered their foolish questions about bullfighting, they ignored him. They did not know he was in the room. It gave much pain to Esmero, and he began to question her about things of the book—he who had never held a book.

"The girl Lucy, being a schoolteacher, was happy to instruct him. She taught him first to write his name, something which gave him much pleasure, and always in the sand at the arena, he was writing his name and that of Lucy. To write the name of Lucy seemed to give him the same pleasure as that of killing the great black bull with the single thrust."


A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE
MARIO COOPER

She taught him to read from the silly books. . . . Then he commenced to learn the English. "I love you. You are very beautiful"

DON MARTIN with his left hand indicated where the thrust went in the great black bull, without spilling a drop of his rum tonic. He continued:

"She then taught him to read from the silly little books. 'I see the mountain,' he would read, as he walked about in the dressing rooms. 'You see the mountain. They see the mountain. The grass in the valley is green. Little José is buying a pen at the store. He writes his lesson in a notebook.' And after several weeks of that, he commenced to learn the English. 'I love you. I love you. You are very beautiful. I desire to marry myself with you.' Those were the words we heard at the arena in the place of the old jokes of the bullfighter.

"Love," moaned Don Martin, on the last half of his fourth rum tonic, "did not destroy the greatest bullfighter Mexico has ever seen. It was the little learning. Day by day, Esmero thought less of the bulls and less of his body which must kill the bulls. He thought only of his mind which must conquer the words in a book. He began, alas, to widen at the hips, and you know what happens when a bullfighter begins to widen at the hips. It commences the end. In no manner did it matter to him what I said. Nothing made any difference to him except 'The grass in the valley is green. I desire to marry myself with you.'

"Then came the time—I shudder to recall it to myself," said Don Martin, "when four thrusts—imagine to yourself—four thrusts were necessary for the killing of not a very male bull.

"That afternoon the crowds of people got to their feet and shouted, 'Esmero is a lady! Let Esmero go back to her cooking and weaving! Let us have the young Sanchez!'

"*Bueno!* From that time, the crowds were given young Sanchez who has the speed of a burro, and Esmero went back to his books.

"Never have I been so anguished, you can tell yourself, when I saw how the valiant Esmero bent the beautiful back over the books. The books, written by philosophers of the bull ring, he was certain would bring back to him the skill he had lost. Bullfighting, the philosophers told him in fat volumes, was a thing of the spirit, not of the body, and was a question of the fighter's projection of the mind into the mind of the black bull.

"Esmero only smiled at me with sadness when I declared bullfighting was a question of projecting the sword into the neck of the bull, before the bull projected the horn into the thigh of the fighter."

I was curious about the conclusion to the romance, although Don Martin was plainly through with his story. "Did he marry Lucy? And are they happy in their little home with many books and maybe one baby?" I asked.

"But certainly no!" answered Don Martin, pounding on the table for a fifth rum tonic. "Certainly no. The little Lucy went back to Chicago and married one who has the curious name of Slaughterhouse Sweeney. He is a prize fighter—one who fights with the clenched fists.

"In the marriage, as in the sports, Lucy wanted a man with many hairs on the chest, one stronger than the black bull."

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The Rum Racket Returns

Continued from page 16

vote for national prohibition—and all the debauchery, crime, mob law and murder which would follow in its wake. Mr. Edward Page Gaston, one of the hardest working prohibitionists, announces that his cause already has a hundred supporters in Congress. This is wonderful news for Joe the bootlegger and the mob from whom he buys his stuff. They're working as fast as the prohibitionists.

We find that already three gallons of liquor out of every ten sold in this country pay no taxes—moonshine whisky. We find that if our military minds and our war agencies were as ingenious in overcoming such obstacles as shortages and transportation as the moonshiners and bootleggers are, we'd be further along toward the winning of this war. What with the growth of local option, more than 23,000,000 people already live in territory where all liquor is illegal.

The government's hunters of illicit stills have taken to air-hunting for their quarry. From airplanes they look for the give-away plumes of smoke in the hills. The moonshiners' answer was the groundhog still—buried tanks holding from 250 gallons to 2,500, more skillfully camouflaged than the latest warplane hangars. The operators cook with electricity (where the government, through the Rural Electrification Administration, makes it cheap), or with charcoal which makes no smoke. Moreover, the government's flying revenuers are getting hard up for planes.

A New Thrill

The prohibitionists celebrate wildly with prune juice and Liberty Lovelies (orange juice and grape juice, half and half) every time another township is added to dry territory. But the government's investigators simply lose more sleep because drinkers don't stop drinking, and swilling hooch becomes a fine adventure for those who hitherto never touched the stuff.

It is estimated that in dry Mississippi the per capita consumption of bootleg is the highest in the country. Captain John T. Burkett of the Alcohol Tax Unit of the Treasury says that "an ungodly amount" of the tax-free contraband stuff is quaffed in dry Oklahoma and dry Kansas.

Once the wildcat distiller used sugar in vast quantities. As late as 1941, says the United States Treasury, 1,657,000 bags of sugar were consumed by seized stills. That means 2,850 tons used at the rate of three bags a minute, and that merely in the stills that were knocked off—much less than half. It's not so easy to get sugar now, and yet the government agents confess surprise at the amounts they find in the speakeasy supply depots.

Not long ago, a soft-drinks manufacturer pleaded guilty to selling 20,000 bags of sugar to a moonshiner. Today the agents are investigating certain candy manufacturers, bakers and canners who, they claim, are making big profits selling part of their sugar rations to the hooch cookers.

But the boys are discovering that sugar is not at all indispensable. Small operators are running off prunes, fruits and potatoes with wonderful effect and success. The big fellows are turning to grains and corn meal. Bakers' wheat sugar serves where the regular stuff is absent. Tupelo honey (glorified in Collier's not long ago by Mr. Dudley V. Haddock) is the latest sugar substitute used by Florida's bootleggers.

In Oklahoma, the citizenry is turning to beekeeping in growing numbers. In West Virginia, the mountain-dew boys are using corn sirup instead of sugar—corn sirup, canned malt and molasses. Mr. Daniel McShane, an investigator for the Alcohol Tax Unit thinks that sugar rationing may curtail the activities of some of the small operators but that it will have no noticeable effect on the big fellows.

Sorghum sirup is also used to sweeten the pots of the 'shiners. In Georgia, says Mr. H. K. Heath, another investigator for the Alcohol Tax Unit, they cut the sugar cane raw, cook it down into sirup, and get along fine—much finer than the drinkers of their distillation do. It's pretty lethal but the public will drink it.

In the old days, it took copper to make a still. Well, that's all over, too. One of the old-timers informs us that nine tenths of the moonshiners in Georgia, the Carolinas and the Ozark country never did believe in copper coils. It made the stuff taste bad, they said. Today they're stewing in old rusty zinc water tanks swiped from burned-out house kitchens.

Iron water pipe laid through a creek and down over the hill, dripping into a wooden bucket works magnificently. Mind you, we're not urging anybody to drink the finished product. Old oil drums, garbage cans, galvanized washtubs are used to make what the lads call submarine stills. Worms are constructed from zinc and even lead pipe.

Of course, the lack of sugar, the scarcity of metals and the difficulties of transportation combine to boost the price of moonshine, popskull, rotgut, calamity juice or whatever you want to call it. Before Pearl Harbor, open-air booze could be bought for from $1.75 to $2.50 a gallon. It is up to four dollars now.

North Carolina popskull is something like five dollars a gallon wholesale today—five times what it was a couple of years ago. In Pennsylvania, moonshine alcohol that cost three dollars a gallon six months ago is six dollars today. But who cares so long as business is booming? You used to get white mule in Missouri for three and four dollars a gallon. The price has now doubled. And in Florida the stuff you bought last year for a dollar a gallon is now delivered in five-gallon containers for $22.50. But it seems that they've got to have it.

Ceiling Prices for Bootleggers

While we're on the subject of prices, we might mention that the bootleggers of Oklahoma are having themselves a double dilemma. Besides risking the penalties of the state's antiliquor laws, they find that they're bumping into liquor price ceilings. The OPA has finally put its foot down and insisted that they post ceiling prices in their "establishments," and that they do not peddle their wares at prices higher than those prevailing in March—which reminds you of the income-tax people getting after Al Capone.

The legal distilleries are being converted into producers of alcohol for munitions and synthetic rubber. The conversion is now about completed, and the legal manufacture of beverage spirits has ceased for the duration. Of course, there are about 500,000,000 gallons of legal stuff in warehouses, enough for normal demands for three or four years. But the price is soaring so fast that the mass purse is opening toward the relatively cheap bootleg market.

Joe tells us that he and most of the other peddlers he know are doing a whale of a business in industrial centers and with our Armed Forces, and that the great majority of the roadhouses, juke joints and similar tomorrow-we-die dives sell nothing but wildcat stuff—in bottles bearing the labels of popular legal stuff, of course.

In such parlors, the customers don't seem to care much what the label says, what the bottle looks like, whether the stuff is poured out of bottle, jug or demijohn. We reek with bad news, don't we?

City Folk Are Particular

City folk are somewhat more particular. Perhaps they know they're buying tiger juice but they like to be fooled a little. They prefer bottles with familiar labels. Of course, it is illegal to refill whisky bottles, but the bootleggers seem convinced that another little sin won't do them any harm. The government men say you'd be surprised to know how many of the better-smelling night clubs and hotel bars serve moonshine.

The customers seem to have some trouble surviving it, but they seldom put the blame on the proprietors or the guy behind the bar. They merely stagger off, saying regretfully that they guess the war has got on their nerves, that they just can't take it any more.

Joe's clientele is almost entirely urban. He buys from jobbers or direct from the stills, and they put up as pretty a piece of goods as you'd like to see. From janitors and barkeeps and whom not, they buy sets of twenty-four bottles for four dollars or at the most four-fifty. Counterfeit labels are easy to get. The government men know of barkeeps whom they regretfully suspect of soaking revenue stamps off legal bottles, selling them to the gyps for ten cents apiece. It's the same old story, you see.

Of course, in the old days you came to love the story that the stuff was "right off the boat." You didn't believe it but it sounded nice. Very frequently the bootlegger had an English accent, real or assumed. He was a steward on a transatlantic liner. You know. Well, there aren't any such boats today, and it would be silly for anyone to try to work that gag. The most successful tale these days is that the salesman is a discharged employee of a liquor store who managed to bring out with him several cases of swell stuff which he will be very glad to sell at wholesale.

When taxes are increased on most commodities, the consumer either pays the new price or he goes without. With whisky, it's different. It's easy to make whisky—such as it is—and there is the old psychology in the bootlegger's favor.

The average citizen might turn in the guy who offers black-market sugar, but he takes an unholy joy in knowing the bootlegger, in being in his confidence, protecting him, and importantly recommending him to others. Psychologists have written reams on the subject, so we shan't expand upon that here. A citizen who will turn in a man whom he suspects of being a fifth columnist or a spy becomes a hero in his neighborhood even if the fellow happens to be nothing more important than a loudmouthed crackpot. But he who squeals on a bootlegger is generally regarded as a rat.

Taxes account for more than sixty per cent of the price of legal liquor, for fifty per cent of the cost of cigarettes, more than twenty-five per cent of the cost of beer. Gasoline prices are forty per cent taxes. But it's too hard to manufacture

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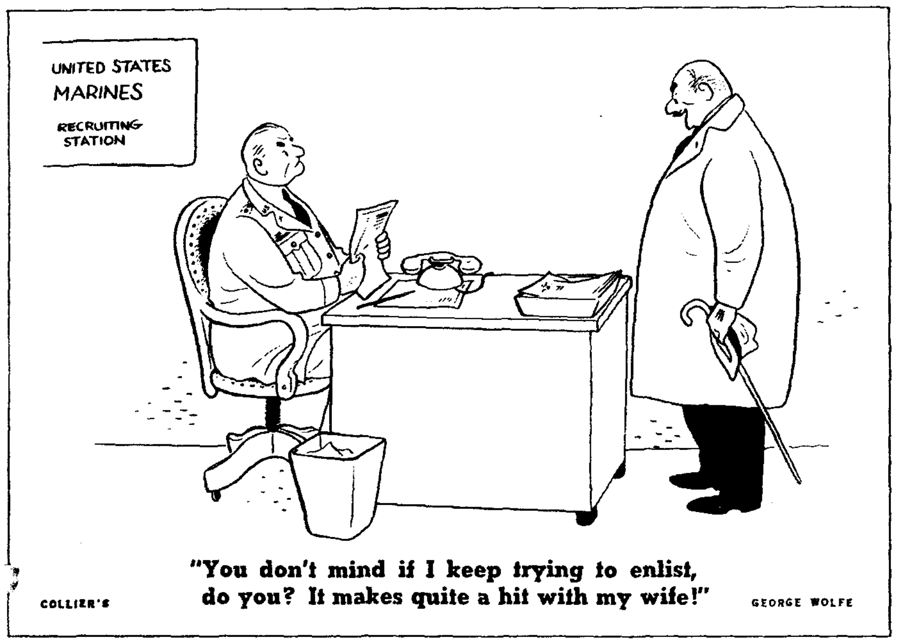
Cystex
Helps Flush Kidneys

salable cigarettes and beer, and you just can't produce moonshine gas. Whisky's a push-over. The moonshiner starts business with an advantage over his legal competitor of at least $1.25 a quart—and nobody knows how much more it will be when Congress gets through. In addition, the legal distiller has to pay license fees, income taxes, profits taxes, social security levies, workmen's compensation taxes, and heaven knows what else.

The bootlegger can buy a gallon of 190-proof alcohol costing about forty cents. With this, he can turn out from two and a half to three gallons of hooch, 70-proof. The government knows all the details, the Alcohol Tax Unit having 1,300 agents roaming the land, and most of the states having quite a crew of their own. But it would take 13,000 government agents to keep up with the racket as it is growing today. Just for fun, let's look at a few samples of the state agents' activities.

Fifty field men in Georgia knocked off 2,202 stills last year. They confiscated or destroyed $560,000 worth of moonshine equipment. They investigated 19,813 complaints, arrested 4,435 operators, some of whom went to jail for brief terms. Georgia tops the list.



"You don't mind if I keep trying to enlist, do you? It makes quite a hit with my wife!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

Next comes Alabama, where the state investigators found 1,347 cookers and 484,403 gallons of mash. This success was realized because Alabama mash has one of the world's most evil odors. The officers just followed their noses.

As you come north, the arrests are fewer although the customers are more numerous. In Philadelphia, 966 bootleggers (not distillers) were arrested last year, and yet no one tries to tell you seriously that that has had any effect on the amount of rattlesnake being sold and consumed in that city. We observe, however, that the 1941 haul was a third greater than 1940's. The Pennsylvania Alcoholic Beverage Study Committee, a body of serious persons to whom exaggeration is abhorrent, estimates that bootleggers purveyed at least ten per cent of all liquor sold in their state last year. The government men think the figure much higher.

We're jumping about a bit, but you've got to realize that this moonshine war boom is pretty new. The government men are much too busy and many too few to have gathered comprehensive tables. But they got interesting reports from state officials. For example, Mr. Carl G. Bachman of the West Virginia Liquor Commission tells them that, "They make moonshine here for about twenty-five cents a gallon, sell it in case lots of three gallons—the retail price varying according to the customer's purse and thirst. Anyway, this state's sales of legal liquor fell ten per cent in 1940 and have been falling steadily ever since."

The government is not so much concerned with the Ozark type of moonshine as it is with the city industry—the big fellows who supply Joe and his like. The big-time 'shiners frequently take refuge behind legitimate business fronts and are hard to dislodge. Recently the agents knocked off a huge still near the Brooklyn Navy Yard. It occupied a building ostensibly housing a masons' supplies business. A raid on a commission merchant's place, four blocks from the New York Federal Building, uncovered a very expensive still, which had a daily output of 1,250 gallons of illegal whisky.

In the New York City garment manufacturing centers, behind a brave sign advertising Transportation, Storage and Warehousing, they found a thousand-gallon still working twenty-four hours a day. They found, too, five 10,000-gallon vats, four of them filled with mash which didn't smell nearly as bad as Alabama's. And now they're discovering elegant stills on dairy farms, in construction camps, in olive oil wholesale houses and, of all places, on mink farms.

Among the worst aspects of moonshining and bootlegging is the inevitable corruption of public officials. If you're a survivor of the Eighteenth Amendment era, you will probably remember that mayors, chiefs of police and even congressmen were stowed away in federal and state prisons for bootlegging and bribery. Well, that sort of thing is with us again.

Prohibition Brings Corruption

A federal grand jury has recently indicted twenty agents of the Alcohol Tax Unit for accepting bribes from syndicates which were hoping to defraud the government of $5,000,000 in alcohol taxes. Perhaps you missed that in all the clamor of war's cockeyed headlines. These inspectors were on the pay rolls of fourteen manufacturers of "tonics and lotions." We don't know just to what extent bribery has slowed down the feet of state officials, though we're assured that "it is plenty." But such demoralization of public officials is inevitable in all prohibition drives.

Take a look at the record. It starts away back in 1794 when the government's efforts to levy a tax of one thin dime on a gallon of whisky brought on the celebrated Whisky Rebellion. It was then that the moonshiners went right on shining while their customers fought the revenuers.

To the casual drinker, the detection of bogus bottled stuff is difficult—before a sample drink. But look at the stamp on the bottle anyway. If the stamp has the words "one-fifth gallon" printed thereon or "four-fifths quart" be suspicious. The stuff may be okay, but the government has printed no such stamps for several years. Or shake a partly filled bottle. If a colorful foam lasting for several seconds results, it may be genuine liquor. But even so, you can't be sure. The maker may have added a measure of bead oil.

The agents have no infallible rule to offer you except to lay off the stuff entirely, and the chances are overwhelming that you're not going to do that. Ask any hooch peddler. Primarily all we're concerned with here is that the racket is flourishing once more, and that if Congress thinks it is going to get a billion dollars in revenue next year from the sale of legal liquor—well, it's wrong again.

In Harlem, that colorful section of New York City, and on New York's lower East Side, anybody with as little as seventy-five dollars to invest may start a modest still and do pretty well. The government's reports from sugar, salt and urea stores tell us that these commodities are being taken therefrom in pushcarts, baby carriages and on the buyer's shoulder. They are all valuable moonshine materials. And, incidentally, you'll rejoice to know that urea is what it sounds like—a very soluble crystalline substance derived from the urine of mammals. Here's looking at you, my friend!

Keeping Up with the Times

Times, as you may have heard, have changed. These sugar, salt and urea stores have taken the place of the malt-and-hops shops of prohibition days. They make noble whizz-bang stuff, sold in so-called quarter joints at twenty-five cents a pint or ten cents a drink—third-rail entertainment.

Now don't take these tidings too lightly. And don't foster the idea that we're just a nasty wet, carrying the banner of the distiller, eager to accomplish the moral degradation of the young of America.

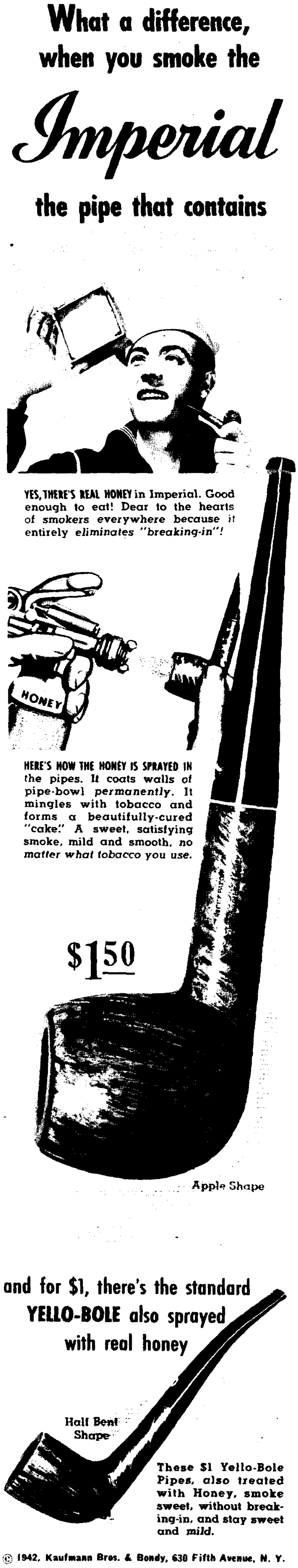
We're deploring, not gloating. We're tremendously impressed by what Mr. S. S. Alexander, United States district attorney in Topeka, Kansas, has discovered. In that politically dry state, really the birthplace of American prohibition, Mr. Alexander discovered "the biggest and best organized bootleg operation ever known in the Middle West." Its activities spread into eight states—Kansas, Mississippi, Oklahoma, Iowa, Nebraska, Texas, Missouri and Illinois. It produced 159 defendants. It operated a hundred trucks. It has been wounded but not killed.

The government men estimate that for every legal distillery, there are at least one hundred illicit stills. The federal agents are grabbing moonshiners at the rate of a thousand a month, and still the bootleg racket grows. The federal people tell us that they estimate last year's moonshine at 18,000,000 gallons. Legally made, this would have fetched the government $72,000,000 in taxes. Let's see. That would have built ten destroyers for our Navy—or it would pay for some three hundred bombers.

We shall close this graceless tale with something we're sure you don't know: Bootleg syndicates in New York, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois are exporting moonshine into Canada. This is rather a reversal of what went on during prohibition at which time Canada came to our rescue with cut stuff in lovely bottles.

But then, one good turn deserves another, doesn't it?

THE END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A RIVER CAME

By Mona Gardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

It was no miracle, but to the people thereabout it seemed to be one. Modern engineering in a land where myth and superstition carry more weight than fact

WEYA shifted in the hot train seat. The quivering white sunlight stung his eyes, and his body ached with the burden of heat and flying sand. He pulled the window shutter up to close out the blazing waste of the Madras plain—and hated himself for doing it. The earth of his fathers after six years, and he could not bear the sight of it. With sore envy he thought of men who found tender words for songs and poems about their native land.

Where was this new river, this fabulous genie of water his brother kept telling about? And three times each year in her stiff little duty letters, Anula had written: "A river has come." A river—h'mph! Did it make sense that a river could be turned around? If nature had designed it to tumble west to the sea, could British engineers—even with their tons of cement—make it flow due east across desert plains?

Weya shook his head. It was a tale for credulous country drudges, but not for a man who had studied law in Bombay six years. What was a dam? It could burst, couldn't it? What was a trickle of water? Sun and sands could suck it up before it flowed a mile, couldn't they?

With a slow finger Weya lowered the shutter to look out again—on rain-gutted gullies, cracked clay, ashen weeds the color of death. Bah! Only a fool could love a native land like this. And he was no fool—he would be gone away from it again in three days.

Three days and no more. A day to visit with his brother and the meager relatives left in his family; a day of fasting for the ceremony; and another day to marry Anula the last time and be off with her to Bombay again. Yes, three days was enough.

The train tilted around a long curve. Weya sighed; it was the bend through the Sand Hills behind town. He was there. He wiped the dust from his face, and stood up to lift his bedding roll down from the rack above. He shook the layer of dust from his white cotton jacket, ran a comb through his wet black hair, and stood waiting at the compartment door.

He might have been a stranger, he thought, standing there so quietly, gazing so dispassionately. No, his breath came no faster than yesterday when he looked out upon the ghats of the Deccan and the strangely clawed valleys of Hyderabad. And yet this was Tamil land—his land, where he had been born, had suckled, had almost become another farmer—

"A feeble jackstraw impotently waiting for the monsoons," he said out loud; and remembered, in that same breath, where he was. He looked around the compartment apologetically. But the three other men who sat there heavy with heat and the endurance of it, apparently had heard nothing. They gave no sign.

Countrymen, Weya dismissed them sadly to himself, dulled by that fierce enemy, the sun. Dulled as he would find his brother Chora, dulled as Dapulu his old uncle and the cousins Wanny and Detu would be. . . . How ever was he going to talk with them—even for three days? Would they understand this new Weya? He could tell them of the pavements and miracles of Bombay—oh, that was easy enough. He could set their ears to tingling with the tale of good fresh water gushing plentifully, day and night, from a pipe in every house. And they would understand the luxury of grass and trees and flowers—yearning for green things as they did.

But what of the other ingredients that made his life now—the intoxicating words he had discovered: the books upon books he knew by heart; ah, the beauty and passion of those endless talks he and the other young law students had sitting along the sea wall at night — sometimes all night — probing, dissecting, recreating anything their minds happened upon, religion, ethics, governments, economics, anything. . . .

The train slowed between houses of mud and sticks. There was a scratching of millet, of sweet potatoes, more gullies, houses wedged like kernels on a cob, the great carved towers of the old temple, and then the jutting roof of the long stone station. Weya opened the door and stepped out on the platform.

Clamor and the sun struck him. He put his hand out to steady himself against the heavy slap of noise, the quick stinging impact of sunlight on bare white walls. Water here—the good clean smell of water? No, only dust, the musty sourness of betel juice, and people, people everywhere—tea venders, broadcake sellers, men in dirty *dhotis,* Parsees with cloven hats, screaming, gesturing Mohammedans who swarmed about him, surging up the red-spattered stones, surging down them. Weya looked for a familiar face, but there were none—not even the black destroyed one of the leper that went begging the length of the train.

WEYA didn't expect the family to meet him. Uncle Dapulu was too old. Chora probably wouldn't feel free to spend two rupees on a *tonga.* After all, it was an hour's ride from here to their village. And Anula—well, what could a man expect of a country girl of eighteen, even though she had been married to him for six years?

He waved his hand to call a carrying boy. Six came howling, swooping at his straw case, tearing at his bedding roll, fighting like kites for the copper he'd give. He watched them, wincing inside, and gave two coppers. He couldn't see six Tamils struggle that way to divide what one copper would buy.

"A *tonga,*" he told them.

"A *tonga! A tonga!*" the cry scattered from boy to boy, and they went running with his things to a hooded carriage. Weya followed, stepping carefully over the wet splashes of betel juice that stained the platform.

"Weya!" Someone called his name. No, it would be some other Weya who was wanted. But he looked around. It was his brother Chora, calling, gesturing.

Weya felt a quick flood of happiness. "Chora! Chora!" he cried, his eyes wet. He clasped the other's shoulders, hugging him, laughing with him, hugging him again.

Chora was thin, but not gaunt. His *dhoti* was clean; his jacket pressed. Chora, his brother! "You look well!" Weya's incredulous surprise was salved with happiness and affection.

"Yes, well," Chora said effusively, no pain in his eyes, no stark memory tightening his lips.

"Brother!" Weya admired. "You have had enough to eat this year!"

The older brother took fire from the younger. "Brother, you will never believe me! We grow corn and sugar cane and barley and melons now."

Weya sobered. "By *grow* do you mean seed planted in the earth? Or do you mean a crop harvested?"

"Harvested!" Chora insisted, clutching Weya's arm, leading him toward the *tonga.* "Truly you will not know us now that we have water. Think, Weya—a steel-bladed plow, morning-glories over the house, a duckpond with ducks and eggs—all you can eat every day!"

"It is a djinn's tale!" Weya shook his head, not wanting to show his skepticism here on the platform.

"Let me look at you," Chora admired. "You are taller! You walk with authority."

"I addressed the assembly last week," Weya found the words before he thought. "Think, Brother, me a Tamil not yet twenty-five holding the floor for ten minutes with all the great Bombay lawyers listening and clapping! Ah, it was an honor to bring tears to your eyes."

"You shall repeat the speech for us at home!"

Weya laughed. "What, a plea for a new law code?"

"A whole new law code!" the words grew large on Chora's tongue.

"Oh, no. Just for—for animals."

"Animals? But why do animals need laws?" Chora was stupefied.

Weya hesitated a little. "To govern the treatment of them."

Chora interrupted. "But we never lay a finger on animals! Our religion forbids it!"

Weya drew up sharply. "It forbids us to kill animals! But it does not say we must feed them and let humans die of famine. It does not forbid fences to keep them out of our fields!"

"But we have never built fences." Chora shook his head helplessly. "We never have."

Weya felt the hot tide of anger rise up in him at this senseless answer. This was what he had expected. "You do not understand, Brother," he said. "Some other time we'll talk this—perhaps!"

"Yes," Chora agreed, "next week, the week after, I must hear what this thing is."

Weya started to speak and stopped; he'd explain later about staying only three days.

They were at the *tonga.* Chora took his jacket off, folded it across his arm, and crawled in, squatting on the floor. It was more difficult for Weya to cross his trousered legs, so he braced himself against the hood with his legs dangling out behind. The driver started the pony with the usual clattering run across the cobblestones of the station square, and then slowed to an ambling walk in the melee of people and oxen crowding the long main street.

Weya said, "There is much to tell, Brother. To think you are headman of the village now Father is dead."

"Yes," Chora said simply. "I am young still for it—but I was Father's eldest son. So it had to be."

Weya thought of the passionate things his lawyer friends had to say about this "village rule." But he only said, "What of Uncle Dapulu?"

"He is frail now," Chora told him, "but his mind stays young and vigorous. He still reads the stars each night for the village."

"Yes, yes," Weya nodded, remembering the soft-faced scholar who was his uncle, remembering the long hours spent under the stars with him, remembering so many things he thought he had forgotten.

"We think to send Detu to the new agricultural college at Madras."

WEYA showed his surprise. "A place of theories! What good is knowing crop rotation and contour planting on a dry plain like this where any kind of crop is ruined if the monsoon breaks a week late?"

"But, Brother, the river has come," Chora reminded him.

Weya gestured impatiently. "My friend Palachari says . . ." He caught himself. No use trying to explain the brilliant Palachari whose orations . . .

"I have called a family conference tomorrow. We will decide Detu's future there," Chora said with quiet finality.

Weya bit his lip. A family conference sometimes took three days—a week—once the words started coming out and each cousin was talked dry. "What of Wanny?" he asked.

"Wanny prospers. He brought in a crop of chili peppers, and his wife is giving him a child."

Weya nodded, hesitating before he said, "And Anula? You have not told me of her."

Chora looked embarrassed, rubbing the wart on his nose. "Anula is—quite well," was all he could find to say.

Weya laughed to cover the awkwardness he felt. It is difficult to ask questions about a wife you don't know. "Is she amiable? Has she all her teeth? Has she flesh on those scarecrow bones of hers yet?" Weya asked in one breath. "Remember, I have not seen her in six years. She was eleven—no, twelve, at the ceremony when I went away."

"She is eighteen now and a woman," Chora tried to explain.

"You mean—she is more than a bundle of bones?"

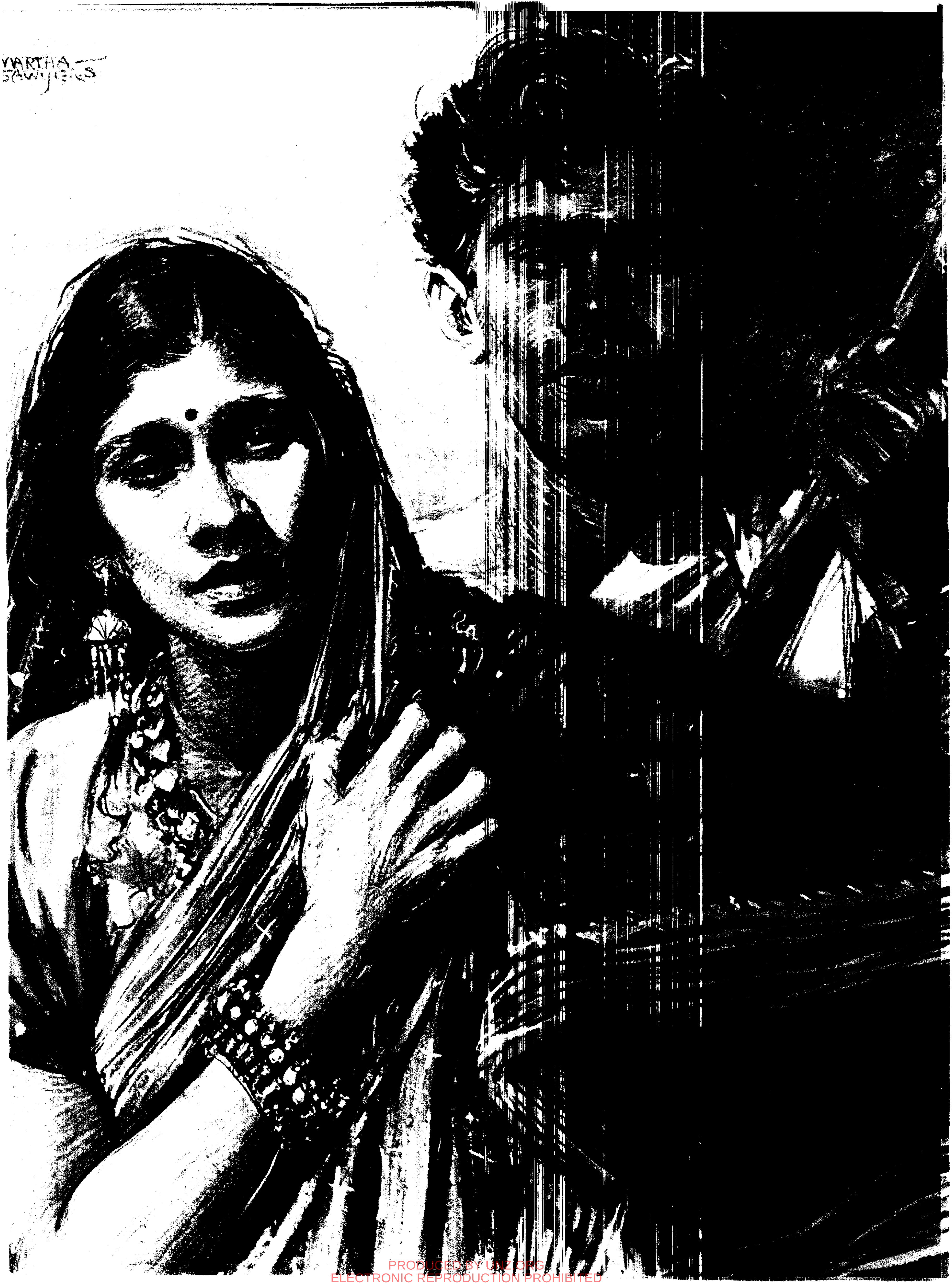
Chora chuckled. "Let me ask you that question after you have seen her."

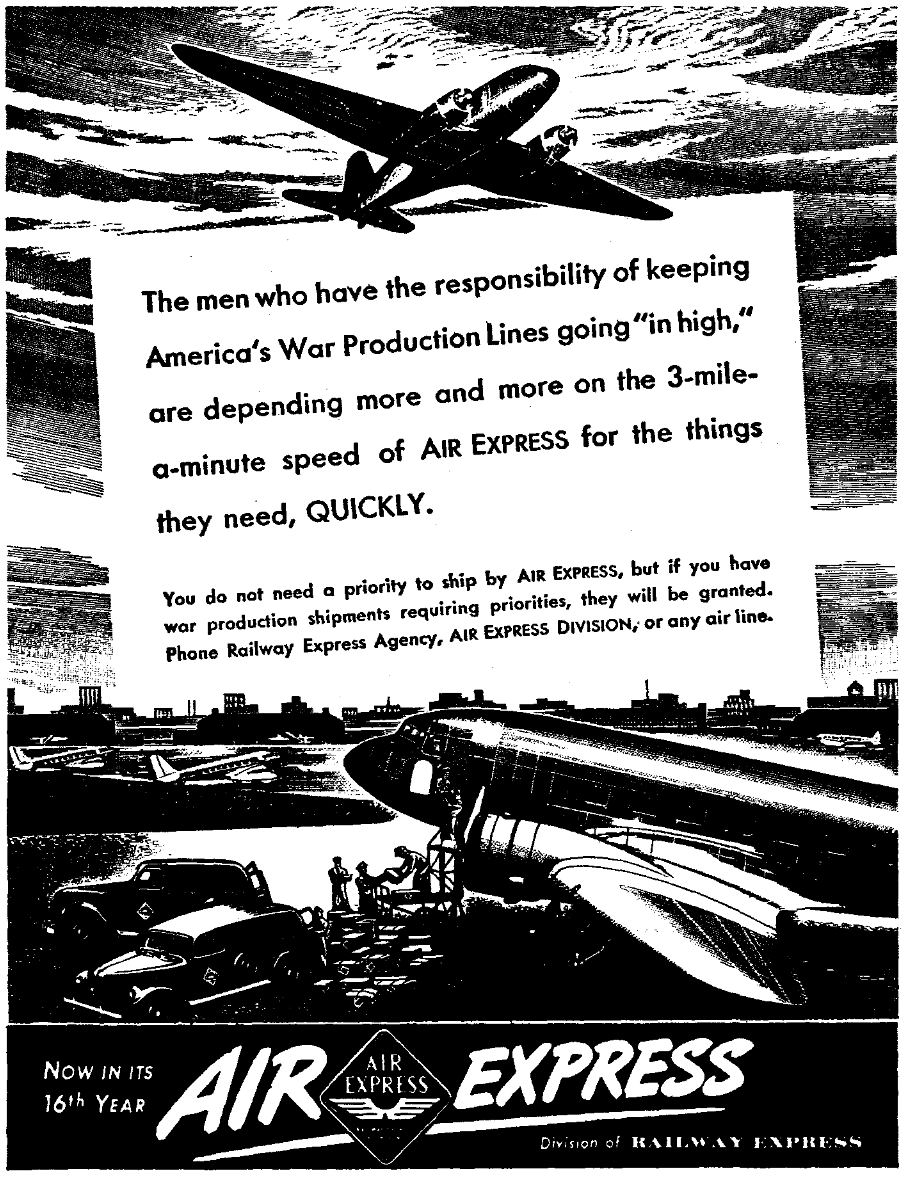
Weya took this to mean Anula was passably rounded and plump. "Ah," he said, gloating a little. "Then I have nothing to worry about. She will be good and industrious. She will make a good wife. You see, I have had a fair look at city wives, and while they kindle one, just looking at them, me—I am well content to have an obedient country girl in my house." Weya smiled expansively, and stopped as though to let his brother congratulate him on this sensible decision.

Chora shifted uneasily. "It is not exactly that way," he said. "Anula has a mind of her own."

(Continued on page 83)

"Blessings, Weya!" the last voice said. It was she, Anula—this calm-browed beauty with a body that was small and soft and rounded


MARTHA SAWYERS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Any Week

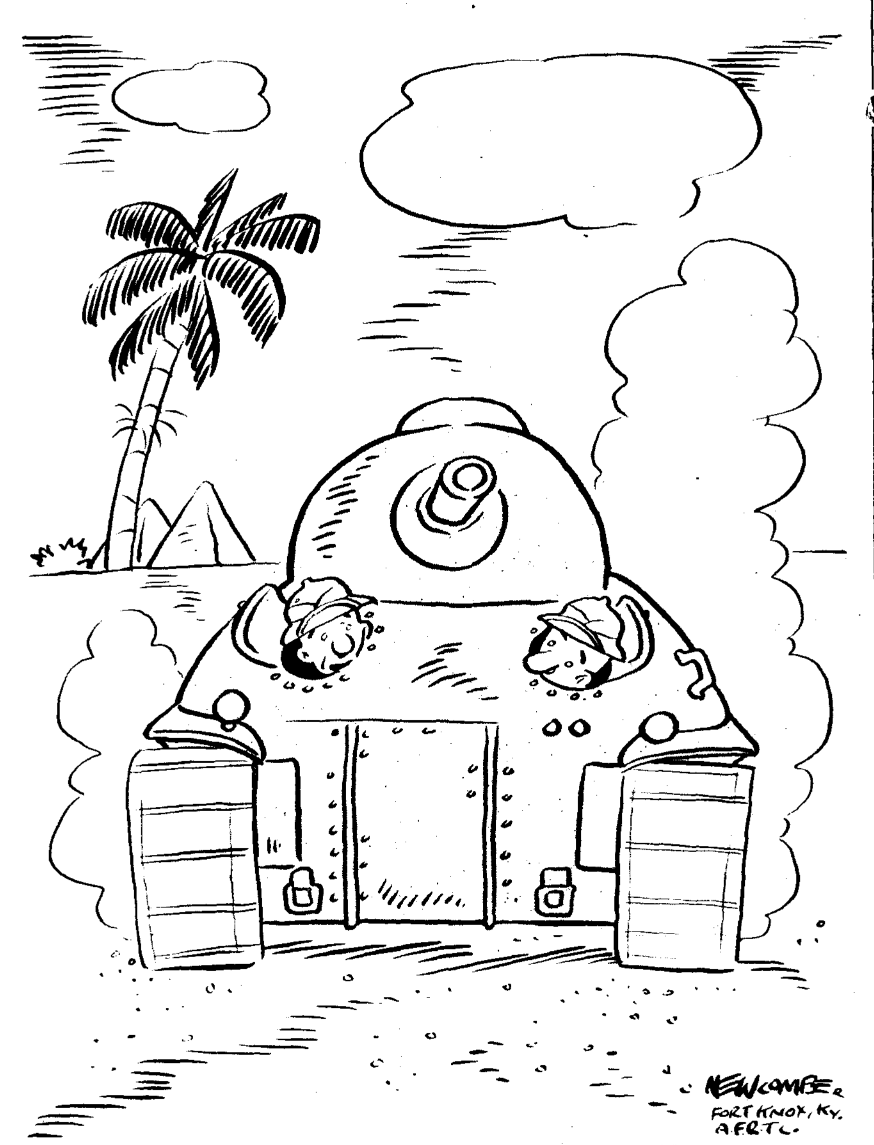
Continued from page 4

sundry gatherings. At least the congressmen try to keep them home. Mr. Will C. Davis of Los Angeles, California, reports that a scientist friend of his is putting the final touches on a serum which, when injected into a fellow's veins, renders him incapable of hearing his own voice although capable of normal functioning otherwise. Mr. Davis' scientist is looking for a few guinea pigs. We're not very scientific. Therefore, we don't know whether one's inability to hear one's own voice discourages speechmaking. And yet it wouldn't hurt to try.

OUR listening post in Washington, Robert McCormick, has just returned from the copper town of Morenci, Arizona. There, among other interesting people, he met Doctor Charles W. Terrell. Doctor Terrell is a young man, graduated from a good school, seeking the experience that is said to be had only in small rugged settlements like Morenci. Patients did not overwhelm him at first. After a spell of patient waiting in his office, he received his first visitor—the wife of an important citizen. According to Mr. Cormick, Doctor Terrell brushed himself off, straightened his tie, greeted the lady with his No. 1 professional manner. She looked at him earnestly and opened his medical career with, "Doctor, how much castor oil do you give a goat?" The doctor pondered for a few moments, consulted several books, thumbed through a nice new file and asked, "How old is the goat?"

THEN take trivialities like prohibition, its possible return, and tales of the stuff we used to drink in defiance. We wrote an item about prohibition drinks some time ago. It was read by Mr. H. W. Seaman in London, England, and he hastened to reply. "Here in England," says Mr. Seaman, beckoning to the waiter, "we have what we call the Depth Charge. You mix an ounce of Jamaica ginger in eight ounces of milk. Put this into one end of a two-foot rubber pipe, attach the other end to a gas jet, turn on the gas. Let the gas bubble through the mixture for ten minutes. Turn off the gas. Detach the tube, close the nostrils and drink it off without pausing for breath. This is very popular in Glasgow."

NATURALLY we're getting quite a lot of mail from Oklahoma, the home of Senator Josh Lee, contriver of dry amendments. The communications all contain newspaper clippings relating the dire benefits of prohibition in Oklahoma, a dry state—in a manner of speaking. Here are a few headlines: War Declared on Bootleggers in Noble County. Wholesale Liquor Supply on Wheels Here. 3,458 Pints of Whisky Taken in State Raids. Drunk Driving Arrests Rise. Bootleggers Not Posting Prices. Rule Bootlegger Must Post Prices. These are just a few of the samples sent us. But, of course, as everybody including Senator Lee knows, a good federal law against bootlegging would put an end to nonsense like that. . . . W. D.


NEWCOMBE
FORT KNOX, KY.
A.F.R.T.C.

"To think I wouldn't join the Navy 'cause I didn't want to see th' world through a porthole!"

COLLIER'S CORP. WILLIAM NEWCOMBE

A River Came

Continued from page 80

"So much the better." Weya smiled tolerantly. "A lawyer with the future I have needs a woman who can think—as long as she does it docilely and obediently. . . . Yes, I shall come to love her, surely."

Chora looked uncomfortably at his hands. "Anula," he began, "likes the land and—growing things."

"Bah!" Weya shrugged. "Women of eighteen have all sorts of notions, don't they? Wait until she sees Bombay and the house she will run for me there. That will give her something else to think about."

Chora's mouth worked, but he didn't seem to find the words he wanted. He stared at the floor. After a while he asked, "What of the war, Weya? Will it come to us?"

Weya shrugged. "Who can say?"

"War brings destruction," Chora reminded him.

"Can the Japanese do worse than the sun has already done to us?" Weya said scornfully.

And yet as he looked about, he began to wonder. The town was different. Gutters weren't filled with garbage. Crushed stones held the street dust down. There were new buildings of stone and plaster. Several of the old shops had new fronts. And there were glass windows—the *sari* maker, the barber, the spice merchant even, had them. And that heavy gilt sign over the herb brewer's shop—it was half the height of a man. It must have cost a hundred rupees. Weya puzzled over this unnatural prosperity. One year's good crops wouldn't do it, he knew. Something more curious had happened.

He turned to Chora. "There is more money in the town."

Chora nodded. "Yes, the river came," he said in full explanation.

"Not to the town itself."

"To a hundred villages that lie beyond."

"You mean there is enough water in this—this river you tell of, for everyone's crops, even during the dry monsoon?"

"Twelve months of the year," Chora assured him.

Weya could not believe it.

Chora saw this, and said, "There is even money enough now to pay taxes without borrowing from moneylenders. Of the three Parsees in our village, only one remains."

WEYA drowsed, stunned by heat and glare. The jolting stop of the *tonga* wakened him. He stared; it was the farmhouse, but hardly recognizable under that curtain of green vines. He saw tall corn, cane as thick as his wrist, seedling mangoes, and—yes, melon vines underneath. He ran to touch them, to rub the moist green between his fingers as a miser rubs gold.

Then the family was around him, shouting his name. Dogs were barking; frantic ducks batting between his legs.

"Blessings!" Uncle Dapulu cried through his white beard.

"Blessings!" Chora's wife chanted with Wanny and his dumpling-faced wife.

"Blessings!" the younger cousins chorused with the dogs and the goats and the ducks.

Weya threw his arms about them—one, and then the next, and the next—tremulous with the affection that swelled up in his heart.

"Blessings, Weya!" the last voice said. It was Anula.

Weya gasped his surprise. Anula—this calm-browed beauty with a body that was small and soft and rounded! And then he saw her eyes burned with a fire that was not love. At that same moment he was conscious she had not called him *husband* in the greeting.

He made no move to touch her—the final ceremony not yet being said—but salaamed with his hands. "Blessings, Wife!" he said, and thought she stiffened.

Chora's wife brought him water in a copper basin for his hands. On the table looking toward the sturdy mass of cane, the other women laid sesame-seed cakes, dates, and a foaming cup of goat's milk. Then as he ate, they crowded around him; watching his hands, his gestures, the way he laughed; looking at that white city handkerchief, at the silk necktie, the trousers, the leather shoes he wore. He was a fabulous being, but theirs—theirs!

IN a while the men made ready to go to the fields for the rest of daylight. The women drew off—murmuring, sighing, admiring. After all, he might want to change his city suit for the lounging comfort of a *dhoti,* and it was his wife's place to serve him.

Chora called from the yard: "We'll be in the cane when you are ready to see about."

Weya took off his jacket and handed it to Anula, looking at her the while. He untied his tie; opened his shirt, still looking at her. "You have grown beautiful," he said.

The girl turned away, saying nothing.

Weya saw her slim neck, the lovely curve of her body, and trembled a little as he fumbled his cuff links. "I shall take you back to Bombay with great pride," he said, already proud.

Anula turned. "I am not going to Bombay!" she said.

Weya stared at her.

"I will not be good as a city wife," Anula explained. Her manner was stripped of shy headshakes and lisping femininity. She spoke with the straightforward candor of a child.

Weya laughed in quick relief. "Oh, is that all?" he said, and cocked his head playfully. "Then I will teach you, little one."

In that second, Anula's face changed. "No," she said with composed fury. "I'll have the marriage annulled rather than go!"

"Annulled! But the first ceremony has been said. You are my wife."

"I will not go to Bombay!"

Weya tried for sane words. "But, Anula, little one," he half coaxed, "you have been trained in my family these six years to be a city lawyer's wife. You have had lessons in Hindustani, in reading and writing to fit you."

Anula's face softened. "Yes," she agreed, "it is that knowledge which has taught me love—"

Weya took an angry menacing step toward her. "Love for some other man? Is that it?"

Anula shook her head. "No," she said, and then confessed softly, "love for our river that has come—for our land."

Weya snorted. "What trash have you been reading?" he asked angrily.

She turned away from him. When she answered, it was a woman counting treasures. "I have read crop bulletins from the agriculture college . . . how to select seed, nurture seedlings, graft scions—the young orchard there is mine. Beyond the cane I've a seed patch of soya beans. I'm growing them for our village people—that we Tamils who have lived so scantily for generations on poor millet may have a food that grows

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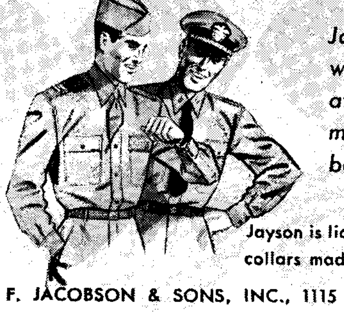

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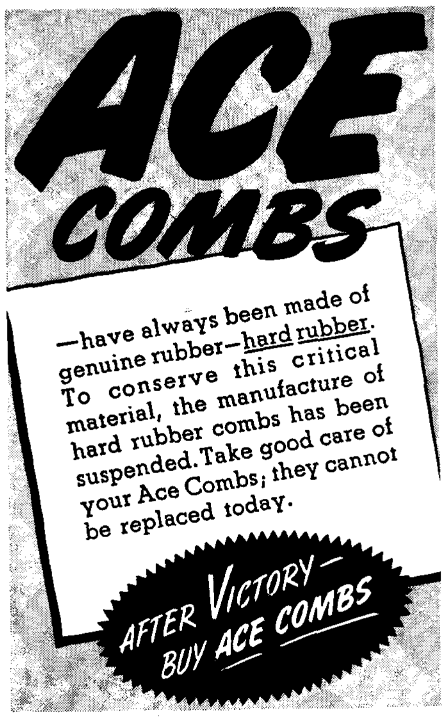
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bones and gives spirit. These are things I have read, Weya—the harvests that water brings."

"Bah!" Weya snapped. "You are harvesting a mirage! In three days you will return with me to Bombay!"

She gasped, but he turned away abruptly and flung out of the room toward the fields.

She was diseased, fanatic, unstable, Weya told himself, furiously stamping over the farm that next hour. She was overly emotional, sentimental, impractical. And yet as these singed words dropped from his hot tongue, he couldn't rid himself of the memory of her beautifully reliant face, her steady eyes, her small capable hands. And as he fumed and stamped and threw out words, there around him was the disturbing testimony of green growing things.

The land was not spread with a single crop, as he remembered it, but wedged now and striped and fitted with a dozen different greens—small patches a family could harvest quickly before wind, or rain, or sun could take it. He cut a fat cane stalk from earth where cane had never grown before, and sank his teeth into it. It was brittle with sweet juice. He sucked it thoughtfully, walking on to the chili patch, around melons and eggplants, seeing the shade crop of mango seedlings and the braces that still held them upright.

"It's a vision! A dream!" he said, *arguing with himself.* "An impractical bubble that will burst any minute!" and walked on. He saw sticks tumbled in one place, a seedling about to topple. Without thinking what his hands did, he stooped and straightened it, tamping the earth with his foot, setting the props again.

Just beyond, he came on Anula's bean patch. It was very green—a vigorous and vibrant green in clean, tight rows that had been plucked and tended and cared for the way a woman tends a home she loves. He felt a bulging pod, a second one—the vines were heavy with them. Yes, there would be seed enough here for the village—mealy soyas that would make milk, and oil, and good sour curd. He heard the bell for the evening meal; and yet he stood there thinking; unwilling to leave those thoughts; not sure he could take them with him.

Later, as he ate, he asked questions. How near was the river? How wide was the channel? Was it steady? Did it flood during the wet monsoon? How was the water measured to each village? Was there a charge for it? Were water robbers at work?

He listened shrewdly to the answers Chora and Wanny and Detu gave. But let Anula come into the room and his eyes followed her. She moved with an easy grace, not shy, not awkwardly unsure of herself. Twice he asked questions so she would hear them; yet when it was her turn to serve him, she did it quickly, adequately, impersonally. Weya was hurt. A man wants deference and admiration from a wife when he eats. Else how can he relish his food?

IT WAS not long after daylight that Weya slipped out of the house next morning. He wanted to see the river with his own eyes before he talked again *with the family.*

He found it beyond the village—a sheet of blue sky that moved slowly over washed stones. It was not a *wadi;* it was not the Ganges; but there in that dry shelving plain it was a tangible miracle. *He filled his eyes with the* sight of it, tracing it back as far as he could see to the horizon; and he felt a sudden breathless worship for engineering. Why had he not studied at its feet, instead of this paltry bundle of words called law? Why had he thought law was a means of helping and guiding others? A man who brought water was near godhood.

He followed the grassy bank, stopped abruptly once to stare at a trampled corn patch where six cows ate lazily. "Marauding cattle that belong to no one, feasting on this!" he exclaimed, and shied a stone at them.

On beyond he came to the sluice gate that let water into the irrigation canal for the village. He turned and went with it. It was wider than a man could jump, and straight as a stick, except for that one elbow beyond the village. At the elbow he turned again, toward Anula's seed patch.

He stopped with a quick cry at the green edge of it. What was this—the vines down, crushed, trampled upon, the seed pods scattered? What wicked hand had destroyed this—this beautiful promise to the village?

Weya raised his eyes and saw. Three earth-colored cows wandering aimlessly, stamping, munching—he grabbed a bean stake and ran furiously at them. "Get out!" he screamed. "Get out!" whacking and cracking with the pole. "You robbers!"

Then, through his fury, Weya heard another sound. It was a crackling of angry shouts, mounting to shrieks. He turned and saw a mob of villagers coming at him with scythes and poles. "The infidel! He hits sacred cattle!" they were yelling.

Weya stood stunned, watching them come. He tried to speak those fine words he had spoken at the assembly in Bombay, but they wouldn't come out. He tried to gesture, but his arms were leaden. Suddenly he saw Anula running into the very path of the mob. "Stop!" she ordered them. "He is my husband!"

A moan rose up. "Your husband! A man who beats sacred cattle!"

"My husband!" Anula repeated, defying them with that word.

The meager scrawny men stared their pinched, outraged stare, grumbling menacingly. And then Chora was there, their headman, talking to them, reasoning, placating. Anula came to Weya. "Come," she whispered. "It is better that we go to the house."

THE floating wicks were lighted in the bowls of oil. The family sat in a closer circle. It was the fourth hour of conference, and many words had been said. Chora was speaking now, fretful, fearful: "I say that it is better you go back to the city this night, Brother, even though you go to the railway on foot and out into this storm that gathers. The villagers threaten you worse. By morning I may not be able to stop them!"

Weya jumped to his feet. "No, Brother! I will not go! I said it before, and I say it now—my place is here. . . . Shall all the millions of rupees the British spent bringing that miracle of water to us be wasted because of superstitious villagers who do not even know the tenets of their own faith? Our religion does not forbid fences. Only custom forbids it. What good am I if I cannot help and explain this?"

Chora shook his head stubbornly. "The villagers want neither you nor your fences."

Weya paced excitedly as he had paced all those hours, knowing Anula's dark eyes followed him, that some message was in them for him if only he had but one unharassed moment to read it. "Oh, I know my way was wrong this morning," he said. "But I shall find another *way that will not offend custom*—if not today, tomorrow; if not this year, then next—that will leave Anula's seedbeds undisturbed, and let men eat their own crops without fear of vengeance in the hereafter."

Two cousins broke out with words, Chora made a third, all talking together. Uncle Dapulu motioned Weya to him on the shadowy corner of the veranda where he always sat in the evening. He spoke softly through that long white beard of his, only for Weya. "I understand, Nephew—for in sixty years my eyes have seen my own children die for want of the food that roving cattle had eaten. Come closer."

Weya leaned until his ear was at the old man's lips.

"You want a fence," Uncle Dapulu whispered. "Go to the bend in the canal, Weya, the elbow buttressed with mud and stones, and see if you do not think of something. A storm breaks tonight, boy. Remember, the things a storm does are planned in heaven." His gentle eyes laughed up at Weya, and blessed him.

WEYA stood thinking, but even as he puzzled he heard drops of rain. He turned and made his way, cautiously, secretly, from the house.

In the tossing, drenching rain, he found the bend in the canal. By the green flashes of lightning he studied the stones and mud that buttressed that bend. He walked the depression below it where rain rivulets were already ankle-deep, feeling with his feet where the land bulged up toward the fields themselves.

NOT WANTED for the Duration

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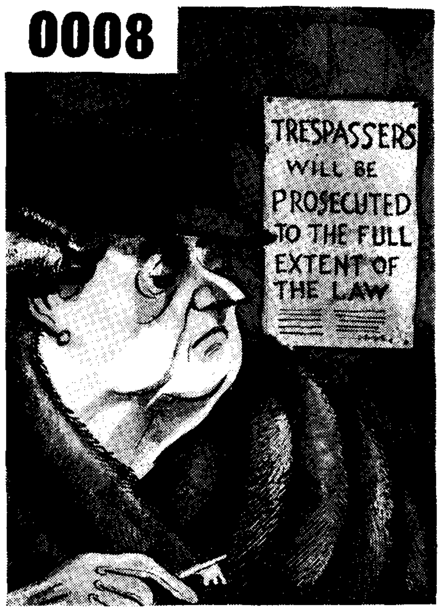

TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED TO THE FULL EXTENT OF THE LAW

HOUSING HOG

Rich widow, with a boarded-up estate in a crowded defense area, who refuses to rent the rooms to homeless plant workers

Yes, that was it. If the canal were divided here, it would circle around the fields on two sides, making an island of them—a safe protected island. For cattle would not jump a full ditch.

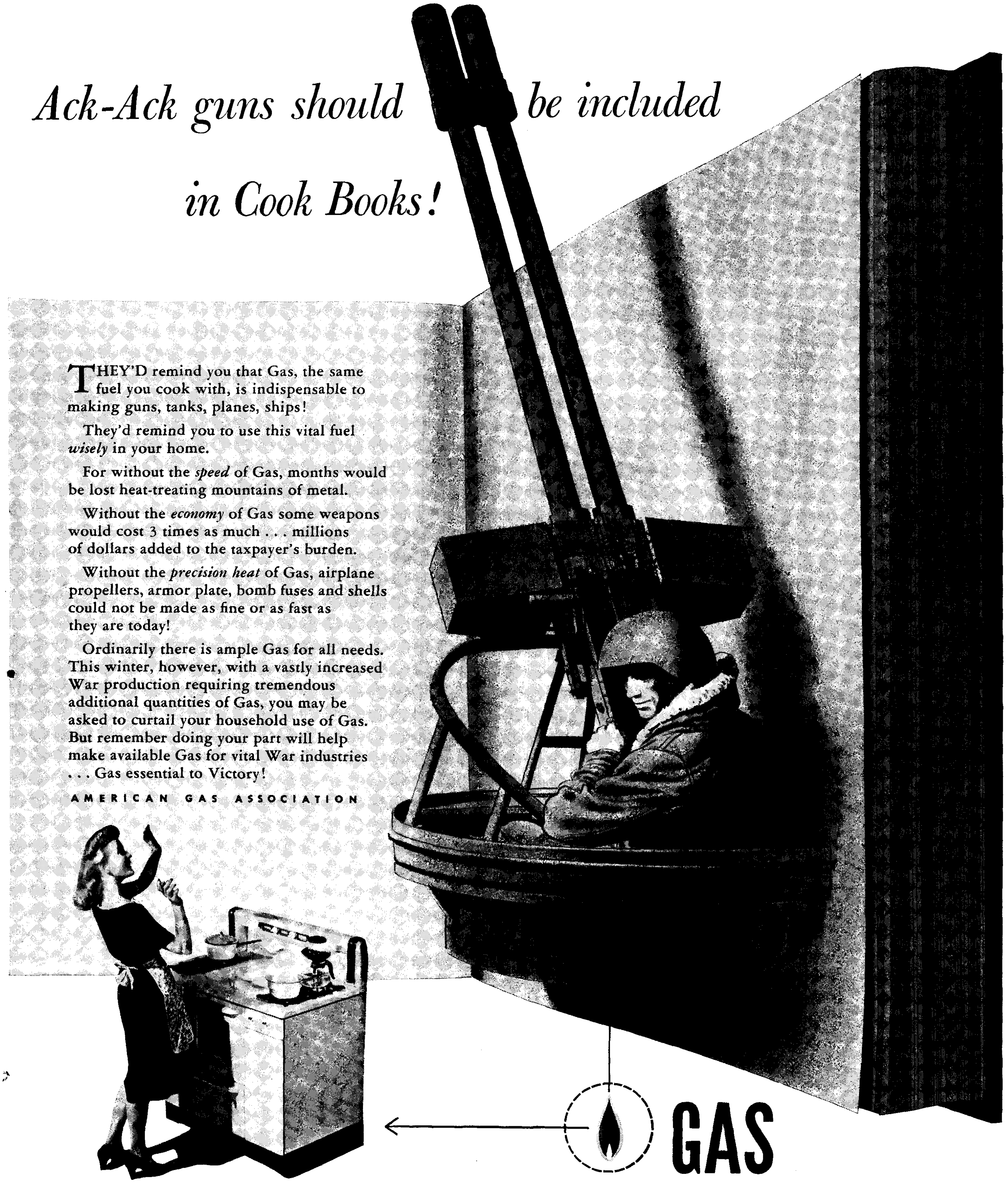
He ran to the mud dike, clawing at it with his hands, freeing a stone, throwing it below, clawing again. Then he was aware of the hands that reached with his, of the dark form there beside him. "Anula!" *he exclaimed.*

"Uncle Dapulu told me where you would be," she said. "I came to help, to do your bidding, Husband!"

"Anula! Anula!" Weya sang the words, his hands lifting the next rock *as though it were a pebble.*

THE END

Ack-Ack guns should be included in Cook Books!



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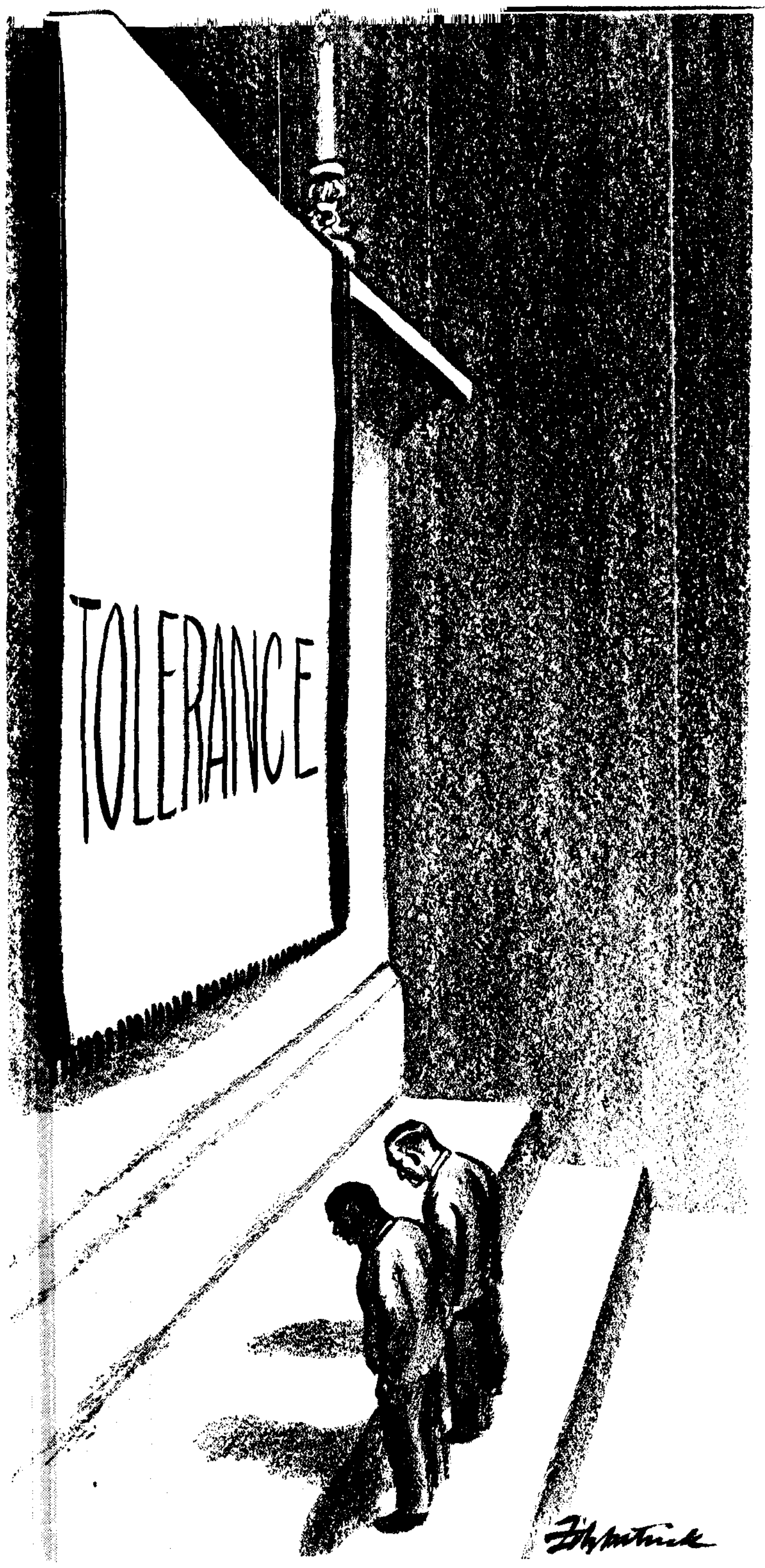

Collier's

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Some Plain Talk About Color

THE Negro Question, solemnly so-called, is adding to some Americans' worries about the war. Lynchings are on the upcurve. There are disputes and near riots here and there about colored people moving into public housing developments. Now and then, a Jap agent is caught trying to make medicine among our Negroes according to the "Why fight the white man's war?" formula. All these things stir up ancient hates, fears and prejudices, and a serious blowup conceivably could result sometimes.

Here is what we think about it. We expect extremists of all sorts to damn us for these remarks, but we're used to that and we're disappointed when, as sometimes happens, our expectations don't pan out.

We think, for one thing, that all sensible Americans should set their faces sternly against the aforesaid extremists. We refer mainly to (1) the domestic Communists who, while claiming to be all out for an Allied victory, are not above making some home-grown hay for themselves by spreading discontent among all the Negroes they can get at; and (2) the old-fashioned white Negro-haters in both North and South.

Neither of these extremist groups has the workable answer to the colored question. What both American whites and American Negroes need are those sometimes dreary, usually hard-to-achieve, but always useful virtues of tolerance, good nature, open-mindedness.

Whites need to realize that the American Negro is coming of age—in saying which, we don't want to sound patronizing. The achievements of Marian Anderson, Joe Louis, Paul Robeson and innumerable colored artists, writers, athletes, lawyers, doctors and editors are worthy of anybody's respect and admiration.

Negroes should be helped and encouraged in these activities—and also in the more utilitarian matters of equal breaks for jobs in all parts of the country and a fair show in politics. We should all get firmly fixed in mind the fact that a normal Negro, like a normal white or yellow or red man, is a good citizen in direct proportion to the strength of his belief that the society he lives in is giving him a fair deal.

The colored people, on the other hand, would be well advised to remember the ancient truth that Rome was not built in a day.

It gets you nowhere to blame your own troubles or shortcomings on the fact that your ancestors—cruelly and unjustly, it is true—were brought to this continent 200 or 300 years ago against their wills. The thing that matters is what you do or don't amount to in your own generation.

The facts about American Negroes in this generation are that they are getting better breaks in our social system all the time; that the Negro has more well-wishers every day among American whites; that the old-fashioned Negro-hater is shrinking swiftly in size, influence and public respect. Witness the Georgia white voters' recent scrapping of Governor Eugene Talmadge.

This happy condition shows signs of continuing and broadening out until the Negro Question is solved to the general satisfaction of both Whites and Negroes will let matters develop naturally. If either group lets itself be nerve-racked by the war into some sort of extremist hysteria, the consequences can be disastrous all around.

"Trust the People"

WE BORROW the title of this editorial from Prime Minister Winston Churchill's unforgettable speech to the United States Congress. We borrow the following from Wendell Willkie's report to the American people after his recent swing around the world:

> It has been suggested much of late, for example, that private citizens, particularly those not expert in military affairs or those unconnected with government, should refrain from making suggestions about the conduct of the war—military, industrial, economic or political. It is said that we must remain silent and allow our leaders and the experts to solve these problems unmolested . . .
>
> The record of this war to date is not such as to inspire in us any sublime faith in the infallibility of our military and naval experts. Let's have no more of this nonsense. Military experts, as well as our leaders, must be constantly exposed to democracy's greatest driving power—the whiplash of public opinion, developed from honest, free discussion. Men with great power usually like to live free of criticism. But when they get that way, that's the time to increase the criticism.

We borrow the following from a recent speech in Montreal by Director of War Information Elmer Davis:

> A free people wants to know and has a right to know how the battle is going, and will fight all the harder if it realizes how hard it must fight for victory.
>
> Here in Canada you have lately given us a convincing demonstration of that faith, in your handling of the news of the Dieppe raid. The report of your Defense Minister, Mr. Ralston, was a model of candor and common sense. In that operation the casualties were proportionately very heavy. But prompt announcement of those casualties was a proof that your government has faith in the strength of the Canadian spirit. And that incident set an example which every free people in this war should remember and profitably follow.

All of which adds up to this: That we have long since had enough of being coddled, kidded and babied along about the United Nations' progress toward victory. The people expect the experts to tell the best news and the worst as fast as it can be told without helping the enemy. If the people know the experts are dealing frankly with them, they will back up the experts to the limit. If they don't, they won't. And can anybody justly blame them?

Note on Religious Freedom

THE Supreme Court has refused to review its recent 5-4 decision holding that government agencies are entitled to charge license fees to persons distributing religious literature on the streets. This decision was a stab at the freedom of religion and of the press guaranteed by the Bill of Rights.

We again suggest that some large church or churches carry this fight to the high court and that the struggle be given due publicity by the press. Unless this piece of judge-made law is fought, it will be broadened by interpretation until we shall wake up some day and wonder what the Bill of Rights was ever supposed to mean.

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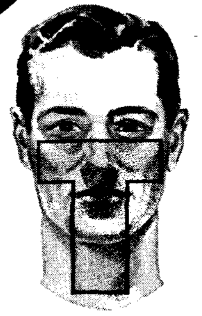

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